WINONA ECHOES

Containing Addresses of the

WINONA BIBLE CONFERENCE

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN

WINONA ECHOES

A BOOK OF

SERMONS AND ADDRESSES

DELIVERED AT THE
NINETEENTH ANNUAL

BIBLE CONFERENCE

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FOREWORD

By V. M. HATFIELD

The Winona Bible Conference of the season 1913 has passed into history. Its chapters contain features of interest that have not appeared in former years, and for this reason the book containing the addresses of the Conference will possess a value that has not heretofore attached to the publication. The personnel of the speakers at this great gathering was conspicuously attractive. Great Britain and America contributed liberally of their master thinkers to build up the superb program that was presented during the ten days sojourn at the beautiful Indiana park. From more distant lands were drawn some of the men who brought messages filled with the fire of local significance. The earnestness and eloquence of all the speakers, and the supreme importance of their underlying thought, carried the vast audiences up to the mountaintop of inspiration and delight; and the session was a continuous unfolding of the kind of knowledge that excites the loftiest desires of the mind and soul. Surely the three thousand ministers who attended the Winona Bible Conference returned to their homes with increased spiritual strength and renewed consecration after drinking from this copious fountain of spiritual and intellectual refreshment; and the multitude of men and women, young and old, representing their various vocations in life, who sat daily at the feet of the world's best teachers, must have caught a glimpse of the beauty of God's word, the value of its teachings, and the direct revelation of His will that comes through it to mankind.

The Winona Assembly, with its seven weeks of interesting Chautauqua numbers, was noteworthy this year because of the excellence attaching to all of its arrangements, and also because of the unprecedented financial showing that followed the season's operations. Improved business methods resulted satisfactorily in an unexpected degree, and the perpetuation of the institution was immediately and convincingly assured. Local problems, vital to the prosperity of the enterprise, were given an encouraging solution, and the crowds that tarried within the Winona boundaries for a part or all of the summer

months gave eager expression to the feeling of pleasure that came as a result of the felicitous surroundings.

The Bible School was well attended, and the studious attention that was in evidence from day to day lays added emphasis on the fundamental principles that underlie the Winona organization, the exposition of the sacred word, and the application of its truths to present day living.

The Winona College received its share of recognition from the summer visitors. The presence of the student body was felt in the park and auditorium as well as in the class room. To be able to make a showing of over eleven hundred in its enrollment five years after its establishment is no ordinary accomplishment, and the success of this school reflects in a measure the felicitous conditions that appertain to all that goes under the name of Winona.

The College of Agriculture gives promise of becoming one of the strong institutions of its kind. Familiarity with farm industry, accompanied by the esssentials of text books, together with biblical instruction and character building comprise the dominant points in the curriculum. The charms of country life are enhanced, and its emoluments brought within easy reach of young men who avail themselves of the advantages offered in this thriving school.

Everyone who attended the services at Winona will entertain pleasant memories of the grand chorus and congregational singing under the magic direction of Professor Excell. There is always an irresistible persuasion in the graceful stroke of his baton, and many who believe themselves to be destitute of musical ability in their home environments join their voices in the exhuberant praises that resound through the auditorium at Winona. Gipsy Smith's singing captivated his auditors. The cadences of his rich musical voice in song, and the tender pathos of his pleading tones in his marvellous addresses touched the hearts of the people in a manner never to be forgotten.

The Mission Workers told their thrilling stories to eager listeners as usual, and generated currents of optimism that dispelled despondency, and excited new hopes among their hearers.

The Bethany Girls migrate to Winona every summer, and their presence is a happy reminder of the excellent work that is carried on through this unique organization. Mrs. Besserer has evolved a plan of Christian activity and individual response on the part of these young ladies that is exceedingly gratifying. Her influence at the Bethany Home, in the daily appointments where she conducts the services, and in the park community, is of the pronounced type which wins approval, and magnifies the privilege and value of correct living.

The Saturday Night Club, which invited strangers to its dinners given at the Inn every Saturday evening, became an indispensable promoter of goodfellowship. Intimate acquaintances were formed at these informal occasions, and introductions were brought about that cheered the individual, while at the same time they created a constituency of willing, aggressive supporters of the institution that gives them a higher conception of life.

Never has there been in Winona's history a Bible Conference which called forth so many and so extravagant comments from those who were in attendance. The spirit of unanimity pervaded the atmosphere of the park throughout the entire session, and every life received a rich blessing. That this Conference has become an incalculable power for evangelism, and a stimulus to Christian activity, was made more apparent than ever before, and the necessity for its perpetuation laid with added emphasis upon the hearts of its managers.

Words of Greeting

By REV. SOL C. DICKEY, D. D.

Director of Bible Conference

It seems like a dream, like a watch in the night, like a tale that is told, to me, that eighteen years have come and gone since thirty-five of us gathered in the place where this auditorium now stands, under our then leader of the Conference, Dr. Chapman, and as it proved, founded the Winona Bible Conference. That stormy night, and a large number of that thirty-five are present today, will never be forgotten. The lightnings flashed, the thunders roared, and it rained as it can only rain here. Because of the terrifying storm there were only thirty-five of us at that first meeting, and because of the rain pattering on the roof we assembled on the platform for the entire services of that Bible Conference evening. In faith we prayed that God might lead, not only for that year, but for all the years to follow, so that Winona might stand true to His word, and be used of Him. Today we rejoice in the thought that in our speakers and hearers the nations of the world are represented. We have here our missionaries and our workers from all parts of the country, who have come for the study of God's word.

When I want to feel my responsibility as an individual Christian I have only to think of my opportunity, and of my privilege, as an attendant of this Bible Conference for these eighteen years; and I shudder at the thought of this responsibility resting upon me as an individual and as a worker in the Master's vineyard. The advantages I have enjoyed, the inspiration and education that have come to me, and withal all the inestimable blessings that have accompanied the Conferences of former years, cause me to realize that for these opportunities an account must be given in eternity.

Oh, friends, if we can only feel the touch of His hand today, if we can but know in our hearts that He is here, in this very meeting, there will come to every one of us a thrill of joy that will make us forget personal disappointments and minor troubles, and our desires shall be brought into more perfect accord with Him who is our hope and our everlasting salvation. The lonely worker from the Home Mission field of this country, the sacrificing Foreign Mission-

aries, you who have come from your own comfortable firesides, and all people present today at this opening service realize the sanctity of this place, and anticipate the richness of the feast that is to follow during the coming ten days.

Today we rejoice in the thought and the belief that every speaker who is announced on our program will be here, and will take his part. We are thankful to God for all the work of this Conference, for you who are here, and for those who are to come. The plans of our committee have been consummated in a surprising degree, and we are sure will gratify our friends. It is not with any feeling of discouragement that we begin this hour without Mr. Bryan, our new president. He had agreed to deliver the opening address, but unavoidable and unforseen circumstances prevent him from reaching Winona. It is a satisfaction, however, to know we have his sympathy and prayers.

You will ask about reorganized Winona, for a marked change is soon to take place. The work of maintaining a Bible Conference such as this one is no one man's task. It is only because of the blessings of God, and the co-operation of the people that the mighty work has been accomplished. We built this place on bonds, or borrowed money. We are attempting to pay every dollar of our indebtedness in the plan of paying, and I am able to announce to you on the authority of the Treasurer of the Creditors' Committee, that there is now no doubt about the reorganization, and about their ability to give to the new Association clear title to the ground comprising the park proper.

We have a number of creditors who have signed the "creditors' agreement" who are in need of money immediately; but it will take weeks, and perhaps months, before our affairs can be successfully and satisfactorily adjusted. We have some friends who have made Winona investments, who have lost all their money, and who are looking to Winona for the small sum needed to purchase winter supply of fuel. You ask, "Why do you bring up this subject now?" I answer because you, the true friends of this movement, are here today. We have adopted a plan which we will carry out, and which you have endorsed, that henceforth our Bible Conference shall be self-supporting; and in order that the expense may be equitably borne by all of us, we have adopted the plan of reserving seats, and making a nominal charge for the privilege of the grounds.

I have had perfect peace of mind during these days of trial and suspense. I want to say this, that if we are to stand for our religion it must be because we maintain our credit as becomes Christians.

Here at this opening hour I have decided to lay this matter before you, asking you to make it a subject of thoughtful prayer.

Now we believe we have been directed in asking Dr. Hinson of Portland, Oregon, pastor of the Baptist church known as the White Temple, to speak to us at this hour. He is a man who has received into his church in the last three years eleven hundred people on confession of faith. May God bless him as he speaks.

(Dr. Hinson's opening address appears on page 194.)

The Potter and the Clay

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D. D.

"Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels."

Jer. 18:3.

"Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders."

Matt. 27:3.

Among all the human crafts there is none more wonderful than that of the potter. In it there is a mingling of the vision of the mind and the function of the fingers, as they give expression to that vision which otherwise could never be seen, never be known. That which intelligent eyes see in the house of the potter is duty and beauty; beauty strengthened by duty; Duty refined and made glorious in beauty.

The figure of the potter and the clay has always been one of fascination. Perhaps, my brethren, it has not been so popular in recent years as formerly. There is a note of sovereignty about it. There have been interpretations of the figure so full of harsh severity men have quite properly revolted from it. It is the figure of Isaiah, the man of clear vision, whose later ministry was created by his vision. It was the figure of Jeremiah, the man who exercised in some sense, I am compelled to say, the most wonderful of the prophetical ministries, a man who for forty years in the presence of the nation as it rushed on its headlong way to destruction, apparently to no purpose. It is the figure of Zachariah, that remarkable promotor of the world economy, who wrote the Apocryphy of the Old Testament. In the New Testament it is the figure of Paul, the servant and expositor of Christ.

It contains a deeper note, however, than that of his sovereignty. which, being discovered, explains the severity. When we have got

its deeper note we shall yield ourselves to that sovereignty with a new gladness, whatever of pain it may bring to us.

If Isaiah was the prophet of the divine gift he was none the less the prophet of the divine grace. It was Jeremiah who said "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!" He saw the vision of the bruised and broken shepherd. It was Paul who said "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren."

Now in these words of Jeremiah the picture is given in all simplicity and clearness of outline. "I went down to the potter's house, and behold, he wrought a work on the wheels." The text is read as the center of the paragraph. I need all the paragraph, but in that central word we are transported in imagination to the house of the potter. Shall we accompany the prophet this morning and be child-like enough to try to do this quite simply? I suppose there are hundreds of people here this morning who have actually been in the house of a potter. My first church was in the potteries of England. There I began my ministry, and over and over again I went into the houses of the potters, and the strange and wonderful thing is that the place where the finest and most delicate work is done is still called the house of the potter. Whether or no you have ever stood in the house of a potter, you know sufficient concerning it to come with me in imagination to the house. Let us begin there. Forget the Bible, forget the teaching, forget everything, and see the figure. We move into the house of the potter. We are silent that we may look, and looking, three things immediately attract our attention.

First, the potter, an intelligent and capable workman, at once an artist and artificer.

Having glanced at him that which next arrests attention is the wheel, the old fashioned wheel, a revolving table merely, moving round and round, sometimes more rapidly, sometimes more slowly, but revolving. Look carefully, I pray you now, for this is important. In that old house of the potter the wheel did not revolve in answer to a band driven by a motive power in some other house. In the old house of the potter the potter's foot is upon the treadle that turns the wheel. Remember we are going with Jeremiah, not with modern men this morning. That is what Jeremiah saw, the potter first, with his foot upon the treadle, turning in answer to his pressure, the wheel goes round and round.

And the third thing that necessarily attracts our attention is the clay lying upon the wheel, shapeless, inert, lacking all of beauty,

all of form, a mass, but plastic, soft, yielding, listen to me—the very stuff the potter wants for the doing of his work. Steel filings are no use on his wheel. What is needed is CLAY.

The potter, an intelligent and capable workman.

The wheel, a proper instrument to help him in his work.

The clay, that upon which he is working.

What is he doing? We have not reached that question yet, although it is suggestive. Let us see the simple picture. The potter, his wheel, and the clay. Now immediately that picture suggests to us primary lessons, and the very simplest, but I greet them only to leave them for the deeper meanings of this wonderful picture.

Jeremiah went down and stood inside that potter's house and looked upon the potter, and watched the potter doing as he says, his work upon the wheels; and presently, when he had watched and listened to the whirring of the wheel, watched the potter absorbed in his work, seen the shapeless and inert clay under the manipulation of his deft fingers take form and fashion and shape, the word of God sounded in his soul, and this is what it said: "As the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand."

A rational application, very. Without apology I deduce the natural application for the purpose of our morning's meditation.

Then, upon the surface, the picture first reminds me, as I look upon it, that God is the potter, and, watching the potter, I observe his interest in his work, his attention to his work, his power for his work. And then I watch the wheels revolving, and I cannot describe the motion of the wheel in any language quite so perfect as that with which many of you are familiar, the language of Browning, when he went to the house of the potter, and watched the wheel. You remember, as the wheel revolved under his eyes, Browning said of it:

> "This dance of plastic circumstance,
> This Present, thou, forsooth, would fain arrest;
> Machinery just meant
> To give thy soul its bent,
> Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed."

I pause a moment. Exactly that in the midst of which your heart is buffeted and oppressed this morning. So far you have hardly listened to me. "Machinery just meant to give thy soul its bent" to bend thy soul back, and back, and back, to the deft fingers of the potter. "This dance of plastic circumstance."

And once more I look at the clay, and the clay is the symbol of myself, of men, inert, lacking form, lacking beauty, but the very stuff God wants to do His work with. And in this potter's house I watch with growing wonder the development of that which seemed inert and shapeless, until presently it becomes a thing of beauty, a thing of use for the king's palace. Men upon the wheel of circumstance in the hands of God. Such, superficially, are the lessons suggested by the figure.

Now let us as quickly as we can, and yet with attention and reverence, look more closely, contemplating the figure. There are three matters which seem to be of supreme importance. There are a thousand things in this figure I cannot even touch upon.

Walking down here this morning with Gipsy Smith I told him what I was to speak of, and he said "Yes, yes, how many of us have been in the potter's hand!" I will not touch upon that. Beyond all that we shall try to see of this simple work in that potter's house there are fierce terrific fires to make the colors fast, but we will not get to that process this morning. You are only in the potter's house, not in the grinding mills preceding it, and not in the fiery furnace succeeding it, but we are going to stay right in that potter's house; and three things seem to be of supreme importance.

First, a principle to be discovered; secondly, a purpose to be recognized; and finally, my brethren, and although of this I shall say the fewest words, it is the ultimate thing, without which the other two are appalling—a person to be known.

Let us go back to the potter's house. See the potter. There he stands, there turns the wheel, there tests the clay until it becomes this shape and that shape—principle as it were. But the potter is not fooling, he is doing something, purpose is to be discovered, and now look into the face of the potter. That is the last thing that we shall do this morning.

What is the principle then that is suggested by this wonderful figure of the potter and the clay? I am going to express it in the language of our fathers. It is the principle of the divine sovereignty and of the fact that man only comes to a true realization of his life when, discovering that sovereignty, he submits himself without question or reserve thereto. That is the statement in hard words. Let us try and understand it in the light of this potter's house. We watch the potter at his work. His right is absolue. His power is unlimited, so far as the clay is concerned. I look from him to the clay, and it has no wish of its own, no right that interferes with the right of the potter, no right other than the right that the potter has

in it. But it has resident within it infinite possibility. I do not know that as I look at the clay, I do not see it for the moment as I look upon the clay. Look beyond on the shelves of the house of the potter and see the vessels of beauty, and glory, and usefulness. They too were only clay. And in every lump of inert, soft, plastic, ugly clay there lies this very possibility that I see in the vessels that have passed beyond the potter's hand and have been forever perfected. Possibility! Once more look at the clay. It has no power to choose its own possibility. Unless the potter's hand is upon the clay it will always be dead, shapeless, useless clay.

The wheel, also a symbol of sovereignty, under the control of the potter, moving the clay round and round to the potter's hand.

You remember how in the days of New England life some pastors asked candidates strange, hard, awful questions before admitting them to church membership. You are all familiar with the question sometimes asked of church candidates. "Are you willing, would you be willing, if you knew it was the will of God, to be lost for His glory?" A very unnecessary question I admit. The trouble is to-day that we are seeing so little of God's sovereignty in our own lives. Yet here is the supreme thing in every human life, the absolute right of God to do with me what He will, to make of me what He will, and to send me where He will, to have His way with me. And the teaching of the potter's house is this, that apart from His will I have no right. The rights of men, what really are they? The right to submit to the authority, to the government of God.

But some one will say, and I feel it is involved in the subject that I am dwelling upon, the figure is not true. The clay has no will of its own—I have, and in the disparity between the clay and the man there is the break down of the figure. So men are tempted to suggest. The clay has no will power. The clay cannot elect what it will be. I CAN ELECT, I CAN CHOOSE. The very central glory of a man's life is power to elect, to choose. I do not mean to deal with the proposition that a man is not responsible for what he does, that he is as God made him. The answer is right there in his power to choose. I CAN and I WILL. Clay has no will power—I have. How am I then to be as clay, lying plastic as clay, with no will power? Shall I answer that objection in the mind of the thinking man this morning? I might do it thus. I might remind him that there are senses in which the distance between God and man is greater than the distance between the potter and the clay. God is creator and man is creature. Between the potter and his clay there can be no intelligent communication. Between God and man there can

be and is. And when you tell me that the clay cannot will or wish, I tell you futhermore, the clay cannot resist. A man can elect, can wish, and therefore he can resist. God has given us this will to elect, to decide, to choose, as the central glory of our humanity, and he has set it there to choose its master principle, and so to create its own destiny. He has not set it there to dethrone Himself and no man ever has really dethroned Him even in his own life. In John Milton's Paradise Lost he speaks of Lucifer, son of the morning, high fallen from heaven; and he makes Lucifer, son of the morning, express the enormous fact of his rebellion in these significant words: "It were better to reign in hell than to serve in heaven." So Milton has interpreted the heart of evil and cruelty. That is sin. But think again. In that word has not Milton also interpreted conscientiously the folly of evil? Lucifer, son of the morning, high fallen, adversary, does not reign in hell. God reigns in hell, and to the uttermost bound of all the vast creation he reigns, and no man can escape his government. I may put myself into such relationship with his government that it blesses me, but I cannot escape. I can fling myself against the shield of God until I am broken in pieces, or I can put my head upon his heart and have his mother comfort.

No man escapes from the potter, and the teaching of the potter's house is that of the absolute sovereignty of God, and it has to do with that relationship to sovereignty, which being recognized and observed brings a man to fulfillment of his own life according to the good and perfect and acceptable will of God. Then I say the teaching as to principle is that of the sovereignty of God, and man's wisdom lies in an unconditional and uncompromising surrender to that sovereignty.

I know exactly what you are thinking, because I am thinking it too. Let me say the thing I am thinking. If that is all the Bible says about God then I am afraid, and I am afraid with a fear that will result in revolt. I cannot help it. I am so made. I am so afraid that I am in revolt against mere antiquated sovereignty that does not consult me, and I have put it as I feel it. I am talking honestly. In order to declare emphatically that the Bible does not leave sovereignty at that point, and it has far more than that to say, the God of the Bible is not an Almighty One demanding submission without reason and without cause. He has made us and has so made us that in the deepest of our soul experience, if that were so we could not be frightened in revolt, for he has made us of his very self, of His very being, of His very nature.

Man is differentiated from all the life below him and distanced

from the life below him, to which he is in a measure still related, but he is differentiated from it all, and distanced from it all by that fact declared in Genesis by this word "God breathed into his nostrils": Oh, cancel that word 'nostrils,' that is not the Hebrew word, "He breathed into his breathing places" I think is nearer. Not the nostrils only, but the whole man. He enswathed him. He drenched him with himself. The gulf between him and everything below him was impassable, and that with which humanity was drenched, and breathed, and made man is that which turns itself face upward at the voice of sovereignty, which says I must know the sovereignty, and what it means. Then I can submit. I submit without stopping to argue it, now that I have the warrant of all the Bible for taking that stand.

Let us get back to the potter's house, and the answer to all my inquiry is all here. What do you see, Jeremiah? "I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels." That is to say the potter was doing something with the clay. I would leave all intelligent people out. If I could get hold of some boys and girls, I would talk to them while you take a rest. You see the wheel going round and the foot turning it, and his hands upon that clay. Tell me what he is doing. You cannot tell what he is doing? When the potter came to that wheel and put his hands on that clay he had a thought in his mind. There was a purpose in his mind. What did he see? Something. He wrought his work on the wheel. It was a fact in his mind before he touched the clay. Now watch it, and the wheel revolves and spins, and whirls. Watch his fingers, deft fingers on the clay, and the clay a shapeless mass growing under his hands. See him crush it back. What is he doing? This, listen. He is taking the thought that was in his own mind and putting it into that clay, that I and others may see it. When the vessel is finished I see what was in the mind of the potter. It was there before he began his work. That clay was his opportunity to express a thought, for some one else to know. A thought of beauty for other eyes to rejoice in. A thought of usefulness for other lives to share in. He wrought his work on the wheel. No one else can do it.

I look again. The clay is quite ignorant of the thought in the potter's mind, but it finds it and realizes it by being quiet and allowing the pottter to have his way. Oh, my brothers and sisters, I need not stay with that, you will see it all. The inter-relationship between these things is one of the profoundest matters of human life. That potter gained something in that clay. That clay gains everything through that potter in the realization of what are its own possibilities. Do not be afraid now; follow this. God gains

something from every man entirely at His disposal, and every man gains everything from God through the realization of that which is in himself. What is there for me to gain? Only that which I am in myself, growing to the divine creation. How can I gain it? Never until God's hand shall mold me. What can God gain in me? That which he made me for, a thing priceless in the economy of God, and He has a thought the perfection of which he would realize and express in every human soul. Do you doubt it, my brother? Then take a larger outlook for a moment than yourself. Take the outlook of the christian church and remember that in the apostolic writings, especially those of Paul, we have the Spirit's full interpretation and unveiling of the truth concerning the church. The mystery hidden through the ages. There is no reference to the church in your Old Testament. Hidden through the ages. Now go to your Ephesian letter and what does Paul tell you in that letter? He tells you that the church is to be in her union with Christ the instrument through which the wisdom of God is to be made known to the principalities and powers of the world. He tells you that the church in her union with God is to be the instrument through which the grace, the kindness, of God is to be made known to the ages that are yet unborn. The teaching is overwhelming. How can human lips dare it tell. God gains in the church, in her union with Christ, a vehicle of vision, not for Himself, but for others that they may see Him, an instrument of illumination to others who otherwise could not know Him. The unborn nations as they proceed are to learn His love by the songs that you and I shall sing forever and forever. The old, old story, of Jesus and His love.

You remember Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Seraphim." I love to read it. The idea of it is this; two angels, two Seraphims, bending over and watching the work of God, in the saving the world. The angels desire to look into these things, and she shows them watching Him with ever growing amazement as He bends and stoops and stoops and bends to the cross. It is a great dream and a true dream. God will gain in us men, Christians, the instrument through which he reveals His glory in wisdom and grace.

Now comes the larger thought and remember this, that in this world to-day numbers, scarred and marred by sin, are waiting, waiting, waiting, for the manifestation of the sons of God. Wherever there is a man or woman under the hand of the potter God can mold that man or woman so to express something of Himself to the world that cannot otherwise be expressed. Is that worth while? When you think of the potter, think of the potter's purpose in you and through you, that God would take this life of mine and by

molding it make it something through which other eyes than mine can see Him, his glory, his grace, his infallible beauty. Oh, dear heart, my brother, my sister, let me talk to you all by yourself for a minute. Bruised and broken, disappointed, in trouble, are you yielded to Him? Then know this, that this dance of plastic circumstance, this whirling, revolving, maddening rush round and round, that seems so meaningless, is all under the government of the potter, and by the very pressure of the hand this grinding and breaking, that which seems to crush and spoil, is but the process which is making into beauty your life, for His glory, and for His glory in the lives of other men.

Hear me again. If you simply tell me of sovereignty I am in trouble. If you tell me of purpose I am more comforted, but we are apart from the final thing. I am still halting and cannot yield. Who is the potter? That is the final question. The word of Jeremiah was this: "As the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand."

Would we view God's brightest glory we must look in Jesus' face. Who is this potter, governing the revolving circumstances of my life, putting hands upon that life, pressing, molding, fashioning, doubling back upon itself, who is this? And the answer is God, and I can understand that. Once more I am speaking for myself, and all by myself. God in Christ. Now I have found the place of my vision. The older I get, the more I preach, the longer I live, the more I know of life, of my soul, of its mysteries, the more I am driven to God through this Christ. I can only find him there. Vast, unfathomable, intangible, deity!! And now I find that this potter is Jesus the Christ, how shall I tell the truth concerning him. I tell it in the words used by John. He heard the reverberations of the divine heart. John wrote this: "God is love." That is the potter.

And remember you must interpret the process by the love, and you must interpret the love by the process. You must interpret the process by love. The thing is hard, the buffeting, the molding, and the crushing, yet love is inspiring the fingers. Here is a day when there is no buffeting and no bruising, and you begin to talk of love. Do not forget what these fingers are capable of. Do not forget that the lips of the sweet lover says that the inspiration of the work is his love for you, and the sovereignty of God is born of the infinite compassion of his heart. And behind all the things that are hard and severe there is the reason, the inspiration, there is the tender love of God. And now to God I dare yield, and I desire supremely now that he shall have all his way in my life, for his purpose is the

purpose of love, and his sovereignty is the sovereignty of love, and as I yield to the claim of his sovereignty I am falling upon the bosom of his love. To rebel, my brother, is to take the clay out of the hands of the potter and to render it purposeless and useless.

Oh, my soul. My soul. Have you ever visited the field of the potter, the potter's field just outside the potter's house? You will not discover the vessels made to his honor and to his glory. What will you discover? The wrecked, spoiled vessels. The things flung out upon the scrap heap, pitched through the window of the little house where he works. Clay that had some element in it that defied him finally. Pitch the spoiled thing out through the window. The clay, the ultimate alloy of which was only discovered in the burning, flung out. The potter's field is full of the wreckage that demonstrates failure in the house of the potter.

Now look about you this morning and see how full the potter's field is of wrecks to-day. There are men and women here this morning who say "Yes, that is quite true, and we are among the number." Very well. Then I am going to finish with the next thing that Jeremiah said, daring to borrow a light from the New Testament which you may not think is warranted, but I am going to use it. What is the next thing that Jeremiah said? He said when the vessel was marred in the hand of the potter he made it again. That is the Bible to me. That is God to me. Then the fact of his sovereignty, and the fact that he has a purpose, and the fact that he is love, all these things seem sure to help me if to these things I have yielded. If I rebel against the hand of the potter I am flung out. What will he do with me if I yield? "He will make me again." That is the message for the man who is broken and marred.

So I read again the passage I read this morning. Judas flung down the thirty pieces of silver and went and hung himself. I am not dealing with him, but I want to watch the thirty pieces of silver. What will the priests do with the thirty pieces of silver, the blood money of the Son of God? "Oh," say they, "we cannot put it into the treasury." "What shall we do with it?" "Let us buy the potter's field to bury the strangers in," and that which in itself was hypocrisy of the most devilish kind, men who did not hesitate to murder the Son of God, hesitated to put blood money into the treasury of God. With that blood money they bought the potter's field where the wreckage is, and that field is called the Field of Blood until this day.

Are you in the potter's field? It is bought with the blood money

of the Son of God, and He will go into the potter's field, and this is where he differs from every other potter. He will pick up the wreckage and bring it back to his mills and grind, and re-make, and breathe into it His own life, and bring out of it His own beauty. Let him do it. Oh, soul of mine, let him do it. And He will if we but yield ourselves to him. Then may not this be the language of every life, recognizing the misery of many a bruise, but resting in the assurance of the meaning of the potter:

"Thou art the Potter and we are the clay,
Morning and evening and day after day
Thou turnest thy wheel and our substance is wrought
Into form at thy will, into shape at Thy thought.

Thou are the Potter, the wheel turns around,
Thine eyes do not leave it, our atoms are ground
Fine in thy mills; Oh, the pain and the cost,
But thou knowest their number, not one shall be lost.

Shall clay to the potter make answer and say
Now what dost thou fashion, thy hand would not stay,
Untiring, resistless, without any sound,
True, true to the master the wheel will go round.

How plastic are we as we live in thy hands!
Who is the Potter? The clay understands,
Thy ways are a wonder, not even a spark,
Some hint of thy meaning shines out in the dark.

What matter to us that the sensitive clay
Be beaten, and moulded from day unto day
To answer not, question not, just to be still,
And know Thou art shaping us into thy will.

Thus, thus may ye plead with thy workman divine,
Press down on our substance some symbol of thine.
Thy name and thine image and let it be shown
That thou dost acknowledge the work as thine own."

Fighting and Building

By REV. GIPSY SMITH

Now it came to pass, while the multitude pressed upon him and heard the word of God, that he was standing by the lake of Gennesaret; and he saw two boats standing by the lake; but the fishermen had gone out of them, and were washing their nets. And he entered into one of the boats, which was Simon's, and asked him to put out a little from the land. And he sat down and taught the multitudes out of the boat. And when he had left speaking he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught. And Simon answered and said, Master, we toiled all night, and took nothing; but at thy word I will let down the nets. And when they had done this they inclosed a great multitude of fishes; and their nets were breaking; and they beckoned unto their partners in the other boat, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the boats, so that they began to sink. But Simon Peter, when he saw it, fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord.

Luke 5:1-8.

As much as to say, "I cannot go any further, I am not worthy, I am no fit company for you." Just that one flash of the Son of God, that one vision, had revealed the contrast, and he said, "Depart from me, I am no company for you, Master; I am a sinful man," for he saw himself.

For he was amazed, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes which they had taken; and so were also James and John, sons of Zebedee, who were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men or **take alive.** And when they had brought their boats to land, they left all and followed him.

I want to take this first verse as the basis of what I desire to

say, and I want to point out to you some of the things that are essential if you are to do the fighting and the building—if you are to do the fighting that will be effective and the building that will be God honoring and contributory to the saving of this old world. Note in the first verse, two things, Jesus and the word. "It came to pass while the multitude pressed upon him." Jesus was the attraction, not the disciples; the multitudes were drawn to Him, His presence, His face, His words, His works, what He was, what they felt Him to be, though they but dimly understood. He drew, He was the magnet, the loadstone, the center of gravity. They crowded Him; and that was the fulfillment of the promise, "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be." It was literally the fulfillment of His own word. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

And it was the reason why it was said of Him, when He was trying to get a little quiet, shut up in that cottage there to get a little rest, the people so crowded the cottage you remember it was said, "He could not be hid." Wherever Jesus is the people gather. Wherever Jesus was the people were. Wherever Jesus will be the people will come; and if He be in you and in me as He desires, somebody will find it out; and, my brother, my sister, it will pay you with all your intellectuality and accomplishments, with all your refinement and tastes and disposition, with all your charming personality, and, listen! you won't do very much in the way of fighting sin and the flesh and the world and the devil in the battles of God, and you won't do much in the way of building the New Jerusalem for God unlesss you are possessed, and indwelt, and dominated by, and beautified with the spirit of Jesus Christ. He must be in you, and the people must be convinced of it. They must find out that Christ is in you. Why? What is the matter with all the services that you and I go through that end in so little.

As Dr. Chapman said the other morning in talking to the preachers, "What is the matter with all our output? What is the matter with all our investment of money and men? Where is the return?" Is it not, I submit respectfully to you, my fathers and brethren, is it not because the world outside sees so little of Jesus Christ in us? We talk about Him a great deal, but do not somehow talk Him; it is not He who talks. We preach the gospel very often when our words fall like a shower of gravel instead of like a gentle rain. We talk about the things of the kingdom of God in such a way that it sounds like a clanging cymbal instead of being the music of the angel song; and we talk about the tenderest, the sweetest, the most lovely thing in this world, or the next—the love of God—in a savage spirit. What is the matter with us? We want

more of Jesus; we must have Jesus; it was Jesus the people crowded, it was Jesus the people wanted; it was Jesus the people could not keep away from; and if you will fill your pulpit with Jesus, and crowd your pews with Jesus people, Jesus men and women, you will have your churches filled. You will not have to call a conference on how to reach the masses. I wish somebody would call a conference on, How can the masses reach us? What we need to do is to build on the right foundation, and we must have Jesus as the foundation. We must stand there. Unless you stand in right relationship to Jesus Christ you only mar the building. No man can say, Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost; and if you are going to fight, if you are going to do some execution in the sway and pathos and power of Calvary, and if you are going to build up temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in, you must be right with Christ.

They crowded Jesus. I want to tell you the world knows the Jesus of the New Testament, the Jesus of Bethlehem, the Jesus of Calvary, the Jesus of the resurrection, the Jesus of the throne, and it knows the caricature of Him, and the Christ some of us are representing is the Christ they do not want. One of those Parisian ladies said to me—came to me with tears running down her face, shaking like a tired bird: "O," she said, "man of God"—in broken English—"I can love your Jesus, tell me more about your Jesus"; then she paused and a look of horror came over her face, " not the priest's Jesus: your Jesus I can love." What sort of Jesus are you revealing?

The people crowded Jesus. Don't you know that Jesus could not be got at by some people because His friends hindered them? I am afraid some of us hinder people from getting to Him when they want to get to Him. The other day I told you that I was won for Christ because He had a chance to win me; Christ had fair play, Christ had the platform. Christ had everything in my father's life, such as it was. He came into that great rough Gipsy man's heart and life and sweetened him, and I saw Christ when my father put his arms around me; when he kissed me I felt Jesus; when he talked to me tenderly I felt that Jesus was talking to me. If Jesus gets into you like that you will not be troubled for a congregation, and the least congregation will be to you the very work of the Holy Ghost, even if it is one child. You will see in a child a congregation, you will see in the boy a nation, and you will have as much passion to preach to one as to a million.

When we get the right view of things, the right value of things

and the right relationship of things, we shall know and do our work better. Little children know when Jesus is in a man—I ain't sure that the dog does not. I take it as a great compliment when a child wants to be friendly with me. I take it as a great compliment when a strange dog wags his tail around me. I know some professing Christians I would not wag my tail around if I were a dog. I am not surprised that preachers cannot preach with some faces in front of them; some of the faces here at Winona lead me to say that evidently some men when they measure themselves for their heavenly clothes do not measure their faces, it would take too much stuff! (Great laughter.) You need not try to parade it, if Jesus is there it will come out. (Cries of Amen!) This is true, and I am surprised we do not all say amen. This is the heart of the gospel, what is the good of preaching it if we do not live it? What is the good of preaching about the love of God if we do so perfunctorily?

Let me tell you another story of my Zillah. She was with me on a campaign, in a meeting held in the largest Methodist church in the city. There was an aisle on this side in charge of an official of the church, and although the crowds came to the night service that aisle was filled up last. That man kept them out of it. His face was enough. They went to him for their seats when they could not get one anywhere else. I could not preach until I forgot him; his face was enough. You know that kind of a man, the man that rubs you the wrong way, the woman that appeals to the worst that is in you; you know, the professed Christian that rubs you the wrong way and makes you do everything wrong, makes you want to backslide, and you will backslide if you live long enough with him.

The other person is one whose presence is a benediction, and when you look into his face you say, "I will have to be a better man"; that person makes you think of Jesus. That first man did not make me think of Him. My little Zillah climbed on my knee and said, "Have you seen that man?" I said, "Which one?" She said, "You know; you don't miss much." I said, "I have seen him, what about him?" She snuggled into my neck and said, "Is Jesus like that man?" Don't you tell me that children do not notice; they notice us preachers and evangelists, and Christian workers, and Sunday-school teachers, and they know that we take communion and call ourselves by the blessed name, and they have far more sense than we give them credit for. "Is Jesus like that?" I said, "No, He is not like him at all; why do you ask me?" "Because if Jesus is like him I shall run away." And she put her arms around my neck and pressed me to her and said, "If Jesus is like daddy I will put my arms around His neck and kiss Him." I put myself on my knees

and said, "O Lord, does my religion commend itself to little children?" If it does not there is something wrong. I do not care what pulpit you occupy or how many languages you speak, I do not care how brilliant you may be or eloquent of speech, if you have no Christ you better get out. It is Jesus the people want. They crowded Jesus.

Do we know when He is there? We do. You do. I do. I have heard men on this platform who have made my heart quiver with excitement and my poor unworthy spirit sink within me and cry out, "O God, have mercy upon me and make me more like Thyself." Has the conference produced that in you? More like Jesus! O that is the purpose, not simply to cultivate thought: that is all right in its place, but what you need is to have your heart filled with Christ, and your character charmed by His spirit, and day by day your soul drenched in the pathos of Calvary. When you go back next week to your home and church they will see a new light in your eye, and hear a new tone in your voice, and witness a new power in your life; they won't know what is the matter with themselves, and they won't know what is the matter with you, but they will see the difference if they see Jesus. They crowded Jesus.

Don't forget the first condition for effective fighting for Christ and building for Christ is to have Christ dwelling in you. Let Him fight in you and build in you. You will do precious little fighting and precious little building if you are not built into the living temple of God. That is the condition so far.

When the people crowded Jesus what did He do? He gave them what they needed, the word of the Lord—not science, except the science of salvation; not philosophy, except the philosophy of faith; not poetry, except the poetry of pardon. What is the good of offering a hungry man a nosegay? What is the good of offering a drowning man a buttonhole boquet? The drowning man wants a life-boat, and the hungry man wants bread; and sometimes we have been trying to save the world by prettyisms and conventionalities; is that not true? May the Lord have mercy upon us! You can stand by the old, old Bible and you need not apologize for it: don't waste your time in apologizing for the Bible. You preach it. Don't waste your time in defending it, it can defend itself; preach it. If you live it you will preach it with power.

I have been trying to preach these old things for thirty-five years, on five continents, and never had the least inclination in my life to change my method, never had a desire, because there is nothing to take their place. In England we are preaching the old

things; we have got over the mental measles, and we are preaching our cradle faith; and the most brilliant men in the church to which I belong are vying with each other as to which can exalt Jesus Christ the most; they preach Him in His power to save, and I say that in justice to my brethren in the ministry, blessed be God!

My brother let Christ come into your life; let Christ come into your study, let Christ be the all and all of your ministry and you will find no trouble in preaching His word. Give the people the old-fashioned gospel. I think sometimes that if all the preachers in English speaking lands would preach on the fundamentals, the verities, the elementary fundamentals, the indispensable conditions of salvation for six solid months, and on nothing else, we would have such a revival as the world has never known. If we would give up all nonsense and preach Jesus for six months we would have a revival.

Note the second verse. Jesus saw "two boats standing by the lake; but the fishermen had gone out of them, and were washing their nets." Note, they were washing their own nets. Some people take in laundry but they neglect their own. Some of you people at Winona have had a week's washing, but you have been washing other people's nets and not your own. I have heard you when you thought I was out around. I have heard you discuss Gipsy Smith and Campbell Morgan and Billy Sunday, and I do not know who else. O how you have washed our nets! If such people will mind their own business they will be kept busy; people who mind their own business always succeed, there are few competitors. Nobody gets more advice than I do. A lot of anonymous letters are sent me. The meanest thing a person can do is to write a letter saying, "Dear brother, the Lord has told me to send this to you" and then forget to sign the name. (Applause.) I had a letter the other day telling me that I had grieved somebody, but that was signed; that I had hurt somebody, a preacher, indeed, and that somebody had been snubbed by me. I wish Dr. Campbell Morgan had not gone because he was with me when the brother spoke to me. Some of you have been washing that net for three or four days. It is all right, blessed be God! I would rather cut off both arms and pluck out both eyes than grieve any brother or sister in this house this morning, and I would not grieve a soul, and those who know me know that I would not; yet I am not perfect by any means, and I tell you honestly that one of the secrets of success is to wash your net. Brother preacher, have you caught anybody lately? If you have not, it will pay you to wash your net. If you have not seen anybody definitely led to Jesus Christ during the last week, you get alone, don't go to any more conference meetings, and shut yourself up in your room and get something done. I

tell you, we do not get alone with God as we ought, we do not take time to pray; that is where the net washing is done.

They were fishing all night and caught nothing, and by the light of the morning they were examining things. O, that is where we blunder; we do not take time to face unpleasant things. I want to say to you out of my own heart that I try to keep up my own spiritual communion with God. I pray as much in public as most men for I live in public as much as most men, but if I did not pray in private I would soon be a backslider. I have to shut off books, and wife, and children, and crowds, and shut out my work and everything, and lay bare my poor heart before God for myself. If I know anything of success, and you want to know its secret, that is it, that God may be all in all. Take time to wash your net! Your most beautiful thought, apt simile, convincing speech, profound argument—and I am not the one to decry it, I admire it all and honor it all—must be saturated with the blood of the Lamb; you can only get that as you get alone with God. We live too much in the crowd. They took time. You and I won't build unless we do. And, remember, it is with the sword of the Spirit you and I are to fight, but if you wield it with the arm of the flesh you will do more harm than good. It is the sword of the Spirit; if it is to do execution God purposes that it must be wielded by the arm of the almighty Third Person of the Trinity.

Note the third verse! Jesus "entered into one of the boats which was Simon's." That boat was Simon's stock in trade, his shop, his store; to be American, that boat was Simon's business, just what he could dominate; that was his sphere. Jesus said to Simon, "Lend me your business, your living, and I will preach a sermon from that pulpit. I will make your old boat a pulpit. Isn't that wonderful? Your home, your cottage, your hillside or valley home, or city home or village home, or fashionable home, your civic place, your scholastic place, your spiritual place, your worldly place, that is where you are; if God has you He will make that a pulpit and preach to the world through you. He will make you a little bit of His church against which the gates of Hades shall not prevail. That is the kind of building, bit by bit, a little atom here and a little atom there, here that block and there this block, and I will build my church, whether you come from the east, the west, the north or the south, whether you come from a Gipsy tent or a castle, I will build my church, only let me have you. Let Him have the boat! Let Him have His way! That is the surrender Dr. Morgan was talking about. Make it complete, and God will do wonders.

I want to say this other word suggested to me by this narra-

tive; don't hesitate to give the Lord the whole boat; let Him have His way; you can afford to trust Him. Some people are awfully afraid to let the Lord have His own way in His own church, and I have gone to churches where the Lord hadn't a chance; the whole service was run by the quartette and the organist, and the preacher got in where he could. Is that not true? "We have a programme, that is what we want, that is what we are going to do; please yourself when you get in!" Give Him the boat. I get into some queer places. I was invited to preach in a swell church in my own country, a beautiful Gothic church with a spire. They had advertised me to preach in this way, "Special sermons will be preached by the Rev. Rodney Smith"; they were afraid of "Gipsy," and they thought the Gothic church with the spire, and "Gipsy," would be a little incongruous, as if the Lord does not know His own business; we are afraid to trust Him, afraid to give Him liberty or let Him do as He will. So they had advertised me "The Rev. Rodney Smith." I felt like David when they dressed him up in Saul's armor. When I got into the vestry they introduced me all around, and you Presbyterians and Baptists can freeze a person in the vestry so he will never get thawed out in the pulpit. I was introduced all around in high-toned fashion, and the dear old senior office-bearer handed me a little card and said, "This is our order." I said, "Do you want me to go by that?" "Yes, please," he answered. I said, "You better go on your holidays while I am here; you know I was born in a field." I said, "Has that order brought you what you want?" "No," he said. "Then," I said, "let the Lord have a chance." Give Him the boat. Jesus is never vulgar. All that He does will be decently done and orderly done. If God is the builder the building will be creditable to you because it will be glorifying to Himself. You need not be afraid. We are seeking our own social and religious reputation so much the Holy Ghost does not get a chance. There are chances—boats—dedicated to the service of God where He has no chance; and we call it a church! Don't you fill your bath-tub with water and call it the ocean! Don't you hold up your little umbrella and call it the firmament, and don't you light a match and call it the sun. God's church goes a little bit beyond your four walls, it stretches a little bit beyond your borders. My brother, if you are going to help Him build His church you will have to build along His lines or you will build with mortar that will crumble; it will be useless; you will cry peace when there is no peace. Let God have the boat, let Him control and you will work along His lines and He will fill your boat. If you will let Him be your partner He will show you that He knows more about your business than you know yourself, and you will be

surprised to learn those things you never dreamed He knew, and He will teach you how to fish and He will teach you how to catch men alive. Take Him into your boat and let Him have the whole thing; let Him be glorified.

The fourth verse is really the text. When he had gone through these verses with them He said, "Launch out, put out into the deep." Out! Out! O, my brethren, you know that the majority of us are living in the shallows. We do not know where we are; the majority of us hardly know where we are; it is because we are not out far enough, we are afraid to get out into the deeps. O, think of it, the boundless ocean! In every sermon I preach it seems to me I have only brought to the people who listen to me just a little drop of the mighty ocean; or to change the figure, I have only brought one little tiny lily of the whole continent of bloom and splendor; or to change it again, I have only just brought a note of the magnificent song of redemption. We are in the shallows. Ezekiel in his vision of the living waters stepped up to his ankles, and then up to the knees, and then up to the loins, then went out and it was a river; he could swim it. Some of us are up to our ankles, that is all; religiously, spiritually, understandingly, sympathetically we are just up to our ankles, that is all. And there are others who are up to their knees. There are others who are up to their loins—What is that? The strength of their moral manhood is Christ; but others are all in, they are out, all in for Christ. "Launch out into the deep." God's fulness is for you, God's fulness is yours; all things are yours since Christ's and Christ is God's.

Don't be contented with a half and half sort of a religious experience, be an out and outer. Lots of people do not enjoy religion; they do not get enough of it. How many of you knew Mrs. Margaret Bottome, founder of the King's Daughters? She was my personal friend. The last time I saw her in New York she told me this story. She said, "I know that you like a good story; I have just returned from my vacation"—she had been down, I think, to Ocean Grove—"and walking along the board-walk one morning very early I saw a little boy out there with a rowboat, and he knew me, 'Mrs. Bottome, will you come in my boat for a row?' I looked back at him, and I said, 'Yes, I believe I will' and I went and waited at the steps down there for him to come up." Those who remember Mrs. Bottome remember that she was a full-sized lady! "Whe he came up I stood firmly on one foot and touched the boat with the other, and the boat went out and left me, and he looked at me questioningly and then came back for me again, and I changed my foot and tried the other, and the boat went out a second time and left me, and the little

fellow scratched his head and said, 'Why don't you get in all of you?'" That is my message to you, you Christian people, this morning, get in all of you, get in all of you! Be out and out for Christ.

There is another reason—I cannot speak on this point though I would for an hour if I had time—for the sake of the fish you can catch. If you want to catch big fish you will have to get into deep water. If you are going to catch fish you will have to get out where the fish are or you won't catch them. You never knew anybody converted in an empty pew, and if the fish won't come to the pew you must take the pew to the fish. They are waiting to be caught. I have proved to the churches of Great Britain and I have proved to some of the churches in America that the lowest down man, the sot, the harlot, they will come straight to your churches when you have sense enough to go after them. I have seen your churches crowded with 700, 1,000 and 1,500. I was in Dr. Campbell Morgan's church one night in Westminster, London, almost next door to Buckingham palace, and I saw 700 men, more or less drunk, in one service at midnight. How did we get them? We went after them, we launched out; we went to the saloons and said, "We love you, we want to tell you about Jesus, and we want you to come" and they came. Human nature is human nature wherever you find it. If you will tackle human nature with the Christlike spirit it will respond every time. That is our business. Launch out into the deep, there the fish are. Have you caught anybody lately? Do you know the joy, the luxury of leading a soul to Christ? Do you know the joy that comes into the soul of being able to lead somebody into saving contact with Jesus Christ? It is a joy no words can express.

I was traveling through North Wales some months ago in a motor car with a friend. I was conducting meetings in Carnarvon, North Wales, preaching to audiences numbering anywhere from five to ten thousand people every day. My friend was giving me a little spin through those lovely Welsh lanes, when he turned a little corner, and he said, "Do you see that old man over that stone wall walking with those sticks?" "Yes," I said. He said, "He is over one hundred years old" "Pull up I am going to stop," I said. "He can't understand a word of English' my friend remarked. I said, "I am going to talk to him anyway." I got out, and looked around for the gate and could not find any, and I climbed the wall and jumped down the other side, and went over to that dear old Welshman as he stood there leaning on two sticks, and I offered him my hand. He shuffled and put one stick from one hand into the other and then took my hand, and I began to wonder what I would say to

him, and I remembered that that week I had been taught a question in Welsh; I knew I should not say it very well but I was prepared to say it badly if I could only convey to him what I wanted. I gripped his hand and I said to him in Welsh, 'Do you love Jesus?" And the old man's head began to tremble and he dropped it and shook my hand a little, and then I wanted to say something else in Welsh but I had no words which I could use, and then I remembered that I had learned a verse of a Welsh hymn and I struck up singing it, and the old man's lip began to move. I took my cap off and prayed in English, and said, "Lord Jesus Christ, make him understand in Welsh," and I parted from him and have never seen him since. The next morning when busy getting my breakfast a fine handsome young farmer stood at the door and said, "I want to see that Gipsy preacher." I heard him, and I said, "What is wanted?" He said, "You know the dear old man you prayed with yesterday?" "Yes sir." "He is my grandfather, and he sent me this morning to tell you that he can answer your question, he does love Jesus." Do you suppose that I can tell you the joy that came into my heart that morning? You launch out into the deep, let down your nets. Won't somebody? You may talk about building for God and fighting for God but fighting for God and building for God means capturing this planet for God, and it is going to be done by capturing the individual. **It is going to be done by capturing the individual.** O, Christ, teach us how to do it.

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Marred; and He Made It Again

Jeremiah 18: 4

By REV. WILLIAM E. BIEDERWOLF, D. D.

Sermon Preached at the Indian Mound

If you are a child of God I am quite sure God's dealings with you and the working out of his plan for your life did not begin when you first knelt at the foot of the cross of His dear Son a repentant sinner. It antedated all that.

If there is one lesson taught more than another in this story of the potter with his clay it is the rightful and incontestable sovereignty of God over the life of every one of us.

But what God can do and has a right to do and what He does differs very much indeed according to His own good pleasure.

God can influence your will but He will not deliberately break it.

God is the great Potter of life and your life from the earliest moment of its existence has been clay in His hands.

And one time by His sovereign grace, blessed be His Holy name, He shaped your life and mine into vessels that gave us a right to be called the sons of God.

But did His thought and His plan for your life and mine end there? Ah, no.

The Potter has kept that life on the wheel ever since and on the wheel He means it to stay. God will never be through with your life until one glad day it shall have been shaped into the likeness of His own glorious image.

But what I'm thinking about this afternoon is the thing that happened in your life back yonder somewhere while the Potter was busy with it on the wheel.

Jeremiah was pretty much discouraged over Israel. He was about to give up. He thought God had done all He could do and there was no hope. And God told him to go down to the pottery. Have you ever been there? If you have, you have seen something of what Jeremiah saw.

The potter was busy at his wheel, shaping a vessel. It rose fair and graceful beneath his practiced touch, but just as it was apparently finished and to the prophet seemed lovely enough, something happened.

The vessel was marred. Just what happened we do not know. Whether it broke and fell to pieces on the wheel or whether the potter examined it with his critical eye and saw some defect in its shape we cannot tell. But it was marred and he made it again.

Jeremiah thought of course the potter would reject the crumbled clay or the imperfect vase, but instead he stooped and picked up the broken pieces or crushed the disappointing vessel into a shapeless lump as it was before and putting it once more on the wheel HE MADE IT AGAIN.

He might have cast it aside with the waste or allowed it to stand in its imperfect form, but he did not. He was satisfied only when he had put his best into it and brought out of the clay its highest possibilities.

I wonder if we need to be reminded that God has a plan for every life; that He alone understands the possibilities in your life and mine and that what He really wants is His best for each of us. The really sad thing is that we could ever have been satisfied with anything less.

But you are here today a disappointed man. The path you have travelled is not altogether the one you had longed for and even prayed for; your life has been marred, shaped differently from what you hoped it would be; or it may be that about the Potter's wheel are strewn the fragments of the shattered ideal of a holy life you meant to live; and you've come out on this hillside today a discouraged man.

I had preached a sermon one night in Moody's church in Chicago and at its close a young man handed me his card and said, "I must see you." I noticed by his card that he was president of some Christian Endeavor Union. I took him to my room in the Institute and found him really in an alarming condition, and he said, "Mr. Biederwolf, my life is all broken." Something had come into his life I will not mention here today, but he said, "I feel sometimes as if I am lost altogether." He said, "I go about my religious work but how little my young friends dream of the voice within me crying out against me. I have tried to hold on and when I heard you speak tonight I had about concluded to let go altogether," and he wept hot, bitter tears.

I told him the story I have told you today, the story of the potter and the clay. I wish you might have heard his prayer; some of us doubtless need to make it here this afternoon; and God took his life and made it new. "Marred and he made it again."

I have never talked with a potter about this matter but I can imagine three things that could be wrong with the clay and cause it to mar in the potter's hands.

FIRST. It might be too stiff. It might have, so to speak, a will of its own and set itself against the efforts of the potter and because of its resistance fail to take in detail the shape he meant it to have and which would have made it a vessel fit for the king's palace.

It may be that just here you have failed. You have set your will against His and things in your life have not been as He would have had them be.

There is no peace, there is no purity, there is no power without a yielded will.

> "Our wills are ours," Yes, "we know not how,
> Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

And I must yield myself to God; I must abandon myself to Him without question; I must lie plastic in His hand. Otherwise it will be a marred, misshapen life that will come from the wheel.

It may be a wrong you have done your brother, not perhaps a serious one, and God says, "Confess it and ask his forgiveness," but you have said, No.

It may be some disappointing or heart-breaking experience has come into your life and you have argued with God about it.

Or it may be that God has wanted you in one place and you have resisted and chosen for yourself another place.

I have a friend who tells the story of a minister who was sitting in a meeting like this and God commenced to deal with him. He had been through the Seminary and had gone out and taken a church. He had good audiences, but no one came to Christ. He thought he needed more theology and took another year in the Seminary, but he had a powerless ministry and no one came to Christ. And in the meeting God commenced to wrestle with him. He thought of the needy mission field that had called him and God seemed to say, "Go," but he had said, "No, Lord, you'll have to excuse me; I don't want to work in a mission field." And then he thought of another parish that called him loudly and God seemed to say, "Go," but there was

something about it that didn't just suit him and he had declined to go. And as he sat there he thought of other ways in which and other times when he had set his will against the will of God, and he bowed himself and said, "Oh, God, I have never yielded myself to Thee," and then the Spirit of the great Potter whispered to him and said, "Do it now," and it was done. And as he went out he took the hand of an old white-haired minister who had known him for years and said, "I am ready now for anything God chooses; I will go anywhere and I will do anything that God says." And God made him over again. "Marred and he made it again."

SECOND. Then the clay might have too little consistency. The mixture might be too dry and lack adhesiveness.

In the first case the vessel would not take the shape the potter wished. In this case, it having easily taken it would not retain it.

Doesn't it look sometimes as though we trifle with His grace and with His goodness. The resolutions are made all right but we haven't seemed to mean them. It's been too much of a weathervane experience with some of us. Every wind of influence has carried us with it in spite of what we had said to God.

Be honest now, and if you'd look back today is it not true that you'd see the pathway along which you have come littered with the wrecks of broken vows?

When Patti asked for her mail at a foreign post office, in the absence of every other thing to identify her she sang a song, and the clerk cried with excitement, "It's Patti; it's Patti; there's no one but Adelina Patti who could sing like that." But in spite of all that you've meant to be, in spite of all you've vowed to be and tried to be, if the life you have lived had to prove your actual relationship to God I wonder what its testimony would be.

We need a disposition with a little more consistency in it; with a little more stability to it. Do you remember what a great general once said about "fighting it out on this line if it took all summer?" And it takes something of the same spirit to conquer oneself as it does to conquer a city. And with a spirit like that God will never let you fail.

So my brother, take hope again today. Be in earnest and you'll find the warrior angels of heaven hurrying to your side.

THIRD. And then the clay might have hidden away somewhere in it a stone which would cause a blemish on the vessel or possibly cause it to break and crumble beneath the potter's hand.

I wonder if you catch the thought. Somewhere concealed away

in your life there is a stone, a secret hidden thing; some sin that has become a part of your nature, and it is this that is marring and ruining your life. You have resolved against it and fought against it, but still it is there, and the Potter has been thwarted.

There was a time when your life was rising into a fair and lovely shape fashioned by the thought and will and activity of the Potter Himself. But one day there came into your life that awful thing; it was like a stone in the Potter's clay; and work on the vessel as He would, He came always to that certain point—the flaw in the clay.

Look, I can see Him at His work. Patiently, carefully and with loving touch He manipulates the clay. But just at one place something is wrong, and turn the clay as He will, leave the obstruction for a moment if He choose, He always comes back to that which is thwarting the skill of His hand and the concern of His heart.

Where is the fault? What is it? Possibly only the clay and the Potter knows.

Brother, has something come into your life—some secret sin—some unholy passion, and is your life that you thought would rise a fair and lovely vessel a marred and broken one today, and do you sometimes think the change can never come?

Then I bring to you the story of the Potter and the clay. "Marred, and he made it again." When the clay for any reason has been turned into a poorly shapen vessel or fallen in pieces at the potter's feet he does not throw it away but he crushes it together or gathers it up, he remedies the fault in the substance, takes out the stone and makes a new and proper mixture and dashes it back upon the wheel and begins again until at last the vessel strong and graceful stands complete before him.

What the potter did for the dead clay God will do for you if you will let Him do it.

You may recall the story of Herkomer born in the Black Forest, the son of a simple woodchopper. He afterwards rose to fame and established his studio in London and brought his father there to be with him. The old man became very fond of moulding clay and would spend most of his time at it and really became quite an artist along that line. But as he grew older and his eye lost something of the keenness of its vision and his hand something of its skill the old gentleman became heavy hearted like a man who thinks his best days are gone and he would go up stairs at the close of the day's work with a sad heart. Herkomer, the unrivalled artist in clay

noticed it all and many times when the old man had gone up stairs he would slip into the studio and take the work his old father had left with the marks of deficience and failure on it and with his own wonderful touch he would make it as fair as the genius of man could make it. And then in the morning when the old man would come down and look on the work he had left the night before disappointed with its deficiencies he would hold it up to the light and exclaim, "Why, I can do it as well as I ever did."

Just that can God bring to pass in your life. "I can do it as well as I ever did." Nay, nay, something better than that, "I can do it better than I ever did: I can be the pure man I once was, or better than that, the man I have always longed to be."

And how?

Get alone with God. You can be alone with Him just here.

Oh, the victories that have been won on this spot! There's victory here for you today.

First. **Yield your will absolutely to His.**

Second. **Be in earnest and ask God to put an abiding consistency in the determinations of your life.**

Third. **Confess your sin and count it forever gone according to His word and claim the victory by His grace and see if He will not make you over again.**

"Marred and he made it again." Remember you are not like the dumb clay. God is calling for you to put yourself on the wheel and then His finger will touch that thing which makes the blemish, and then if you will He will give you grace to let it go and then He will go forward and do His work upon your life and He will "make it over again."

Explorations in Palestine

By PROFESSOR CAMDEN M. COBERN, D. D., LITT. D.

I have just come from an examination of the excavations in Palestine. I realize the fact that people have never yet heard of the great things found there. Egypt has been a great land for the excavators, and out of Egyptian soil have come multitudes of things which throw light and corroboration upon this great Book, which is the center of this conference, but few people know that this can also be said of Palestine. Only a little while ago I received a letter from one of the most distinguished professors in the University of Chicago, and he said, "What a pity it is that these excavations in Palestine have thrown so little light upon the Bible." The only reason he said this was either because he did not know what the discoveries were or else he did not know the bearing of these discoveries upon the Bible. I stand prepared to prove that no excavations ever made in Babylon or Egypt have done more for the opening up of the truth of the Bible than the excavations in Palestine. In these two days I want you to bear with me if I trace distinctly and laboriously these succeeding explorations so that you may have in mind what has been done.

Every time I go to Palestine I am more and more impressed with the littleness of the country. What a strange thing it is that a country so small could from the beginning of history have been the center of interest among all the great nations of antiquity? And it is the center of interest yet! Palestine is only 130 miles from north to south; that means that some of you in automobiles would only take four or five hours to travel from the extreme north to the extreme south; some of you "joy riders" would go in three! It is only thirty miles wide in one place, and only seventy miles in the widest place. Going back 3,000 years or more before Christ you find the goal of the old Babylonian kings was Palestine. They could not go any farther west than the coast of the western sea; there they came against the Amorites, of whom we knew nothing until in the last few decades; now we know that these Amorites were blood relatives of the people who established the first great civilization in Babylonia. We know

that these Babylonian kings felt they had reached the goal of their ambition when they could put their standards up in Palestine. These ancient people called Palestine the "Land of Ammeen" (i. e. The Amorite Land). Our name "Palestine" comes from the Philistines whom for the first time we now know historically. I remember well when sceptics were denying that the Bible accounts regarding the Philistines could be true; but we have come to the time when it is agreed that these Philistines were blood relatives of the primitive Greeks, and tremendous remains of these Philistines have only recently been dug up in Creto. So Palestine stands out to-day as one of the great centers of archeological interest. Up to the middle of the nineteenth century we did not know anything of ancient Palestine except as we learned it from the Bible or Josephus or a few sentence descriptions elsewhere. Up to twenty-three years ago no man had ever seen anything of the Palestine before Jesus except a few broken monuments to be found on the surface of the ground at a few places like Jerusalem and Samaria; but to-day we are able to look at this old land and are not simply able to see the surface of it but to see the kind of cities in which Jesus lived, and to know the civilization of the century in which the apostles were trained, and we are able to look for the first time at noted cities now uncovered in Palestine and recognize there the successive stages of civilization from the time before the Exodus clear down, to the days of Jesus himself. It was about the middle of the last century when we first began to see some things from Egypt and Babylonia about Palestine, which surprised us: for example, in the old Assyrian and Egyptian texts were pictures of Palestine cities. The old biblical Lachish was shown as a fortress, as good as any fortress in Europe in the Middle Ages. The mediaeval fortresses were evidently copied after the Palestinian fortresses. Thothmes III. tells of the capture of Megiddo, where he says he found royal chariots wrought with gold, and multitudes of other chariots of bronze and bronze armor and scores of silver ebony statues, and gold ornaments, so many he was not able to number them. That is Palestine nearly two centuries before Moses! This preliminary knowledge of Palestine was absolutely necessary before excavations could give material and data which could be understood. In 1881 there came another great surprise to the world of scholarship: then they found 300 letters in Egypt, the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, very many of those letters coming from the Palestine of 1400 B. C. At that period the people in Palestine were very fond of writing letters and these Egyptian kings had filed them and kept them for reference; maybe because it was diplomatic correspondence. Some of our diplomats would be glad to

burn up their diplomatic correspondence. Coming down to the era of Moses himself you find the Hebrew lexicon and the Egyptian lexicon overlapping, so that you find a good many Hebrew words in the Egyptian lexicon and a good many Egyptian words in the Hebrew Bible.

All this came before scientific exploration began in Palestine, and it was necessary for the understanding of it. Great light came also upon Palestine from Assyria. Long before Moses' day you find the old Babylonians speaking of Palestine. When you come to the ninth century before Christ, the time of the kingdom of Israel in the north and the kingdom of Judah in the south, Assyrian inscriptions are full of the mention of Palestine. On that great black obelisk of Shalmaneser not only is Jehu mentioned by name but there is a statement of the tribute the Assyrian king had taken from him, and a picture of this king and of the Hebrews as they were carried back to Assyria as captives. Coming down to the eighth century multitudes of monuments are in existence, and there is hardly one king but mentions Palestine and his victories there, mentioning people that nobody else in the world ever heard of outside of the Bible until these contemporaneous records were dug up. When you come down to the fifth and sixth centuries before Christ we have in existence the very edict that Cyrus put out when he allowed the Jews to go back to their native land. I used to think that was a perfect miracle; but we now know that Cyrus allowed any nation to go back to their native place who wished, and the Jews were the only nation, so far as we know, that was patriotic enough to take advantage of this permission. They were actuated by the religious ideals, therefore, they were the only people who braved the long hundreds of miles of travel over the pathless desert, for the sake of getting back into their devastated country where they found their homes and the temple in ruins and the agriculture spoiled. They were the "Pilgrim Fathers" that came back in the days of Ezra and later in the days of Nehemiah. I think another of the greatest discoveries was that made in 1901 of the common law of Palestine in the days of Abraham: the Hammurabi laws. So much for the era of preparation for Palestine exploration outside of Palestine itself; but there was also an era of preparation inside of Palestine. We sometimes fail to appreciate the bigness of the early Christian fathers because the Christian church became Romish in its tendency about the fifth century. I really think we Protestants begrudge to these early fathers their due as scientific men. I dare to say that more light was thrown scientifically upon the geography and topograhy of Palestine within the first four centuries than in all the next 1,400 years.

When we look back to St. Jerome who lived so many years in Bethlehem—a man we discount because we cannot accept his theology altogether—we find Jerome working over the problems of geography and settling biblical sites; if it had not been for him we would not have had any Bible geography yet. It was Jerome and Eusebius who made it possible to know the cities where Jesus traveled. They located 300 Bible sites which have been confirmed by modern scientific study. In the fifth century relics came and after this pilgrims came to Palestine but were looking through the eyes of the monks and priests. They only saw what the monks told them to see.

From the fifth to the tenth century we find these people seeing nothing that was worth looking at in Palestine; they just saw the bones of saints and the nails which were driven in the cross of Christ, and pieces of the true cross—the pieces would fill this tabernacle and then you would have some left. They could look down to the bottom of the Red Sea and see chariots; they tell how they saw water turned into wine at Cana; they tell about the river Jordan being stopped in its course. They did not mean to lie, they dreamt it or some monk told them and their subconscious mind got mixed up on the facts of the pilgrimage. They could see not only the tanner's bench in Joppa but got a piece off the corner of the sheet that was let down in Peter's vision. I have been fortunate enough to have had to read through all these things.

From the ninth century to the fourteenth—I hate to say this—we find the Mohammedans better investigators than the Christians. They were the people who put out the first scientific geography and the first scientific map of Palestine, and who first gave a scientific description of the fauna and flora.

The Jews too did something. Here is Mose-ben-Nachman of the fourteenth century: he goes beyond all former writers in the scientific way in which he examines the facts of Palestine. Then there was Felix Fabri, who made his journey to Palestine about the same time that Columbus was discovering America. He does not tell much about Palestine that is worth while; but he does tell many things of interest about that trip. He makes us to realize that all of those pilgrims that went out from the different countries of Europe to reach Palestine took their lives in their hands. It was almost certain that on the sea they would be set upon by pirates; when they got on any land they were in danger of brigands. On the sea there were no toilet facilities, there was nothing at all that ministered to decency. The traveler had to carry his own food, and he had to hide it under his mattress so it could not be stolen. He had to drink

water that was even worse than I had to drink when we went for four days in the desert without being able to camp by any well and the water was in goat-skins carried on a camel, and we drank for four days goat-hairs and all! In this sixteenth century there were a few people who went into Palestine with their eyes not wholly closed and there was a little more carefulness in reporting what they saw. The beginning of scientific observation, however, came in the seventeenth century. Michel Nau was the first man for a dozen centuries who scientifically observed Palestine. He had been a missionary for thirty years. I dare to say to-day that the pioneers of scientific research, archeological, geographical, ethnographical, have been ministers of the gospel. After Nau came De la Roque and Halifax: they observed accurately, and reported accurately. They took their references and verified them.

We come in the next place to the period of scientific exploration. Even in the seventeenth century, people had gone to Palestine but they did not go trained for exploration; but in the eighteenth century we find the first trained explorers. They spent years in training, like Thomas Shaw in 1833, the specialist in physical geography: he was the forerunner of our great George Adams Smith and then early in the nineteenth century came Seetzen. He was the first man that located Caesarea Philippi and he was the man that found Kadesh-barnea. Burckhardt in 1810 found and scientifically located Mount Sinai; and then Petra—he was killed afterwards—and then as a climax came that pioneer Edward Robinson, in 1852, and I am awfully sorry he was a Presbyterian, they do get ahead of the Methodists too often to suit me! He was the prince of explorers, without an equal before or since. He added to the map of Palestine 160 new places, identifying them scientifically so that they stay identified.

The greatest thing, however, in the nineteenth century was the establishment of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Between the years 1865 and 1880 this newly organized society made more discoveries than had been made for fourteen centuries before. As has been well said there is nothing except the translation of the Bible into English that has done so much for Bible knowledge as the work of that Palestine Exploration Fund. Its chief work was the making of the map. They located 170 new sites, but the biggest thing of all was the fact that they made a map of Palestine, an inch to the mile: there is nothing that surpasses that. They also made observations in regard to Palestine in all its features so that their "survey" was the greatest one thing that has ever been done there.

We come to the final era, the era of scientific excavation. There

is a difference between exploration and excavation. Exploration means surface work; excavation means that you get down under the soil. With the exception of the little that was done by Renan in 1865 and a trifle experimental work at Jerusalem and perhaps at one other point, no pick was ever put under the soil of Palestine until I saw it done twenty-three years ago by Dr. W. M. Flinders Petrie, the greatest excavator of the world. That was at Lachish. I had been with him in Egypt. He asked me to see him in Palestine. Up yonder in Beirut one who was a millionaire said, "If you will go with our party we will take you through Turkey and wherever you want to go and leave you in England with as many sovereigns as you have in your pocket now." Instead of that I went steerage down the Mediterranean to Joppa, and from Joppa over there to this place thirty miles south of Jerusalem where Petrie was digging up this epoch making city, the city of Lachish. Dr. Petrie was prepared for this first Palestine exploration. He had been fifteen years a digger in Egypt. Two years before this he had dug up Naucratis and found out the decorations of pottery so that he was now able to date cities without any documents at all. He came into Palestine, and was the only man in the world who could have known what he was getting when he uncovered this ancient city. I want you to see this hill 130 feet high, which was the site of seven cities, one above the other. That day in April, 1900, was the greatest day in all exploration when Dr. Petrie began at the top and went down until he got Roman coins and located a Roman city, and went down until he got Greek coins and located a Greek city, and went down until he got Hebrew pottery and located a Hebrew city, and went down until he got pottery the Amorites had made there before Joshua and the Israelites came into Palestine at all. I could have brought some pottery to show you here today which was made there before Joshua came. They found at Lachish a great many things. I mention but two now. One day he came to me and said, "Look at this!" and he handed me an iron knife. He said, "Up to this time wrought iron for weapons has never been found earlier than 600 B. C. but here is a weapon 1,000 B. C., found at the very place where the Bible speaks of iron chariots in Palestine, here are found wrought iron weapons 400 years earlier than any ever previously found." I took that back with my own hands to the scholars of Europe, and they looked as surprised as Dr. Petrie had looked. The chief thing was to be able to date these cities, and this was accomplished by a test as remarkable as though made by the wand of Moses, because he was able by the decoration of the pottery to tell the date. Men were able at last to go down into the soil of Palestine and test the

skeptics' statements that the Bible was wrong when it speaks of the ancient civilization of Palestine. For the first time the world was able to use a test which no man could deny, a test taken from the contemporaneous documents and tools and weapons; a test which must infallibly decide whether the Bible or the skeptic is right. That question I will answer tomorrow.

Guilty Before God

By REV. WALTER B. HINSON, D. D.

In his poem called "Saul," Browning makes David say:

"I have gone the whole round of creation; I saw and I spoke;
I, a work of God's hand, for that purpose received in my brain
And pronounced on the rest of His handwork—returned him again
His creation's approval or censure: I spoke as I saw;
I report, as a man may of God's work—all's love, yet all's law."

Now we dwell under the dominion of law. Even the school boy knows this. For when lost among the trees, yet conscious that his home is on the lower ground, he, upon coming to the streamlet says to his companion, "Water runs down hill, and not up; and therefore, the way down stream will lead us to our home." It is the law! They dispute as to which is north and which is south, and the controversy waxes loud and long. But even through the dull day and into the night the clouds at last part, and the Pole Star shines out, and the discussion ends as when one man to his fellow says, "The north lies there, I know it, and you know it, because it has been God's fixed law for millenniums, that the Star Polaris shall hang in the north." It is the law! All through the long hours of the dark as they drifted, they but added to their misery by angry assertations as to which was east and which was west; but when the dawn came up over the eastern hills, there was no more bitter strife. For all men know that evermore the sun rises in the east, and not elsewhere. It is the law! The woman bought some seeds last spring that were sold for pansy seed. And in good faith she planted them, but lo they came up pinks, instead of pansies! Did she blame the seed? No. She blamed the seller of the seed; for she knows that for countless centuries every seed has brought forth after its kind. It is the law!

Now Daniel Webster once said, "The greatest thought that ever came into my mind was the thought of my accountability to God." And that consciousness of accountability is a law of the soul. For go wherever you may, you will find men living under this

realization of accountability to God; though the conception of God may be inadequate and confused, and false, as it ever is outside the sphere of Revelation. And along with this light that lighteth all men, there exists that other law, namely, the consciousness of being guilty in the sight of the God to whom we are all accountable. And therefore east, or west, or north, or south, people are found making sacrifices, if that by so doing a way of escape may be found from the condemnation of the law which they know they have broken.

But is there any such way of escape, for the man who is guilty before God? Has it not been said:

> "The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
> Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit,
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
> Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it."

Then escape—There is none! But do not the children of men exercise pardoning power upon earth? They certainly do, but it will be instructive to ask why this pardoning power has been placed in the hands of certain men. A noted judge of the United States has told us that "The pardoning power is a tacit acknowledgment of the infirmity of justice; and is a provision for the prevention of wrong inflicted by a defective law; or by the inadequate administration of law." So then the pardoning power exists because of the imperfection of the law, or of an injustice in its administration. But the "Law of the Lord is perfect." And in it there is no defect, or possible error. Therefore, God will never have to exercise a pardoning power, because of the imperfection of the law He has ordained! Nor can He ever fail in the enforcement of His perfect law, and by so doing act unjustly; for "Righteous is the Lord," yea, perfect because infinite in His righteousness; and therefore all His judgments are just; and He therefore will never have to exercise the pardoning power, because of a mistake in the administration of His law. Now Judge Hoadley has said, "The pardoning power exists to prevent any miscarriage of justice;" so that no wrong may be perpetrated through ignorance, or prejudice, or passion, or incapacity. But is there any incompetency on the throne of the universe? Or has God such poor judgment as would constrain Him to decree a law today, and then tomorrow pardon the violator of that law, because of His improved understanding of the case? Surely not; for as we have long known. He is infinite, and errs never. Now great jurists assure us, that "The pardoning power is but the proof of the imperfection of the law." Then will God ever have to say to us, "My law is imperfect, and because of its imperfection I have attached a certain

penalty to its violation; but the transgression of my law may be forgiven if I should find the law to be deficient in righteousness?" Why if God were to thus speak or to justify the violator of a just law, that was righteously administered, it would be the undoing of God; and it would breed confusion from sod to sky throughout the universe; and man's moral sense and faith would be shaken and destroyed: and rock of durability and sure integrity there would be none: and the eternal decrees would rattle down into chaos. For we should ever remember, even when we ask a pardon from God, that His unwarped justice and therefore His infinite perfection must remain intact and apparent. For He cannot be just, and the justifier of the man who has broken His just law. This is axiomatically true; and we must ever bear it in mind. The Universalist friend says God is merciful, and so He is; but if He be merciful at the expense of His justice, woe to the world; for anchorage there would be none left, if God should swerve from perfect, and everlasting, and infinite justice. And to ask God to pardon my violation of His just law, which has been administered in righteousness, is to ask God to stultify Himself and to admit that His law—which He said was perfect and just—is really so unjust, that the penalty attached to the breaking of it is a penalty He cannot justly put into execution, and therefore to avoid error, and correct a deficiency He resorts to a clemency in which injustice and imperfection are imbedded. So there is no escape from the consequences of this violation of the righteous law of God. And therefore Paul in the chapter from which I take my text, declares that God has established His righteousness; and that all the world is guilty before God: and no man by the law can ever be justified. For God Himself is under the great and eternal obligation, made necessary by His infinite perfection, of retaining and such a perfect righteousness as must compel Him by the immutable law of His own essential perfection to either justly justify the man who has violated His just law; or He must allow the penalty to smite.

Then there is no help for us at all?

> "And can no sovereign balm be found,
> And is no kind physician nigh,
> To ease the pain and heal the wound,
> Ere life and health forever fly?"

How can there be any help for any one of us, when all the world is guilty before God? And vainly the priest now offers to help me in my great exigency. For as I stand and look into the eyes of the priest, I perceive how he and I are of equal height in misery, for he also is guilty before God; and how can guilt remedy or remove

guilt? And if all the world is guilty before God, then how can a clean thing come out of an unclean thing? And as we have seen, so now we see again that penalty is the word that falls from the lips of outraged yet righteous law. And that law can know nothing about mercy, except the mercy that inheres in justice. And should it pardon the offender, then the very pardon would be an acknowlegment of imperfection, or impotency; an admission that the law was imperfect, or the administration of the law faulty. And so we are shut up again to the fact that if the law be perfect, and the administration also be perfect, there is no possible pardon. And again we are compelled by unwarped and merciless logic to see that to ask God to pardon the violator of His just law, is to ask God to do what in the very nature of things—and by His own holy nature which lies back of the nature of things—may never take place. That broken law says Penalty. And it declares that the sinner or a sufficient substitute must endure the penalty of the broken law. But what is the use of talking about a sufficient substitute? For has He not already told us we are all alike in guiltiness; so that if I say to my brother that I will remove the blood from his fingers, he will reply that I had better first cleanse my own hand from the stain of blood. For he and I, and all men, are alike guilty before God!

So then "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Surely unless the soul can find a substitute, who will take the penalty of the sin, and die in the stead of the sinner, and be so acceptable to the God against whom the transgressor sinned that the penalty declared by a righteous law may be averted. But where can you find such a substitute? For we have already discovered that he must be holy, and there is not a holy man on earth! And he must not only have merit, but he must have infinite merit. For suppose the unthinkable should occur, and a man should be born into this world, and live a life free from all sin, so that God Himself looking upon that man would have to say, "You have never transgressed my law in word, in deed, or thought, or wish, or motive"; why even then if he could and would become my substitute, he could only be the substitute for one; and so provision only could be made for the salvation of one man out of the whole world of men who stand guilty before God. Therefore must the substitute be possessed of infinite merit! But when you use the word infinite, you are naming God. For there is only one infinite in this world. Of necessity the infinite must fill all things, and you can only fill all things once. So you see there is only one substitute possible in the whole universe— and He is God. Thus you come to John III:16, to that massive statement that "God so loved the world." So loved the world that He forgave it? No, for

He could not! But He loved the world that "He gave His only begotten Son" to be the substitute for the world; and by virtue of His infinite merit, and therefore infinite atonement, to open a door through which those men could walk into life, who had afore been pronounced guilty before God. Marvel not that the Unitarian has no atonement, for he cannot have an atonement, when there is no atonement possible, apart from Deity. For have we not seen how the substitute for the sinner must have infinite merit, and that is only to say the substitute for the sinner must be the God who alone is infinite.

They tell me this gospel of the first century, the gospel that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, is not the gospel for the twentieth century. Then I ask you what gospel you have got for the twentieth century? For in view of all we have found out to be true as we progressed in this study, if you have not got the substitutionary work of the divine Christ of God, and yet it remains true even beyond controversy that the penalty of a violated just law must fall on the transgressor, or on his substitute, what escape have you got for this twentieth century? For let me say again, that according to the Bible—which after all is the ouly authoritative guide in these matters—it is merely a selection of a Saviour from a number of saviours; it is not merely a choice of this road out from under the condemnation, rather than that road out from under the condemnation; but it is this Saviour or no saviour; and it is this road or no road. For He said—and as He said it, He declared all other roads to be non-existent—"I am the Way, and no man cometh unto the Father but by me." So let me re-affirm in the hearing of you men and women who have got to be saved by Jesus Christ, or have got to be lost forever; let me say it is not choosing Christ rather than Mohammed, or Buddha, or Confucius, or Mrs. Eddy, or Mrs. Blavatsky; but it is being saved by the only wise God our Saviour Jesus Christ, or being lost forevermore. For we are all guilty before God; and we must die; unless He of the unflecked holiness, and of the infinite merit, who is the eternal Son of God, shall be wounded for our transgressions, and die the just for the unjust to bring us to God. It was said in this city some time ago, that thousands of people have suffered as much as did Jesus Christ. But that is not true. For the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. I go limping and staggering along the highway under the burden of my own sin; and only my own. But as He, the Christ of God, went towards Calvary, of Him John said, "Behold the Lamb of God, who beareth away the sin of the world!" And it is while remembering this fact that you get a most wonderful light on that most awful

cry that ever startled the ears of God's angels, when from His cross Jesus Christ said, "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?" He cried thus because He was tasting death for every man; because He was treading the awful winepress alone. And therefore now, God can justly justify the sinner who has violated the just law, because the atonement made by that just person Jesus Christ; who became the substitute for the sinner; and yet at the same time by the offering of Himself safeguarded the righteousness of God. For does any man say God is unjust in averting the penalty attached to my wrong doing, then do I reply, He did not avert it.

For Jehovah lifted up His rod
O Christ it fell on thee.
Thou wast sore stricken of thy God
Dids't bear all ill for me;
A victim led thy blood was shed
Now there's no curse for me.

Death and the curse were in my cup;
O Christ 'twas filled for thee,
But thou hast drained the last dread drop
'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup love drank it up,
Now blessings draught for me."

Then does this doctrine mean that the man who violated the just law of a perfect God, and who is now justified because of the infinite sacrifice of his substitute Jesus, can go on his way to lightly sin again? Is this God's easy way of divorcing cause and effect; crime and consequence? No, a thousand times No. For let me affirm and reaffirm in your hearing that the mightiest factor for holiness in all God's world, is the cross of Calvary! Let a man believe with his soul's strength that on that cross the Son of God for that man died; and that He there died because of that man's sin; and that man will shun sin in the future as he never shunned it in the past; and he will shun it lest by his wrong doing he crucify the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame. And herein lies the open secret of those millions of twice born men who are the astonishment and the problem of the world today.

One other word, and I am done. There He hangs, my substitute. And for me He makes sufficient atonement. Now what? I may, or I may not benefit by that substitutionary death! If I accept it, if I make it mine by receiving it, then I am saved; for God's inflexible justice being satisfied with the substitutionary death of my Saviour

will never demand from me the payment of a bill that was settled long years ago upon the cross. But suppose I say, "No such substitute for me," and suppose I cry, "Away with Him; Away with Him"; and suppose I declare that I will never have this Christ to reign over me: what then? The penalty falls on me. For I would not accept the substitute, and His atoning work; and His infinite merit and love, and therefore the just law of God still says to me, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die"; and I still cower under the black clouds of condemnation, and am still guilty before God. O there is the way of death, my brothers; and there is the way of life. Now which way will you turn? Which road will you take? The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Choose whom ye will serve; choose what ye will do; whether ye will set your foot upon the upward path that leads to the endless joy, and the infinite delight; or whether, as that Book says, ye will let your feet lay hold on hell. I hold this to be the gospel for the twentieth century. Anyhow it is the gospel of the Christ of God who saved me; and to whom I declared one June night in the long ago, that I would follow Him evermore if He would but help me; and may I die with that vow unbroken. Amen.

Efficacy of Prayer

By Rev. A. T. ROBERTSON, D. D.

We preachers should not make such a distinction between preaching the Word of God and teaching. We should put more instruction into our exhortation. We must preach to the unconverted, and the people who come to our ministrations are those who are already Christians and eager for the Word of God. I do not see any need for expository preaching to be dry. I remember Dr. Broadus saying that the reason expository preaching in the United States got such a bad name was that preachers took to it on a rainy day when there was not a good crowd, then they would take a whole chapter and make a few expository remarks. Expository preaching is the hardest kind in the world. The Scotch people know how to do it. The Scotch audiences have their Bibles open and look into the Word of God to see if it is true. We need to cultivate that spirit.

If my ministry here has been a blessing to anybody I am grateful. This is a wonderful little book we have been studying; but did you ever get into any book, fully get into it, without thinking that it is the greatest thing in the whole Bible? My sympathies go out to the preacher who has to hunt for something to say. If you study the Word of God you will not have to hunt for something to say, and folks will be glad to hear you.

For this morning we have the last thing in James, Persevering Prayer. The first point is patience till the parousia. Most of you know what PAROUSIA means. It is a Greek word from Tapeiui, to be present, Tapa, alongside. It just means presence—patience till the presence of the Lord, the coming of Jesus.

> Be patient therefore, brethren, until the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, being patient over it, until it receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient; establish your hearts: for the coming of the Lord is at hand.

These verses bring out a great many interesting things. The fact is that the coming of Jesus is an exhortation to patience. Do you

believe in the second coming of Jesus? (Voices: "Yes! yes! yes!") Some folks do not; some do not believe in anything; they think they are the wisest folks because they have less in their heads. There is no doubt in my mind of the clearness of Paul, John and Jesus himself on this subject. But the time of the coming was not set. What did Jesus say about that? "No man knoweth," and He did not know Himself. A funny thing in the Christian world is that some folks seem to know more about a thing than the Lord said He did not know Himself! He said that nobody else knew except the Father. Some here have heard of the Millerites who kept setting the time but the Lord did not come. This matter of the second coming of the Lord has become a subject of theological wrangling. You want to know whether I am a PRE or a post-millennialist. Honestly, if you want me to give my real feeling on that subject, I am ignorant. There are Scriptures which can be argued both ways. I do not believe that any theory on that subject is at all comparable to the fact, and the thing that stands out in the New Testament is the fact of the second coming and the possible immediacy of it—He may come at any moment. He will come when God wants Him to. I think we have had so much theological wrangling that the thing itself has come to be a point of confusion in many minds. I will say that the pre-millennialists take more interest in the subject. When Jesus talked about it as recorded in the 24th and 25th chapters of Matthew, He said, "Be ready!" He did not say, "Have a correct theory!" That is not the thing. He said, "Be ye also ready," and James says, "Be ye patient therefore: be in the right frame of mind to look for His coming, and to long for His coming," as Peter says, "hasten His coming." Why did he say "patient?" Were they impatient? Why did he exhort them to be patient? Had some of them been impatient? It looks so. He says, "Be patient." The early Christians looked for the coming of Jesus as a possible fact any time: some thought He was coming right away. Some modern scholars say that Paul thought so. But Paul in second Thessalonians expressly denies that he said He was going to come right away. There are men who say that Paul felt sure He was coming right away. The early Christians did not have a lively expectation. Some at Thessalonica misunderstood Paul and thought Jesus was coming at once. I think James had in mind that point of view when he says, "Be patient." Some were scoffing and saying, "Where is the promise of His coming?" Peter later replied to that, "You do not understand God's time, one day with the Lord is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day." If we count time according to God's clock where would we be? The word for patient is uakpooukew,

keep your spirit up for a long time. We speak of a quick-tempered man, of a hot-tempered man, of a mean-tempered man, of a sweet-tempered man. We use the word temper with these adjectives, but long-tempered is what this word means, uakpooukew: be long-tempered on the subject of the second coming. We talk about losing our tempers. If we did lose the thing in the bad sense it would be a blessing, but folks seem to find it again. Temper we must have. You cannot have a good knife without having steel that is tempered. James says that we ought to be like a husbandman who is patient over his crops, who watches over them; who sows his grain when the ground is broken up in the early spring, who looks for the early rain and the latter rain. If there is anybody who needs to have patience it is the farmer. If God does not send the rain and the sunshine his labor comes to naught, and after he makes his harvest market gamblers may juggle it all away.

In the second place we have the Folly of Recrimination. Murmur not on this subject of the second coming. A man from Canada told me that in eastern Canada there was a convention of pre-millennialists and then one of post-millennialists, and they would not let the other side go to their convention. We must learn how to get along with each other. Are we going to heaven because we have orthodox views of theological problems? What is the key? It is trust in the saving power of the blood of Jesus. If we all have to get into heaven because of correct views, two or three of us will have to stand outside and get up our lessons again. That word murmur, otevaete, means to groan—"don't groan at one another." A man makes more fuss than anybody else when he is sick but not unless his wife and children are in the room to hear him. James says, "Don't groan down on one another." In England they say "Hear! hear!" if they like you. They are the widest awake folks in the world. The other side of that alertness you will see if they are affected the other way. Out in the west there was a sign put up, "Don't shoot the organist, he is doing the best he can." I have a big class in Louisville of about 200; I do not often have men asleep. I had one once on the front bench; I had him pounded and he woke up; we afterwards found he was out of his head.

There are many echoes in the Epistle of James of the words and teaching of Jesus. Beware of captious criticism! The judge is right there before the doors, and is going to judge you. He will come at death, or the second coming, and we are to be judged, and we should never forget that. Preachers as a class are no worse than other people: I believe as a class they are the best men on the face of the earth, in spite of what they say in the newspapers. The papers

properly express every degenerate and the evil world rejoices. If it were very common it would not be news. The very head-lines, Another preacher gone wrong" are a tribute to the fidelity of preachers as a class.

In verses ten and eleven we have examples of patience; "Take, brethren, for an example of suffering and of patience, the prophets." Take as an example of suffering and patience the modern day preacher! Is that true? The man who baptized me, J. B. Boone, Baptist preacher of North Carolina, is in heaven. It was a weak church and he was too proud to go in debt, and he lived on coffee and bread that he might preach the gospel. That was an example of suffering and patience. I know they will pound you once in a while, but they will not always pay your salary. If the people only understood the suffering of many preachers, surely they would treat them better! Yet Stephen flung it into the face of the Jews that they had killed the prophets, and that they had killed Jesus. "Take the prophets as an example of suffering." We can suffer as preachers, we have a noble line behind us, we can suffer and do our work. That is the lot of the preachers of Jesus. God will settle with the stingy deacon. "We call them blessed that endured; ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord." You know the story of Job, how he suffered, lost his property, children and reputation. How did it all turn out? "You have seen the end of the Lord." It turned out all right in the end. We have splendid examples of patience.

In the fourth place Beware of Profanity. (Verse 12.)

> But above all things, my brethren, swear not, neither by the heaven nor by the earth, nor by any other oath: but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay; that ye fall not under judgment.

What is the connection between profanity and patience, and the parousia and recrimination? Is this all disconnected here? Some preaching is, we can break off anywhere, only we don't, and the people wish we did. Let us go back a little bit! Patience till the parousia—waiting for Jesus—and the folly of recrimination, don't be down on each other so much: where does your experience of profanity come in? Where do you swear? Where do you "turn loose?" It is when you have lost patience. Do Christians swear sometimes? Men and women who use profanity get the habit of doing it when they are mad, and keep on doing it when they are not mad. On the railway cars I sometimes feel like stopping my ears. Go into the smoking room on the sleeping cars, O the smoke and profanity all mixed up.

Where can a Christian gentleman go? Hang his head out of the window. Profanity was a vice of the Jews. It is a modern vice. James says "above all things." It is the greatest sin in the world? How about lying, stealing and adultery? If you take the words literally there may be a little hyperbole here. But what if we face squarely what Jesus said? What is profanity? It is using lightly, the same as abusing, the name, the dignity and the power of the Most High God. A man does not always mean that, but that is what it is; it is the flagrant use of the name and power of the Most High God. Suppose you were passing along the street and heard two men using in a flippant way the name of your wife, would you pass on or stop and have a few remarks? Do we care more for our wife, mother or sister than for the Most High God?

In the fifth place, Prayer and Praise, verse 13:

> Is any among you suffering? let him pray. Is any cheerful? let him sing praise.

Is any one having a bad time, is he having bad experiences? pray about it. If you go to church and hear a poor sermon you can pray, you can pray for the preacher and yourself and for the church that has to stand preaching like that. Pray and maybe talk less. On the other side, James says, "Is any one cheerful," having a good time, let him strike a note of praise: yaddetu is the word he uses. There may be some people here who do not believe in musical instruments in the church. In Kentucky churches have split wide open on the question of whether it is proper to use organs in the church. I am thinking now of one Baptist church, and they split upon the question whether the organ should be in front of the pulpit or the lefthand side. Our Methodist brethren used to shout. According to Paul in the fourteenth chapter of First Corinthians, if a man does not pray loud enough to be heard, how can the brethren say AMEN? We are getting too respectable for that. James says yaddetu. Let him strike a note of praise to God. Why not? How are we to express by our notions of orderliness the ebullitions of the Spirit of God, those things that cannot be suppressed? In Kentucky 100 years ago we had folks called the "jerkers." They would hold a meeting and everybody would get to jerking, and the folks who went to scoff would get to "jerking" and they got jerked into the kingdom of God. Better have the jerks than the shirks. So it is said in these days that modern Christians are divided into the workers, the shirkers, and the jerkers.

Sixth, God and Medicine, verses 14 and 18:

> Is any among you sick? Let him call for the elders of

> the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save him that is sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, it shall be forgiven him. Confess therefore your sins one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working. Elijah was a man of like passions with us, and he prayed fervently that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth for three years and six months. And he prayed again; and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit.

These elders of the church were pastors of the church. The real apostolic churches would have half a dozen pastors at once. So they sent for the preachers, and they prayed and anointed with oil. Was that a ceremony simply or using medicine? These words ayeiyavtes edaiw mean rubbing with oil. Oil was the best medicine the ancients had, and it is one of the best today. A doctor in Louisville thinks olive-oil is the best medicine in the world, taken externally and internally. Oil as a medicine has not played out. When you have whittled the thing down, you have God and medicine: God first. A brother was telling me about such exegesis, that Nimrod was before God: in the first chapter of Genesis it reads "In the beginning, God," and then in another place it reads about Nimrod before the Lord: so Nimrod, therefore, must have been before God. (Uproarious laughter.) Some use medicine without God, some medicine with God. Christian Science says "God and Mrs. Eddy." I would rather take God and medicine. First God. God made the medicine.

A VOICE: Some of it!

DR. ROBERTSON: He made all of it, He made the things out of which it is made. He did not mix up the dose, you did that or the doctor.

Do you believe in praying to God and believe that He is going to bless and help you when you are sick? How many here feel that you have had answers to prayer in cases of sickness? (Many hands were raised.) There is some truth in Christian Science: the accent on God is a truth; the ruling out of medicine is a deception and a lie: the accent on the influence of mind on the body is a truth, but she did not start that. Doctors had been giving bread pills before Mrs. Eddy was born. Christian Science is a fine thing to cure people of what they have not got. Did it ever put on a leg that was cut off? Did it ever cure a case of diphtheria? It is a serious

proposition when a man under the delusion of Christian Science will stand by and let his little child die. Has not the child some rights against its own father?

What about Elijah? James says that prayer has power—not the effectual prayer of the righteous man when it works does avail: the revised version is this, "The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working." It means that the prayer of a righteous man has a heap in it when it works. What does that mean? In its energy. When it works, when he believes what he is doing. Take the case of Elijah, he prayed for rain—he prayed that it might not rain and it did not rain; he prayed that it might rain and it did rain. Do you believe that God can make it rain? Last week in Kansas and Missouri they called a day of prayer. The Governor of Kansas said he would not issue the call because he did not believe that God had anything to do with rain in Kansas; but in Missouri the governor did, and the people got wet on their way from church. Do you believe in an absentee God? I do not: I believe in a real God who made the world and runs it. Where does rain come from? Did you ever see any that did not come out of the clouds? The Kansas and Missouri rain came out of the clouds. Is it any more difficult for God to make the clouds come than to keep the stars spinning round in their orbits in the universe, or to save a soul?

Last, Rescue Work, verses 19 and 20:

> My brethren, if any among you err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know, that he who converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins.

A man who wanders away from the truth, bring him back: and when you bring him back, you restore a soul and cover a multitude of sins—the sins of the one whom you have restored. Love is blind, and love throws a veil of charity over the one who has been brought to God by your help and efforts.

The Story of Demas

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D. D.

Grace to you and peace be multiplied in the knowledge of God and of Jesus, our Lord; seeing that His divine power hath granted unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of Him that called us by His own glory and virtue; whereby He hath granted unto us His precious and exceeding great promises; that through these ye may become partakers of the divine nature, having escaped from the corruption that is in the world by lust, and for this very cause adding on your part all diligence in your faith supply virtue; and in virtue knowledge; and in knowledge of self-control; and in self-control patience; and in patience godliness; and in godliness love of the brethren; and in love of the brethren love. For if these things are yours and abound, they make you to be not idle nor unfruitful unto the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. He that lacketh these things is blind, seeing only what is near, having forgotten the cleansing from his old sins. Wherefore, brethren, give the more diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if ye do these things, ye shall never stumble: for thus shall be richly supplied unto you the entrance into the eternal kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. (II Peter 1:2-11.)

In Paul's second letter to Timothy, chapter four, verse ten, the first half of it: "Demas forsook me, having loved this present age, and went to Thessalonica." So reads a part of the tenth verse of chapter four, in the second letter of Paul to Timothy. "Demas forsook me, having loved this present age."

Bible biographies are among the most wonderful in all literature: that is true whether you take the longer ones of the Old Testament or the briefer ones scattered here and there through the divine oracles; personally, I feel that the briefer ones are the more wonderful—those that omit all the details of a man's life and in

brief, pregnant sentences wrap up the whole facts of life. Some of them are autobiographies. Think of this biography, "Enoch walked with God and was not for God took him!" Or this, the New Testament biography of David, "David, having served his generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." Or this blunt, truthful, all-inclusive autobiography of the Old Testament, that of king Saul, "I have played the fool," and there is no more to be said about it; neither Browning nor any modern prophet can turn him from the absolute accuracy of that description. I find here in the midst of a singularly tender passage of the letter to Timothy this arresting biography, "Demas forsook me, having loved the present age."

I do not think that we shall lose anything if we see the setting of the text. Paul is writing—if you have any critical difficulties hold them in suspense—from his second imprisonment; he is looking back, on, and around: as he looks back, there is light everywhere: as he looks on, there is yet more glorious light: as he looks around him, there is light but shadows, also—no shadows in the past nor the future. He looks back and says, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." O God, that you and I may so live that at the end we can write like that! Just as an aside now; I was intensely interested a month or two ago reading what Sir William Ramsay has to say about that passage: it spoiled a sermon for me; I had a great sermon on, "I have fought a good fight," and I had the soldiers marching and everything in good order: he said, "The real thought is not of the battlefield but of the playground; what Paul meant to say was, 'I have played the game and like it all the better.'" I hope it won't spoil any hymns, professor! As he looks back on the line he says, "I have played the game, I have kept the course, I have finished the course, and kept the faith": then he looks on, "Henceforth, there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness which the Lord will give me in that day": then he looks round about, "Only Luke is with me; Crescens has gone to Galatia, Titus has gone to Dalmatia, and Tychicus I have sent to Ephesus; and cold it is here in this prison in Rome, bring the cloak I left." Yet, there is light as he looks around about him; he thinks of Crescens and Titus and Tychicus who are upon the business of the king and the kingdom: here is the shadow, "Demas forsook me, having loved the present age." Let us listen to the story; that, my brothers and sisters, is the story of the tragedy of the soul. I do not know what happened ultimately to Demas; I do not consign him to hell: I am weary to death of the habit of consigning all sorts of men to hell—the rich young ruler, and all sorts of people, we consign them to hell:

the Bible leaves them in the awful light of indecision. I do not know what happened ultimately to Demas but I know what happened at the moment: it is the tragedy of a soul.

Notice the order of the apostolic statement in order to discover the order of Demas' failure! "Demas forsook me"; that was the first thing, what preceded it? "Having"—O, yes, something that went before, outward and visible and manifest. No man becomes outwardly a confessed backslider from Jesus Christ immediately: there is always something lying behind it: there is always heart backsliding before it becomes known to the church and the world. When a man withdraws himself from fellowship with the Christian church and with Jesus Christ publicly and openly, there has been a process leading up to it. We do not look to-night at the story of a man falling into vulgar sin, a sudden swift rush of temptation in the midst of which he goes down—there is more hope of that man than of a Demas. He forsook the apostle, he cut himself adrift from the Christian fact and mode; he went to Thessalonica, the center of wealth, refinement, gaiety: he went there, and severed himself from Paul and all the Christian company; he did not do so immediately, something preceded it, "having loved." There had been a deliberate determination, a choice preceding the outward and manifest deflection and departure. "Having loved," what? "the present age." The word here is not cosmos: it is the age," having loved the present age." So Paul describes it in the brief pregnant sentence, one which had he uttered he would have uttered with tears; he tells the story from its last manifestation back, traces it back towards its beginning: in our consideration we will take the other order. "Demas forsook me, having loved," what is that? something very mysterious, "the present age." The age produced an effect. That man, giving himself to it, loving it, took himself off from Paul and came to Thessalonica.

For the purposes of memory I ask you to observe first what this text reveals as to the alluring force of the present age; and second as to the assent of the will, "having loved"; and finally as to the actual departure, he forsook Paul and went to Thessalonica. The alluring force! Satan is never foolish enough in the case of men and women who have really known the Lord Jesus Christ and have walked with Him to attack them frontally; the method of the devil's warfare is never that of a frontal attack upon those who have really known and been the companions of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. You may think that is an unwarranted statement. There comes an hour when a frontal attack is made, but never until a man's will has been weakened and surcharged with things

that rob it of its force. Do not forget that Demas had been closely associated with Paul. This, I believe, is one of the last letters Paul ever wrote. He had been in prison before, and in that he wrote the Ephesian letter, the Colossian letter, and that little gem of a letter to Philemon, which is an illustration of all the doctrines crammed into Ephesians, Colossians and Philippians. When Paul was in prison the first time Demas was there; when he wrote to the Colossians respecting Epaphras, who labored for them in prayer, among the other salutations he sent those of Luke and Demas. When he wrote that wonderful little letter to Philemon about Onesimus he ended with salutations, and among them who sent them were Luke and Demas. During that wonderful imprisonment at Rome when he wrote his letters Luke was with him and Demas was with him, both sharing his toil and ministering to him. On this second occasion only Luke is with him, Demas gone. How did it happen that he went? "the present age." Have you ever observed how constantly this particular passage is misquoted? I do not know that it would be a profitable thing but sometimes I have been tempted to sit down and take the time to write all I can remember of popular misquotations of the Scripture. Here is one, "Demas forsook me, having loved this present evil world." It is not in the text, the word "evil," and never was; somebody put it in, somebody quoted it, and so the vile quotation ran, and the great text was spoiled. Not long ago I heard a sermon on it, and the sermon quoted the text as "evil world," and the whole burden of the sermon was to show that the cosmos is evil. But the material order is not evil in itself, it is only the touch of man that has made it evil. Why was that word introduced? It is easier to ask many questions than to answer them, but I venture to say that some one some day unconsciously used that word, subconsciously slipped in the word because he somehow felt there was not anything very terrible in "the present age"—who blushes with shame when I refer to that? What is there wrong in the present age? So some one slipped in the word "evil"—"evil age or world," but it is not there. Demas did not love the evil in the ordinary sense of the word, he loved the present age. Can you get behind the story? Can you see the things that really happened? What I am about to say may be speculative but I am going to try to interpret the phrase "having loved this present age" experimentally; I am going to talk of the force and lure of that present age; not upon the word AGE must I lay my emphasis but upon the PRESENT if I am to understand the subtlety of this luring force. Put these things into opposition for a moment and contrast—the present as against the future, the seen as against the unseen, the tangible as

against the intangible, the near as against the distant: or, to summarize will be to use another contrast, the sensual—and remember that I am trying to use that word in the true atmosphere of our meditation; we use it of things unutterably vulgar, but not so do I use it now—the sensual, the things I can take by the senses, that the ear can hear and the hands can handle, the sensual against the spiritual, "the present age," and Demas felt the enticements of the nearness, the immediate and the present, the lure of the things that seemed to be close at hand. I am not discussing the reason of it, I will come to that. It was the enticement and the lure of the things that seemed to him to be so near, so definite. Where shall I put him? I will put him in Rome on the occasion of the first or second imprisonment; perhaps he traveled all the way to Rome for the second imprisonment: then he looked at Rome and saw how real it was, how splendidly organized and governed, how magnificent its theaters and other buildings, how real and tangible its life: Rome was living in "the present age," and there is the man with whom he has been for years now and he is always talking about the unseen things and calling them "age-abiding things." Look at your context! I am going back to Paul's great exhortation in the eighth verse: "Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to me at that day; and not to me only, but also to all them that love his shining forth, his appearing." Demas said, "That is what Paul is always talking about, some epiphany, some appearing of Jesus: I do not see that it is real; Rome is here, it is tangible, it is something I can feel sure in." The present made a terrific appeal to this man: it was the near as against the distant, the seen as against the unseen; and that appeal, which is the most subtle, the most terrific attack that is made upon the faith of the Christian soldier, is made to every Christian man, and perpetually. We live in the midst of the near: it is so much easier to believe in what we can see and handle and taste and smell and hear than the things that have to be spiritually discerned. Do we not all sooner or later feel the force of it? Demas at last deliberately chose the near, and he abandoned the distant or what seemed to him to be the distant, the questionably epiphany of Jesus and the coming of a day for the realization of purposes according to the will of God; it seemed very doubtful, and there came a moment when he turned his back deliberately upon the whole hope and conception. He loved the present.

Not only did he feel the enticement of its nearness but he felt, consequently, the enticement of its methods. Perhaps it was the

methods of the near that made the supreme appeal to the soul of Demas. What are those methods? "O, the cities in which we dwell are far removed," we say, "from Thessalonica and Rome." No they are close to them in all essential things. This question of the city—God's intention for humanity is a city: your Bible opens in a garden and closes in a city, and the garden is the garden of God, and the city is the city of God, and history through is the history of man's attempts to build his city without God. Enoch built the first, and some of you built the latest, and his and your's are all centers and hotbeds of Babylon, godlessness, but they are near, close at hand, they appeal to the soul, through the senses, and they grip and hold the soul. Mark the methods of the near in the city of Enoch, the city of London, the city of Rome, our cities, what are they? Self-gratification, mastery of other people, and possession of all that a man can get. I have told the story of every city you know in these words. Look at Paul in his prison! What are the supreme things that appeal to Christian souls? Self-sacrifice, service rendered to others, the renunciation in order to the fulfillment of life: their opposites, self-gratification instead of self-sacrifice, mastery of men instead of the service of men, possession of everything instead of renunciation in order to give. As we were reminded last night, Christianity—I will use the word though I do not think it tells all the story—is a stern business: it is entirely and absolutely revolutionary; it gets down to the inspirational centers of life and turns them around completely. All the present age is saying to men is "Please yourselves," and Christ is saying "Deny yourselves"; the present age is saying to men, "You are great in proportion as you make men serve you": Christ says, "You are great in proportion as you serve men." The present age is saying, "That is the great man in the world, the one who can corner commodities so as to give him power over his fellow man": Christ says, "That man is the great man who will strip himself of all riches as well as dignities and gird himself with a towel, the implement of the slave, in order that he may pour his life out in sacrifice." The methods of the near are self-gratification, mastery and possession. Demas was attracted by the reality of the near, he heard it calling and yielded to it. But upon this I need not dwell, he felt the enticement of the gifts of the near, wealth, fame and pleasure. I am terribly afraid that this attempted exposition is altogether too lengthy, and somebody will lose the whole point of this thing. What did Demas feel? the force of the near, that it was much more certain, this present age, than any apocryphal, uncertain ultimate victory in the world of life beyond the world. The present! the present! he took that. We

are not told that he got drunk, we are not told that he fell into some sink of impurity. I repeat, Demas was not a man overtaken by some sudden rush of passion—there would have been more hope of him if that had been true. O, the insiduous, subtle lure of the near!

He did not come to his decision immediately. Paul says, "having loved." Here to my mind is an interesting thing, something full of suggestiveness and surprise. Paul used here for love the highest of all high words. My brethren will remember that there are two words running through the New Testament which are very difficult to define; there is a difference between the two; it is not at all difficult to define the two ideas represented by the use of the two words. Here Paul used the higher and not the lower—not the word speaking of great emotion, but that word which seems cold in comparison with the other but has fire at its heart, that great word for love which tells of love governed by judgment and inspired by volition based on judgment. I suppose the final or ultimate illustration of the words is to be discovered in the story of Peter and his restoration by the lake: when Jesus said, "Simon Peter, lovest thou me?" he used this word agapao (ayayaw), and when Peter answered he used phileo (piyew)—two different words; and you remember that the third time Jesus came down to his word, and Peter was grieved: Peter was not grieved because He asked him three times, he was grieved because He came to his lower word. Here is the high word that includes within itself not emotion merely, not intelligence alone, but volition, "having loved"; that means the setting of the heart and affection upon the present age, deliberately, after consideration, and with volitional determination.

How did he come to that point? He had been comparing the near with the distant—he had been indulging in comparisons, that was the first thing: no man ever comes to a deliberate choice as is here suggested without having first compared his epiphany to the actuality of the present, the aspiration of the soul life after the eternal things and the doing of something definite to make a fortune. My brethren, haven't some of you done that? Is there not some one who has been doing it, with Demas, in these days? There is no place more fraught with possibility of spiritual disaster than a Bible conference or convention: why? Because here you are compelled by the ministry of the Spirit of God to hear things and in their presence to make comparisons and upon that basis you make decision: you are making the comparison and saying, "Which shall I do, follow the call of the immortal and eternal life of Christ, and give myself to the mission field, or go back and make money?" That is it, comparison! Demas had been at that business.

Consider how it came that this man had drifted into the place where it was possible to be making those comparisons so continually that at last they resulted in definite choice. There is some story behind it. Paul does not give you the story process. I think you find it in the passage in Peter which I read just now, and which God evidently meant you to hear because it was read last night also. Remember what Peter said; "God has given us all things that make for life and godliness." Mark that word, "multiplied them," all the forces I need for life and godliness; " therefore, give diligence to add in your faith," and the figure is a beautiful one. Some expositors have suggested that the thought is the addition of tone after tone or instrument after instrument until perfect music is made; but personally I believe the figure is that of the unfolding of a flower from its first root principle of faith: "in your faith supply virtue"—I won't read it. In virtue supply! supply! supply! until he reaches what? in the flower but the fruit, "love." Remember, the root "faith"; in that supply, watch the opening of the root into the flower until the flower finds itself in fruit, "love." If you want it defined, go to Paul: "The fruit of the Spirit is love," and he analyzes love and you have the perfect fulfillment of it. With that figure in mind what I ask you to observe is that Peter says, "He that lacketh these things"—the things that must be developed out of faith by diligence—they are all resident in that first faith; "these things" contain the ordinary life that God gives; there is "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," and in that baptism is the life which faith includes, and in the life all things that Peter describes but I must give diligence to supply them, I must work out my own salvation with fear and trembling for it is God that worketh in. He says, "He that lacketh these things is blind"—mark the significant and illuminating word: "seeing only the things that are near," "having loved the present."

How comes it that a man becomes so enamored of the near that he loses the vision of the distant, so sure of the near that he denies the distant, so determined about the near that he deliberately chooses it and forsakes the eternal and distant? It is because he has neglected the diligence that develops the life that he has. If you and I have been wandering from Christ, if we have been making our comparisons and wondering whether we shall go back upon all this, whether it would not be wiser, cleverer after all to postpone these things or let them go—"To be sure, here is something quite certain, here is a business offered me, I can make my fortune here and have all I want of real things, nice things, chairs, homes, money, automobiles," things! good God! How can it be that the Christian

man can get there? Our churches are full of Demases, these men crowd our churches: they have not the honesty to go to Thessalonica but they stop in the church. I do not want anybody to leave! To me it is the tragedy of all tragedies that our churches are crowded with them. But how comes it that they can ever make the choice? They fail to give diligence and add in their faith to supply virtue. It is a most commonplace thing but there is the beginning of all the back-sliding, the failure to give diligence to cultivate the life bestowed by Jesus Christ. "Partakers of the divine nature!" How we were helped and also rebuked last night! How many of us dare, after last night's sermon, go to anybody and ask the question my beloved friend dared not ask his Annie? And why not? Where did the failure begin? Was it in some final, definite, awful blasphemous decision? Nay, Nay; it began when I neglected diligence, watchfulness in the life of faith; it began with Demas when he failed to work out with fear and trembling. Here is a man rejoicing in his Christianity; he says he is never going wrong again: O, God, I am afraid he will! Here is a girl who comes into my vestry and says, "I am so afraid I shall dishonor my God"—that is the girl I am tempted not to pray for. "Fear and trembling," "give diligence to add."

I am tempted not to speak of the last. There comes at last the time when Demas leaves: he left the fellowship of the unseen, the fellowship of mighty souls with their humble life—Crescens, Titus, Tychicus, Luke; he left Christ and he went to Thessalonica. It was not a particularly long journey: it is always near if Demas wants it.

So much for examination; now let us have a few minutes application! Where are you, my brethren? You are somewhere in this story. Are you with Luke? With Paul? With Christ? With the kingdom of God? With the epiphany that is to be, the appearing of Christ, the coming of the kingdom here, the ultimate victory, when God shall have His world? Are you there? If you are there, then, blessed be God! But if you are there "give diligence to add." Do not for a single moment let the fact satisfy you that you are with Paul and Luke and Christ, nor all the splendid consciousness of the reality of spiritual things; you must give diligence. It is better to be quite simple and to get down to business now. If you ever imagine that you have come to such a Christian condition that you can dispense with prayer, or with reverent disciple-like study of the Holy Word, or with all these means of grace which the Lord has provided—you can dispense with all that man has provided for you—when you and I think we are sufficiently advanced in spiritual living and fail to "give diligence to add," to

grow, in that moment arrested development begins; and so I say to you, in the measure you are with Paul and Demas and Christ "give diligence to add." The man whom I am really after is the man who in this Bible conference is making his comparison. Young man, the sign of the cross is on you; you have been following Christ. Young woman, the royal mark of being the daughter of the king is upon your brow mystically, seen by angel eyes and known by the Lord Himself for the Lord knoweth those who are His. But the present has been making an appeal to you, in the way of wealth, in the way of love, in the way of learning, and you are saying, "Shall I hold to the eternal, the epiphany, the appearing, and let the others go?" If you decide for the near and the seen, faith is against you, history is against you, and science is against you. Faith is against you: you say, "I know that." I won't argue it then. History is against you—I am talking to young men and women at this time—if you are going to decide for the near history is against you: history demonstrates that men and women who have fashioned the ages have been those who have seeen the future as invisible: all the men who have made history, the great souls of the world—I do not mean for the moment merely Christians they have seen visions, and believing in the visions they have seen the victories. Mazzini saw Italy free when it was not free, and he made it free. You can multiply the illustrations. If you are going to decide to let your life be governed by the things of the near, the present age, to do that devilish thing that preachers are advised to do—"catch the spirit of the age"—no, I want to correct that spirit of the age—"the present age": with its lure, if you are going to do it history is against you. I affirm here tonight, not speaking as an expert scientist but as a man sitting on a jury and reading what men a little ahead of the age are saying—the trouble is that many men who think they are abreast of their age are thinking ten years ago—many, did I say ten years ago? There are all sorts of men who lived a generation ago with Darwin and Spencer and Huxley—and they did splendid work but they were physical scientists and they talked about the primordial protoplasmic germ, that which has been called "the first stuck together germ!"—If you are living there as though the material were final, you are far behind your age. Don't you know the awful tone that is widening on the sky of the scientific world? Don't you know that the most reputable and eminent scientists are saying, I don't affirm they are saying **God** but they are saying, "There is some infinite mystery behind matter which is the last reality; the unseen is the real." If you are going to take your life—and by comparison so small!—and live it on the plane of the present age, "O fools and blind!" But

where are you, my friend? You are not with Luke or Paul? You are not making a comparison even? Are you in Thessalonica? O, you have reached Thessalonica, my brother! Yes, my brother, you have reached Thessalonica, have you? How long is it since you parted from Paul and Christ and the church and reached Thessalonica? Would you mind telling me how much of the age you possess since you are in Thessalonica? Do you really think the seen is real now? No, you do not if you ever followed Jesus Christ at all, for memory of the holy hours, for memory of the sacred things will haunt you try as you may to silence their voices. Man, my brother man, you who in the beginning of your career were poor and pure and powerful in the hands of God and who to-day are wealthy and rich and increased in goods and have lost vision and prayer and God, be honest and confess that you have lost all that was worth while. O the dust of Thessalonica! How it chokes the spirit and yet cannot kill it. Demas in Thessalonica! In the name of God, speak of him tenderly, he has the haunting memory of the days when he traveled with Paul in poverty and wounds for the Kingdom of God. If you are in Thessalonica I say, Get back! Christ is waiting to receive you. He never wanted you to go, He will not chide you when you come back, He will put His loving arms around you. O that beautiful story of the father welcoming the boy! Don't you want to argue with the old man? Don't you want to say, "It is quite improvident to take that young man back in that way. Just imagine an old man running that way! There is no dignity in that." Is there not? There is all the dignity of the Godhead bodily in that: that is God. God is here to welcome you home. Don't you want to say to that father, "It would be more prudent to keep him off until he has confessed?" "No, a hundred times no; if I can get my boy's head on my heart he will confess a thousand times easier": that is God. There is a man here I want to say a word to. He says, "I think you are right, I believe Christ would take me back; it is not Christ I am afraid of but Paul" —it is the office-bearer in the church. You need not be afraid of Paul. "O but Paul is stern." O, my man, listen! "Take Mark and bring him with thee for he is useful to me for ministering." Mark is the man Paul sent away some time ago, he got rid of him; O, but Mark can come back! I don't know as that is a very profound argument for it does not matter much if Paul won't take you back if Christ will, but it is good to know that Paul will, too. And though you have wandered since you have been in Thessalonica and you have gone down into vulgarity, the Christ-man will welcome you back and never fling it up into your face, and if he is

not prepared to do that his place is outside the Christian church. Come back and think once more of the near and the distant, the seen and the unseen and compare their values.

I say it reverently, knowing that there are infinitely larger meanings in the cross, but in the hour of the cross our Lord vindicated personally and forever His own philosophy, the philosophy that the distant is the nearest, that the spiritual is the truest, and that the eternal is the only real, a philosophy which He has passed to His disciples in the most illuminating word, having a thousand values, though I use it for one only, "Fear not them that destroy the body"—that is the ultimate for them, for them there is nothing else but the body—"fear not them that destroy the body and after that have nothing they can do," and when He went to the cross He vindicated that "fear not them that destroy the body," knowing that after that hell could do nothing with His spirit, knowing that for Himself in the infinite mystery of His atoning work He himself would gather into His spirit the sin of the world, exhaust it, and then be able to say, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." When you are wondering whether the near or the distant is the essential and spiritual, stand under the cross, and remember that in the experience of two millenniums the world has proved the truth of what Jesus did and died to prove. As for me, so far as I know my heart at this moment, so help me God! I allow the age to go by in the power of the life which is age-abiding: I take to the cross, without a shadow, for my hiding-place. Now, while I speak to you, back from Thessalonica to Christ! Is the journey long? No, Ch[illegible] Thessalonica after you, give yourself to Him and come back to the joy of life and peace. May God help us!

Repent Ye

By REV. GIPSY SMITH, D. D.

"Jesus came into Galilee, preaching, * * saying, Repent ye."—Mark 1:14, 15.

The Bible, especially the New Testament, is the handbook of repentance. It commands it, it urges it, it enforces it, repeats it, drives it everywhere. Over sixty times repentance is enforced. The great doctrine of repentance occupies a very prominent place in the teaching of Jesus Christ and His apostles. All the epistles were written to show men how to do it, because there is no such thing as vital communion, fellowship with God, without it. And I want to speak plainly about Bible repentance, and I pray God to help me, for I have not anything pleasant to say. It is far easier to congratulate than it is to expostulate. My business is not to speak smooth things, but to say some things that you may resist fight, get angry with; and you may get angry with me for saying them, but they are here, and it is my business to say, "Thus saith the Lord." There is no intelligent conversion without an intelligent understanding of these words. May the Holy Spirit breathe light upon these truths, and help us to see them! For it is my business to make you see what God means when he says, "Repent ye."

I am afraid that in our zeal to get people into the kingdom or the Church we have lowered the standard. These words meant far more when they were uttered than they do to-day with most people. I am afraid the familiar way with which we use them and the constant contact with them and with the daily handling of them, we have somehow allowed their edge to be worn off. They do not mean as much to us. The depth, the breadth, the height, the length of these mighty utterances do not search us and illuminate and startle, and thrill and overwhelm as they used to. But they do mean as much. If we have not eyes to see and ears to hear, if by long contamination with evil, and soothing the conscience with opiates from hell, if crying, "Peace" where there is no peace has brought a stupor upon us, that is our responsibility, not God's or His Word's.

God means as much by these words to-day when He says, "Repent ye," as He did when they were first uttered. I am afraid we have brought them down, we have lowered them, we have pulled them from their heights down to the low levels of our own poor experiences. But that is not the way to climb with measured step the hills of light, and walk in unbroken fellowship with God. I am afraid that in our zeal to get people into what we call the Church we have been more anxious about heads than hearts. In order to capture, we have compromised and lost. We have been more concerned about filling our Church registers than we have about the kingdom. We have not sufficiently emphasized the greatness of coming to Christ, and we have said, "It is only a step." Who told you so? Only a step to Jesus? It is not true. It is not gospel. Only a step to Jesus? Then it is a very big step. We have made it a very little thing, and we have multitudes of people joining the Churches. It is child's play. It used not to be. When I came to Christ I came under the old Act. It was a conflict, it was a warfare, it was a pilgrimage, it was a struggle, it was cutting off the right arm and plucking out the right eye, it was being maimed if necessary. It meant sacrifice. There was a day in our calendar called Good Friday; there was a place called Calvary. It meant coming out, being forsaken, abused, slandered, rejected, despised, hated, persecuted, a fool for Christ's sake, sneered at, laughed at, misrepresented, suffering the cross. What does it mean now? A picnic. It is a "social," it is an entertainment, it is a guild, an ordinance; and with the multitudes of people who call themselves Christians it means nothing more. We have made it too easy, but Jesus never made it so: He never deluded anybody. He never cried "Peace" where there was no peace. He knew the danger of saying "Peace" when the soul was in anarchy and the will in rebellion, and the whole man against God. He could not cry "Peace."

No, He never made it easy. We have said to anybody and everybody, "Only believe." The New Testament does not say so. The devil believes, and believes more than you do; in his heart he knows more about it. He believes; and if he says he does not he is a liar, he is shamming. He believes far more than any of us, but he is not a saint. Jesus has never made it easy. There was one man who came and asked, "Are there few that be saved?" and He said, "Strive, struggle, agonize to enter in at the strait gate." He never made it easy. Here is another man who came and said, "Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever thou goest." But Jesus knew that he had not counted the cost, and said, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to

lay His head." Here is another who came and said, "Lord, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Jesus diagnosed the case instantly, and put His finger on the weak spot of his life and said, "If thou wilt be perfect, sell all thou hast and give to the poor, and come, follow Me." He did not make it easy. Here is another man who came and said, "Lord, we know that Thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that Thou doest, except God be with him." Jesus said to him, "Ye must be born again." And to the multitude of people who listened to Him He said, "If any man will be my disciple, let him take up his cross and deny himself." He never made it easy; and the man who makes it easy to be a Christian preaches a mongrel gospel. Jesus said, "Repent." John preached repentance. He came to preach it. It had the first place in his sermons. It was first and last with John, "Repent, repent." You say it is too startling, sensational, vulgar; but remember, it was God's vulgarity. "Repent." No man who preaches as John did will be popular.

They put John in prison for preaching repentance, and so that the doctrine should not be silent, as soon as John was shut up Jesus began where John left off, and His first public sermon to the world was on repentance. He knew where to begin. "Repent ye," said Jesus. That is His first utterance, and if you care to go to His last before He left His disciples and was received up yonder in the clouds, He gave them the commission to go and preach repentance. So that in the first and last utterances of the Son of God you have repentance enforced. And when He was back again on the throne, when angels and archangels had received Him with the shouts of triumph and welcome which He deserved, when He had been exalted as a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance, as though He knew that some of us would shirk from driving it in, as though He knew that some of us would be afraid to push it home. He said to Saul, "Saul, you go to the Gentiles and make them—make them—do works meet for repentance."

Jesus never made it easy. Let any man who ever tried honestly but one day in his life to serve God with all his powers, let him tell me if it was an easy thing to do. It is not easy. It is a struggle, it is a fight. Jesus Christ on Calvary is not a substitute for the life He means you to live, but the means by which you get the power to live the life. No, there is no salvation without repentance. This is the first step. First things first. And the man who misses repentance will miss everything. If your repentance is shallow your religious life will be shallow. If your coming to Christ does not mean everything you will not get everything. If your surrender is not

complete you cannot receive. If your hands are filled you cannot take hold. It is only those who come empty-handed that can cling. It is only those who turn from darkness to light that understand God. It is only those who leave the devil who can receive God. No, we must repent.

"Then," you say, "What is repentance?" Listen—it is not conviction. It is possible to be convicted without repentance. Why, it is hardly possible to meet and talk with anybody in these days but at some moment of their life's history they have been convicted of their need of Christ. It is hardly possible to meet with anybody who does not know what he ought to do and what he ought to be. You cannot meet and talk with any man that has not light about these things; but light is not life.

What brings you to a mission service? Deep down in your conscience, the soul of you, the man of you, back of everything, hid away that nobody else can see, there is a real cry in your soul for God. That is conviction. That is God-given; that is Holy Ghost-brought, that is the result of the light that flashes over the cliff-tops of eternity, that is, the soul's awakening. It is one thing to be awake, it is another thing to get up. You have often heard your minister preach. Maybe you have been hearing him for years. Perhaps you sit in the gallery or away back in one of the pews, or near to him, and every time he preaches and you hear him, you go home and say, "My pastor is right; I ought to be a Christian, I know I ought," and you feel beneath the powerful pleadings of your own pastor, beneath the pleadings of the evangelist, you know God's claims, you admit them, you feel them. They are right, they are reasonable, and you ought to surrender. That is conviction. But it is one thing to be convicted and another thing to repent. Conviction is not repentance.

What is repentance? It is not sorrow. Sorrow for sin is one element of repentance, but you can be sorry without repentance. There is a kind of sentimental sorrow, a sorrow at the thought of coming retribution and exposure, which is mean, selfish, devilish, and is not healthy and life-giving. There is a sorrow that weeps at funerals and sentimental plays, and weeps beneath the ordinary preaching and the special preaching. There are multitudes of people who think they are not far from the kingdom because their tears come easily; they whisper all sorts of sweet messages to themselves because they can weep. They tell themselves they are not hard, and therefore there must be hope for them, and all the while they are holding on to forbidden things and walking in forbidden paths,

and keeping company with those who are destroying them and leading them far from God. It is no good to cover God's altar with tears while your heart is in rebellion. It is no good to hold out one hand apparently to the Cross with the other holding on to a black hand behind you. You cannot hold Dagon in one hand and the Ark of the Covenant in the other. You cannot serve God and mammon. It is no good to sing on Sunday with your face towards the Cross and on Monday with your feet towards the beershop.

I sat in a home a few days ago playing with a boy of ten. His face was bright as the sun. He looked as happy as any child in the home, calling me "Uncle." Presently his mother had missed something, and she came in and said, "Jack, have you taken so-and-so?" His head dropped. "Jack, have you taken so-and-so?" No answer. "Jack"—and she came and put her hand on his shoulder—"did you take——" "Yes, mother"; and he began to cry. Oh, he was sorry; he did look sorry; he sobbed as though his heart would break. What for? He was just as guilty five minutes before, and he knew he was. What made him sorry? Sorry that he had sinned against his mother? No. Sorry that he had sinned against God? No. Well, what was his sorrow? He was sorry because he was found out. And there are multitudes of professing Christians whose religious sorrow is no deeper. That is the sorrow that worketh death. There is a godly sorrow, sorrow because I have sinned against God. "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight. * * * For Thou desirest truth in the hidden parts, honesty where no eye but Thine can see, transparency where no light but Thine can penetrate." There is a sorrow that means death. There is a sorrow for sin that worketh life. Which is yours?

What is repentance? Listen. It is not promising to be better. There are plenty of people who have been promising to be better ever since they can remember, from boyhood or girlhood. When God has laid His hand upon them, as He does in a thousand ways, they are ready to promise, and do promise. Where are you, you who have been making promises till your hair is gray and broken every one of them, and angels beholding your shattered promises have shuddered to the tips of their wings? You are further from God than ever you were in your life, with all your promises. Your psalm-singing and your hymn-singing, and your church-going, and your offerings, and all the rest of your religious paraphernalia, are so much mockery because you have not walked the straight and blessed path of obedience and trust.

It is not enough to promise. It means more than that. If it is

not conviction, if it is not sorrow, if it is not the desire to be better and the promise to be better, what is it? What is repentance? Is it crying? No. Is it excitement? No. Is it emotion? Is it kneeling down and groaning? No. Is it going and hearing preachers? No.

What is it? Listen. Jesus Christ tells you that beautiful picture in the fifteenth chapter of Luke. It is a wonderful chapter. There are three cases in that chapter—the silver, the sheep, and the son. The sheep was lost out of the fold, the silver was lost in the house. The sheep was lost without any intention of being lost, but it was lost. The silver was lost in the house through somebody's carelessness, and it may be there is somebody lost in your house, in your pew in the church, through somebody's carelessness. God help you to find out who that somebody is! The son was lost, and it was his own fault. He was a prodigal before he left home. He was a rebel before he got a penny of his fortune. He was as bad in heart and in mind before he received a cent of the money as when he had spent it all. He was guilty the moment he said to himself, "I will demand the portion of goods that falleth to me." When the sheep went astray a man went after it. When the silver was lost a woman went after it. When the son went astray nobody went after him. How is that? Remember who told the story. Nobody went for him. How is that? Because he was a man, because he was a moral agent, because he was accountable to God for his own act. Why did not the father gather his servants with the elder brother, why did he not gather his neighbours together, and say, "Look here, I have lost my boy, let us go and find him and bring him back in spite of himself?" Why did he not? Because if they had brought him back again he would have been a prodigal still, he would have been a rebel inside the house as well as out of it, for no man comes till he returns; and heaven and the Bible, Christ and Calvary, the Holy Ghost and eternity stand absolutely defeated before the citadel of the human will. Do not forget it. Listen. The prodigal went astray; took every step from the homestead of his own deliberate choice, step by step away up into the far country, and he had to come to himself, he had to come back every inch of the way, and he did not send a letter home to his father and say, "If you will send the old chariot I will come home," and he did not ask anybody to give him a lift. He had to walk back every inch his own self, step by step, with bleeding feet and aching head, and broken heart. He had to do it. "But," you say, "the father ran to meet him, did he not?" Yes, he did, and He will run to meet you when He sees you coming, but you must come. Coming is repentance. It is the response of the will. Repentance is the response of

the enlightened, redeemed man to the call of God, the "I will" of the soul. It is putting your hand on your heart and getting hold of what has been your curse, the thing that has chained you. It is getting hold of the thing that has made hell of earth for you, the sin of your heart—for I have discovered that there may be a dozen sins in a man's life, but there are not a dozen that predominate; there is one overmastering, predominating, all-prevailing sin that enslaves and damns, and if that sin goes everything goes. It is putting your hand in your heart and plucking that out by the hair of its head and saying to God, "That is it, and I will die before I will sin again." Have you repented in that fashion? Don't talk about Church membership, don't insult God by talking about Communion until you have done this: this is the first thing and the others will not be expected until you have done this.

"Repent ye," make a full surrender to God.

Brother, listen to me once more. Repentance, when it is done, is such a beautiful thing that Jesus Himself said, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." Have you repented along that line? There are some of you who do not understand how it is you have no peace and no joy in your profession. I know, just as well as if I lived with you, I know if you have no joy and peace in your professed faith it is because you have never turned to God wholly. Some of you say, "I want peace." Never mind peace; do as you are told, and peace will come. There are some people more concerned about nice feelings, happy feelings, ecstasies and joys, and all the rest of it, than they are about putting God in His place. You put God in His place, and you will have peace; you honour God, and you will have peace.

A dear fellow came to me when I was in South Africa, and he said, "Sir, I want to get relief from a guilty conscience," and he had an awful story to tell, a story that made me shudder. He unfolded a page in his history that I dare not tell you. Then he said, "Sir, I want God's pardon." I said, "My brother, how do you expect to get it?" He said, "By an honest attempt to undo the past." "Then," I said, "turn your face that way and wait for peace." "But," he said, "that will mean prison, and it may mean a life-time in prison." I said, "Turn your face that way. It is no good to talk about peace while there is wrong to be righted, while there are stripes that need to be washed; it is no use to talk about peace till you get right with God. The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace." Righteousness, that means rightness, wholeness, harmony—and then the music. There will be no music till

the instrument is put in tune. You know where you have to yield; you know the point of controversy between you and God; you know the thing that has hindered you, you know the thing that robbed you, you know the thing that has darkened your sky, you know the thing that has come in between you and God, you know the thing about which you have persisted in having your own way and not God's. When you yield on that thing, you will repent.

Will you do it now? "But," you say, "I am a Church member." Never mind. You say there is some one near that knows you. Never mind. You say people expect better things of you. Never mind. Be honest. Put God in His right place. Turn from sin to God, from darkness to light—and you can do the turning. The Spirit enlightens, the Spirit breeds tenderness, the Spirit coaxes, woos, tries to win. God the Holy Ghost is doing His work in your heart, but, brother, you must submit. When you submit wholly, that is repentance. God help you to do it!

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The Second Coming of Christ

By REV. WILLIAM A. SUNDAY, D. D.

This is not my subject, the Lord is responsible for it: if He had not revealed it I would not have to preach it. I feel myself bereft of words when I speak on any subject and particularly this. I never heard but one sermon in all my life on it, and then the preacher apologized for preaching it. I cannot understand why a preacher should be afraid to preach on what God has revealed. I find that preachers are lopsided because they do not preach on these things.

> "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord." I. Thess. 4:17.

That meeting mentioned is the greatest meeting the Bible tells us anything about. There have been some wonderful meetings in the history of this world. That was a wonderful meeting held by the children of Israel on the shores of the Red Sea after Pharaoh and his hosts had been overwhelmed in the waters, and Miriam led the hosts of God in shouting glory for their deliverance. That was a wonderful meeting at the foot of Mt. Sinai when the law was given to Moses in the midst of crashing thunder and flashing lightning. That was a wonderful meeting on Mt. Carmel when Elijah, the Tishbite, defeated the prophets of Baal and stood for the immutable truths of the omnipotent God. That was a wonderful meeting when David danced before the ark of God when it was brought to Jerusalem. That was a wonderful meeting when Solomon dedicated the temple and the glory of God filled it as her priests came in. That was a wonderful meeting on the banks of the Jordan when Jerusalem and all the country round about flocked to hear God's lion-hearted preacher, clothed in camel's hair, hurl the anathemas of God into the ranks of the sinners of his day. That was a wonderful meeting when Jesus preached the Sermon on the Mount and fed the 5,000 with a few loaves and fishes. That was a wonderful meeting when he stood on the Mount of Transfiguration with Peter, James

and John, and Moses and Elias appeared unto them. That was a wonderful meeting on the Day of Pentecost when the Holy Spirit was poured out and 3,000 came under the power of God, convicted under Peter's preaching and crying out "What must we do to be saved from our iniquities?" There were wonderful meetings in Methodism when the multitudes went to hear Wesley and Whitefield preach the free-will of man in God's plan of salvation and not wholly the side of the sovereignty of God. Those were wonderful meetings when the people flocked to hear Moody; and there are wonderful meetings to-day of people to hear my friend "Gip" and the other men whom God in his providence has raised up. I have just returned from the Coast. Out in Portland the biggest Jew firm there, Meyer-Frank, cleaned out the entire lower floor and invited me to come in and preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. The Lord has many people, dear friends. A fellow said to me, "That was an 'ad'." That is all right if that can stir a man up so as to give a man a chance to preach the gospel. The Lord used the Philistines although He had no special love for them. No meeting ever held anywhere can compare with that meeting in the air when the Lord shall come to make up His jewels. That meeting is the one for which all other meetings have been preparing, and all that has been done has been in preparation for that meeting which is scheduled yet to take place in the air. From Adam mankind has been marching up a grand stairway, step by step, towards that meeting in the air. The call of Abraham was one step; Jacob and his twelve sons was another step; Joseph ruling in Egypt was another step; the deliverance under Moses was another step; the conquest of Canaan under Joshua was still another, and so on, every event in sacred history has been in preparation for the meeting which is to take place in the air: for this purpose Jesus Christ suffered on the cross, for this He rose from the dead, for this the Holy Spirit came at Pentecost, for this the church was organized, for this missionaries have gone to the ends of the earth and held up the bleeding Lamb, Jesus Christ, as God's ultimatum for sin and man's only hope for redemption: all has been in preparation for the meeting so graphically described in Thessalonians: "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trumpet of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

We are not told when Jesus Christ will come, but He is coming sure and we are told to watch for it. Yet the church of God to-day shows as little concern about the return of Jesus Christ as His

disciples did about His going away, they are about as indifferent seemingly and it is as hard to get them to realize it: but this is only in accord with what Peter says, "There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." Jesus not only foretold His going away but His return, and charged His followers concerning it, saying, "Watch, therefore, for ye know not the hour when the Lord shall come: be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Every time you partake of the communion and lift the cup to your lips you do show forth the Lord's death till He comes. Yet, the church of God shows mighty little concern about it. You cannot partake of the communion without making acknowledgment of it, yet some of you cannot remember of ever hearing a sermon on this subject. It seems to me it is fitting and proper to give a sermon at the close of this Bible conference on that subject.

There is no prophecy that I can find that remains yet to be fulfilled but the return of the Lord. Jesus said, "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto the nations and then shall the end come." The second coming of Christ is the emphatic doctrine of the New Testament: it is referred to 382 times in the New Testament, yet there are a good many church members who have never heard a sermon on that subject. They do not think it of enough importance to look into because they have heard so little about it. The church makes a lot of baptism and sanctification, yet in all Paul's epistles baptism is only referred to thirteen times while the coming of the Lord is referred to over fifty times: that shows which Paul considered the most important. That doctrine has been the pole-star of the church in all ages of the world, and in none less than to-day. McCheyne, the Scotch preacher, was preaching on the subject. He stopped and asked, "Do you expect the Lord to return to-night?" One or two drawled out in the negative, and then he quoted, "In such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." A good many preachers have said to me, "It is nothing to me, I have no interest in it at all." Would you travel on a train where the conductor never read his orders? Would you sail in a ship whose captain never looked at the chart? I would not travel five minutes behind them. You may call it rubbish; Peter, James and John called it the blessed hope. As Anna and Simeon watched for the first coming, so we are commanded to watch for the second. But some say, "I am a Christian and am all right": not unless you obey the command to watch and pray as

well as the other commands in the Bible. I do not think anything else will keep the church of God right and keep her moored to the eternal truth, and keep you true in your experience, as to expect the Lord to return at any moment. The expectation that the bank examiner will drop in any minute has kept many a cashier from being a thief; otherwise he might have juggled with it as a cat does with a mouse, or as a cyclone does with a straw-stack. I have no doubt the greatest work God has ever done He is doing now in preparing, perfecting and purifying the church, which is the bride, the body of Christ. Yet a great many people say that the millennium will come first, and Christ will return at the end of the millennium. All right! What you say has nothing to do with the facts, or what you may think. I cannot understand why anybody wants to put theories up against the revelation of God. A good many people have missed the train because they thought they could stroll along any time when the schedule said "8:15."

There is not a word in the Bible that says the millennium must come first. No word can we find that authorizes the looking for the millennium first. There can be no millennium until Jesus comes. There can no millennium begin until Satan is bound, and he will not be bound until the Lord returns. It is the presence of Jesus Christ that makes the millennium. How can there be a millennium when He is not here yet? You might as well talk about daylight not coming until after the sun goes down. The sun coming up brings the daylight. There is nothing more certain than that the glory of God shall cover the earth, but it will be after Jesus comes. Some have the idea that the world will grow better and better until the millennium and everybody be converted, and Jesus return at the close of that. The Bible does not teach any such thing. The Bible says that the world shall grow worse and worse, lawlessness, vice and crime shall increase, as well as adultery, divorce, graft, communism, nihilism, anarchy, all this new-thoughtism, ethicalism, unitarianism, universalism, Christian Science and all that tommyrot. As it was in the days of Noah so shall it be in the days of the coming of the Son of man. They ate, they drank, they were married; they hit the booze and went down the line in those days just the same as now: but the flood came just the same. I read a sermon the other day by a preacher: he said, "The millennium is to be brought about by the increase of knowledge and culture and discovery and invention, the wireless telegraph, air-ships, gasoline, electricity, radium and liquid air,"—it is all hot air! Don't you imagine that those things have more to do with the millennium than the com-

ing of Jesus Christ: it is pure nonsense. It is the personal reign of Christ that brings the millennium, it is the presence of the Lord.

Those who have been the greatest blessing to this world have been the people with this hope and who preached it. The Word of God was neutralized and stultified by the traditions of the people when Jesus came, and He found that they were teaching the traditions of men rather than the commandments of God, and He said, "You make the commandments of God of none effect by your miserable traditions, you make them paramount to what God has revealed." And that is the trouble to-day; instead of going to the Bible to find out we go to books, and all the preaching that a great many preachers preach takes its color from the glosses of the rabbis rather than from what the Word of God declares. The fact that Jesus Christ was not recognized by the high up authorities in His day shows how dangerous it is to accept traditions in preference to the commandments, to accept theories rather than what God teaches. Too many masters in Israel are in the dark as Nicodemus was of old. It is not what doctor so and so, and professor this or that, thinks or says, it is what the Word of God declares. The safest pilot is not the man who wears the biggest hat, but the man who knows the channel best.

This world will wake up some morning and find that all the good people have left it. The way to interpret unfulfilled prophecy is on the line of the fulfilled prophecy. The curses on the Jews were literal, and the blessings will be literal. The scattering of Israel was literal, and their gathering will be literal. The pulling down of Zion was literal, and its building up will be literal. The rejection of Israel was literal, and the restoration will be literal. The first coming of Jesus Christ was literal, in a visible body; therefore, what business has anybody to say that His second coming is going to be with a spiritual body? Jesus will come. There are more prophecies in the Bible about the second coming than there were about the first; that means that God wants us to prepare the way. Jesus taught His disciples to expect His return, and they preached it and taught it, every one of them.

Jesus will come and reveal Himself to the members of His body, that is the believers. I believe that it is the completion of the body of believers that will bring the Lord back. That is the incentive to work, to look for and hasten the coming of the Lord. It sets my bones on fire and makes every drop of blood boil to think that every time I preach or every time I do personal work I may be doing something to bring the last soul into the kingdom of God which will

complete the body of believers, and the Lord will burst upon the world to take His own. It is the completion of the body of believers we are to work for. The purpose of this dispensation is the completion of the body of believers. That is the mission of the church, or body, to get ready to meet the bridegroom in the air; that is her business. Her business is not to amuse people, it is not to run cantatas, it is to prepare to meet the Lord in the air. When the body of believers is complete Christ will reveal Himself to the members that are left. The body of believers is composed of every race and nation but not of every dispensation. That is why the gospel must be preached first to the world, as a witness to every nation, and there remains no prophecy that I can find yet to be fulfilled. There is no nation on earth where the gospel has not been preached. God did not say the nations shall be converted: He says that it shall be preached as a witness. We preach it as a witness in Warsaw; we preach it as a witness in South Bend; we preach it as a witness in Fort Wayne; we preach it as a witness in Chicago; God does not say they shall be converted, but you search it as a witness to all nations and then shall the end come. There is no nation where the gospel has not been preached, nowhere!

When the Lord returns the rapture comes. There will be an army of church members left: not every one whose name is on the church records is a member of the body. There are official members of the church in this auditorium who would be left; a lot of church members will be left because they are members of the visible church but they are not members of the body of Christ. They will say, "Lord, Lord, did we not do so and so?" and He will say, "Depart from me, I never knew you." I have known preachers in my day that will be left. If preachers fail to preach the truth of God they will be left. I will fight against any one for preaching false doctrine, I don't care a rap where he is or who he is! They are not members of the body of Christ: they may be members of the Presbyterian Synod or of the General Assembly, and all that, but not members of the body of Christ.

The Lord will not be seen by the world. After His resurrection Pilate never got to see Him; those Pharisees never saw Him: His friends saw Him, and His best friends, too. He was not revealed to the world. He will not reveal Himself to the world when He comes back, they will not know that He has been here; they will know that loved ones have gone and in unaccountable ways disappeared. Two shall be in the field, one shall be taken and the other left; two shall be in bed, one shall be taken and the other left; two shall be grinding at the mill, one shall be taken and the

other left; two shall be walking in the street, one shall be taken and the other left. He takes the believers out of the world, He resurrects all who have died believing in Him, and they will be caught up in the air. We will be changed in the twinkling of an eye, and they will be resurrected, and there will be left on earth the sinners. After He takes the believers out of their graves, then take place the days of the great tribulation, and at the close the Lord returns with His saints that He took out of the world, the members of His body, members of Christ, to begin His millennial reign. Then when He comes back to begin His reign at the close of the tribulation He will reveal Himself to the Jew and he will accept Him: nations will be born in a day during the millennial reign of Christ through the instrumentality of the Jew. The Jew is full of energy and business: there is not a language on earth that the Jew does not know; there is not a business on earth that the Jew is not conversant with: when he with all his intelligence, business sagacity and push becomes an ambassador for Christ then nations shall be born in a day.

Now, then, during the tribulation the antichrist will come; most likely he will be some earthly king, though nobody knows. I have heard people speculate on that: some believe he will be the devil incarnate, as Jesus Christ was incarnate. But the antichrist will come to Jerusalem. He will do signs and wonders to deceive the very elect: he will deceive the very elect, they will accept him as the Messiah and worship him in the temple. When Jesus returns at the close of the days of the tribulation, when this antichrist has been reigning, He will destroy him by the brightness of His coming. "And then shall the Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming; even him, whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders."

There are three distinct comings of Jesus: first, He has been here as the Christ, He fulfilled the prophecy that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head, that a virgin should conceive and bring forth a child: He has been here and offers salvation to-day full, free, perfect and eternal to every man who will repent and accept of His atoning sacrifice as a redemption from his sins. Then He will return and take His saints out of the earth and take His believers out of the grave, leaving nobody but sinners on the earth and leaving nobody but sinners in their graves. Then He will go away, and when He is gone the days of tribulation take place: and at the close of the days of tribulation He returns, reveals Himself to the Jew and begins His millennial reign and de-

stroys the anti-christ. So He has been here once and is coming back twice.

When the days of the tribulation are over then He will come back with His saints to begin the millennial reign. "Will the visible church remain?" No doubt about it. "Right here?" Yes sir. "With members?" No doubt of it. "And probably strong in organization?" Yes sir. But it will have no power against the devil because the Holy Spirit will have left the world, there will be no convicting power: it will be prosperous and rich, with elegant people, pictured in the church of Laodicea about which we read, "I know thy works, thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." The Scripture expressly states, "In the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false-accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those who are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away." That has no reference to the Turk, it has no reference to the Czar of Russia, it has no reference to the heathen in Africa, and it has no reference to the people of the submerged tenth in the great cities: it is a description of things after the Lord takes His church out of the world. The visible church will remain and have members and preachers, but they won't be members of the body of Christ. It is one thing to be a member of the visible church and another thing to be a member of the invisible church: they ought to be synonomous but they are not.

What will it mean to have a part in that meeting that is going to take place in the air? It means the most glorious thing that can happen; it means that we are members of the body of Christ; it means that we are members of the royal family of the universe; it means that we are to stay with Christ forever; it means that we are to be the most exalted beings in this universe. None that are saved after the Lord's return will become members of His body in the sense we do: the dispensation closes when the Lord returns to begin His millennial reign: then take place the days of tribulation in which nobody will be converted. As I understand the Scripture, only those are members of the body of Christ who have lived in the dispensation that started when Jesus cried on the cross "It is finished!" and ends when He takes the believers out of the earth. We are an exalted people, we are living in the grandest opportunity this world

has ever known. Others will know the joy of salvation, they will be saved during the millennial reign, they will be loyal subjects of the king, but they are not members of the body. We are members of the royal household. My friend Gipsy is an Englishman, he enjoys the protection of the British flag, but the members of the British royal household enjoy things which he does not enjoy. President Wilson enjoys things that we do not, although we are living under the protection of the flag. That means that we will nevermore be separated from Jesus: it means that the devil will have no power to separate you from the Lord. If Jesus is to be here during the millennial reign His members will be here, and on that there is an abundance of Scripture. "The dead in Christ shall rise first" and "we which are alive and remain unto the coimng of the Lord" shall be caught up in the air to meet Him and we "shall not prevent them which are asleep."

Some people say they will never see death: I believe the Christian ought not to be looking for death; instead of expecting the hearse to back up in front of the house we ought to be looking for the Lord and expecting His return and to be caught up in the air. We may pass into the grave and have to be resurrected, but no matter! That means that we will have bodies which will remain forever young. We will have no gray hairs, no wrinkled brows, no feebleness, all these will have passed away. "Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible"—that is, no longer subject to decay or to change—"and we shall be changed." It will come in the twinkling of an eye. Everything that has occurred in the history of the world, and that is occurring, is in preparation for that moment which is to take place in the history of the church of Jesus Christ. It means that some will give up in that moment their old age and be young forever; it means that some will go from beds of pain upon which they have been prostrated for years; it means that some will go from squalor and want to eternal life and joy; it means that some will go from burdens from which they expected never to be released until death came. How the angels will crowd the battlements of glory and lean over and look down when the great event takes place! When you see how the devil has his way in our time, when you see how he stands with his heels upon the neck of virtue, when you see how hell and iniquity and graft and licentiousness seem to sit enthroned while virtue and truth lie wounded and bleeding and helpless by the wayside, it would seem it would never come: but you cannot tell by appearances. One hour

before the tidal wave swept over Galveston they did not expect it; ten minutes before the earthquake hit San Francisco they did not expect it: President Taft touched a key and started acres of machinery in Seattle; five minutes before there was no evidence on the Pacific coast that he was at the key, but after he touched it the people were singing their hymns and thundering their welcome.

All the signs, I think, point to this great event. What are they? First, the radical tendency in your day and mine to depart from the Christian faith: there has never been a time when there has been more schisms and ologies and tommyrot spouting and spewing out from the so-called orthodox pulpit—just pure devilism! I am an optimist, pure and simple, I am no pessimist, but there is on every side a radical tendency to depart from the Christian faith. Second, prophecies fulfilled. The gospel has been preached as a witness to all nations: that is the purpose of this dispensation; it is the purpose of God Almighty in this dispensation that the gospel shall be preached; He is trying to give everybody a chance, the Lord is giving every fellow a chance to get in—I am Methodist enough to believe that, Munhall! Third, throughout the world we have the expectancy of true believers that He will come. Fourth, the revival among the Jews, their return to Jerusalem: I have read that portions of the material which are going into the construction of the new temple are on the ground, and with our present methods of constructing buildings they will not need the time to construct it that the temple of old required. Fifth, political unrest, extreme views on questions of government: there never has been a time when we had more feather-brain clap-trap—my thinker has got ahead of my tongue!—more nonsense, more stuff proposed for governing and regulating than in this day. Sixth, the concentration of the wealth of the world in the hands of a few: twelve men control the wealth of the United States, twelve men can put Uncle Sam out of business to-morrow; twelve men can start a panic in this country in twenty-four hours; twelve men hold the wealth of this country like that (indicating): I am talking about America, not the world.

It means that we are going to be with Him and reign with Him for a thousand years. It means the devil will be cast out. It means there will be no saloons. It means there will be no brothels. It means there will be no gambling hells. It means there will be no murder. It means there will be no lying. It means there will be no thieving. It means there will be no man sticking a gun under your nose on the public highway. It means there will be no white slavery. It means there will be no panders. It means there will be no lust. It means we are going to reign with

Christ. "And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years." There is no misunderstanding who he is, the Lord calls him by all his names there. "And cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed a little season. And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished"—that refers to the wicked sinners in their graves—"This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years." It means that you are going to meet those who have gone on before you. Dry your tears, mother! How well you remember when the little white hearse came and the undertaker pumped the little body full of embalming fluid! You are to meet your dear one. It means that that widow who has bleached her hands by working over the wash tub to have the money on the first of the month for the landlord, will cease her labor and meet her dear one. It means that wives will be united with their husbands and husbands with wives. It means that families which have been separated for years will be united. No doubt God will have infinite surprises for us. Paul says that he heard and saw things not lawful for human ears to hear and human eyes to see. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." You know that God can make nice things when He wants to: ought that not to be an incentive for a man to do right? Ought that not to be an incentive for women to love Jesus Christ? Think of being intimate with Peter, James and John! Think of walking along and saying, "Hello, Paul, I am mighty glad to see you! Hello, Peter, my! I am glad to see you: I read all about your impulsive nature—I had a little of it myself." Think of going up and saying, "John, come here! I wish you would tell me about your great meeting up on the Mount of Transfiguration." Think of sitting down with Peter, James and John, Andrew and Philip: think of hearing from

their own lips about their wanderings! And then think of meeting Paul and Silas and Matthew and Mark and Luke! Think of knowing Mary, the mother of Jesus, just as well as you know your own mother or may be better! Think of knowing Martha and Mary and Lazarus! Think of meeting the blind man spoken of in the ninth chapter of John, and saying to him, "You were an inspiration to me when you hurled it into that bunch and took your stand for the one that cured you." Think of meeting Joseph of Arimathaea who took the Lord's body and laid it in his tomb! Think of meeting that timid woman that touched the hem of His garment and went away shouting for joy! Think of meeting blind Bartimaeus who groped his way in the darkness and cried out, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy upon me!" It means that we will reign a thousand years with the Lord with bodies that never wear out or get sick, with faculties a thousand-fold more capable.

The millennium is going to be the grandest age in the history of the world. We call this the golden age of man: no, this is the kindergarten. We are told that the world shall blossom like paradise. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree." There will be no more war. There will be no more pestilence. There will be no more famine. There will be no devil to cause suffering and woe. I think we will make discoveries that will make our present discoveries look like a plugged cent against a thousand dollar government bond. I am going to reign with Him but not in this old body. I will have a body not subject to the laws of gravity: I drop that handkerchief and it goes down and not up, why? Because gravitation brings it down. I will have a body that will go and come like the Lord after His resurrection. I am going to reign with Him on this earth. Think of coming back here to reign with Christ in this old world where you have been lied about and villified and slandered and they spouted out their calumny upon you! Think of coming back to reign with Him! And we are going to reign! I don't know where the Lord may let me reign: perhaps He will let me reign over Chicago or Indianapolis; if He does there will be something doing. I will tell you that. A man walked down a road nearly 100 miles when he was a boy looking for work, he was tired and hungry and slept in haystacks. Afterwards he became wealthy. He married and God honored him with a family; he put them into his limousine and went back slowly over the same road where twenty-five years before he had walked a hungry, tired and an outcast boy, sleeping in haystacks. He said he never took a trip in his life that so inspired him. Think of com-

ing back to the world where you have had so many troubles and aches and pains!

To reign with Christ means that you will be richly rewarded for all you have suffered and done for Jesus. Paul said, "I have fought a good fight"—I want that for the epitaph on my tomb stone—"I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." Think how richly we will be rewarded. It means that we will escape from the troubles which will come after the believers have been taken out of this world: the believers are the salt of the earth, the believers are the light of the world, the believers are the army of God with which He holds in check the influences of sin to-day; and if it were not for the church and the ministry and the cross of Jesus Christ as preached, pandemonium would reign, hell would be triumphant, your virtue would not be worth that (snapping fingers) and your life less: and they are the army which God is using to-day to hold in check the power of hell, and when the believers, the members of the body are taken out of the world hell will have the world: there will be no power to hold it back then when you take the Christians out. Then the devil has full swing. The devil has never had full sway since the day Adam and Eve ate of the forbidden fruit until now, and he never will until Jesus takes his believers out of the world. Then during the millennial reign the devil will have full sway. They will have no Bible conferences then. Some of you people do not believe in revivals, you won't have any then. Jesus said, "For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be." Daniel said, "There shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time: and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book." I believe the human imagination is absolutely incapable of picturing the awful days of the tribulation: they may come in this very hour. This will be the worst time the world has ever known: it will be worse, sir, than before the flood when only Noah and his wife and three sons and their wives were saved. It will be worse than it was in Egypt when the children of Israel were put under cruel taskmasters and compelled to make brick without straw. It will be worse than the destruction of Jerusalem when men, women and children were torn to pieces. It will be worse than the reign of Nero when that drunken old tyrant sat playing the fiddle while Rome burned, and he took the Christians and had stakes fastened

in the ground and ordered their bodies to be covered with pitch and resin and chained to the stakes and then ordered their bodies set on fire, and then he drove his chariot in his drunken revelry down between their flaming bodies, and mocked at their God. It will be worse than when they were thrown out to the wild beasts in the Colosseum. It will be worse than the Spanish inquisition. It will be worse than when Cortez conquered the Aztecs. It will be worse than when Pizzaro conquered Peru and men and women and children were butchered. It will be worse than in the French Revolution when they put a harlot on the throne and Danton, Robespierre and Marat ruled and reigned, and the guillotine with steady click beheaded thousands upon thousands, and Charlotte Corday drove the butcher knife into the heart of the tyrant. It will be worse than in the dark ages when men and women were dipped in pitch and set on fire. No one can picture the days of the tribulation when the devil reigns. There will be no conference like this with men preaching the truth. The tribulation must be the most awful time ever known because it is the first time in the history of the world that the devil has undisputed sway. There will be no Christians left, governments will go to pieces, no virtue will be respected. A man may be rich to-day, he may be feeding on porter-house, and to-morrow be taking a crust of bread from a garbage can in the back alley. Think of what it means to be under the rule of the devil! Think of it, you church members, who throw your vote away for the dirty rotten whiskey gang! Think of it, you church members, who joke and sneer at every aggressive effort that is put forth to bring this old whiskey-soaked world to Christ, which is going so fast to hell that it is breaking the speed liimt.

It is supposed that the days of the tribulation will last at least seven years though we do not know exactly the key for Daniel: It may be seven years or seven hundred: it won't be less than seven years. God in His mercy will make it as short as possible. Jesus said, "And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened," when He does come back with His saints, for their sakes those days shall be shortened.

Somebody says, "When will that meeting in the air take place?" I do not know. Old Russell of Pittsburg, the author of "Millennial Dawn" and the founder of the "International Bible Students' League," has got it in October, 1914. The fact is he does not know beans about it. If he has anything of the spirit of orthodoxy I do not know what it is. His is the most abominable heresy next to Christian Science that I know of. No wonder this noble

and blessed doctrine has been brought into disrepute by a lot of hair-brained lobsters teaching something that nobody knows! I don't know when. Jesus himself said, "Of that day and hour no man knows." He said, "Take heed, watch and pray," "for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." I would like to have you show me how Old Russell knows more than the Lord about it! The Millerites had it in 1849, that the world was coming to an end; they got ready and crawled under barns and went up on the house-tops, but He did not come. The Lord has not specified the time: we do not know when it will take place.

What will it mean to the world to have every believer instantly taken out of it? Homes will be rent in twain, the wife will be taken and the husband left: that husband never went to church except when some member of the lodge died and he went to the funeral. Children will kiss you good-bye when they go to school and you will never see them again. You will go on to a bridge whist party and when you come back you will find the baby gone. Homes will be rent in twain: husbands will be robbed of their godly wives; I think the only reason why many an old sinner to-day is not stricken down by the power of God is because the prayers of the godly wife are like a lightning rod above his old bald head. No doubt the newspapers will get out extras for all the editors won't go! They will have great flaming head-lines, "Universal Consternation." They will be cried out on the streets for days, there will be nothing else talked of for weeks. After a while all the consternation will subside, the people will forget all about it and drift into their old ways. These that are left behind will wring their hands in grief; homes will be rent in twain; they will never see the Lord—that is the world—when He comes, neither will they see their loved ones go: they will be changed in the twinkling of an eye; they will not see them go, and they will not see the Lord come. He will not reveal Himself to the world when He comes to take the believers out. When He comes with His believers at the end of the tribulation then He will reveal Himself to the world, then He will reveal Himself to the Jew, and then the Jew will accept Him. Those that have died in the faith will be resurrected to meet the Lord: so nobody will be left in their graves but sinners, and nobody will be left on the earth but sinners.

During the reign of the thousand years the devil is shut up; at the end the devil is unloosed out of the pit, and he will go up and down the land and tempt people. When the devil crawls out of the pit for the first time he will look upon the world bereft of sin, without a stain, where they have never heard an oath and know

nothing about sin, and he will tempt men, and they will be as big fools as Adam and Eve, and they will yield and they will turn; and he will go up and battle against the saints, and fire will come down from God and consume them. Then will occur the resurrection of the wicked dead, and then the judgment of the great white throne. Somebody says, "The world will come to an end when the Lord comes": no, the world won't come to an end for at least one thousand years after the close of the tribulation. The tribulation will not be less than seven years and it may be seven hundred. At the close of the tribulation the Lord returns with the saints and begins the millennial reign of one thousand years. The world won't be judged until after that or perhaps longer. The millennium must come after Jesus comes: it must have its beginning at the close of the tribulation. The millennial reign of Christ will not destroy anything that is good, it will only destroy the devil's business, and it will introduce an era of prosperity greater than the world has ever known. What an incentive to hold Bible conferences and to preach! A fellow said to me—I did not begin to preach on this subject until a year or so ago, and have only preached on it five or six times—a man said to me, "You preach on the second coming! That is pernicious." I said, "You lie! That is the same as saying that it would be a calamity if every woman were virtuous, that is the same as saying that it would be a calamity if every man were praying instead of cussing." When Christ reigns then will be fulfilled what Jesus taught us to pray for, and what we prayed for this afternoon, "thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and it will be, just as sure as you live and breathe.

We are living nearer to it than anybody has lived in the history of the world. You will be living still nearer to it after you have heard the closing service to-night of Gipsy Smith. The fact remains that we are closer to it than anybody has ever been. We are not told when Jesus will come: I do not know, and do not pretend to; but we are told He will come. It makes the hard things easy; it nerves me when men will villify and slander and blackmail and threaten my life from one end of the land to the other because I stand and shoot the anathemas of God into the ranks of sin. Whether they be white or black, native or foreign born, literate or illiterate, I say to the forces of hell, Come on! I defy you in the name of the Lord God of hosts!

How eagerly we get ready for company when we hear they are coming. We sweep the rugs, and we ask, What will we have to eat? Mutton-chops and a little bacon, apple pie with cheese—good night! How we clean the house! All right, clean the house, the

Lord is coming; get ready, our guest is coming, we are going to meet Him, the prepared church, the prepared ministers; get ready! Our battle-ship fleet left the harbor of New York and started to circumnavigate the world, with Fighting Bob Evans on the flag-ship. She sailed south, went around the Horn, up to Santiago, San Pedro and San Francisco, then across the Pacific to Australia, the Philippines, Japan, Hong-kong, the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, the Suez Canal, the Mediterranean Sea, past Gibraltar, across the Atlantic, sailed into the Harbor of New York and cast anchor to the minute on her schedule. Nothing like it had ever been known in the history of nations or of navigation. To the very minute they put the anchor over the side of the flag-ship Connecticut and dipped their colors and fired a salute. The Lord is working on a schedule and to the minute. The Lord will come. When? I do not know. Let us be ready!

Some time ago I was romping and playing with the children and I grew tired and lay down to rest; half asleep and half awake I dreamt. I dreamt I had gone to a far-off land. It was not Persia although oriental splendor and greatness was there. It was not India although the coral seas were there. It was not Ceylon although the beauty and perfume of that renowned and far-famed island paradise were there. It was not Italy although the soft dreamy haze of the blue Italian skies bent above me. I saw the sun in all his regal splendor and I said, "When will the sun set and it grow dark?" and they said, "It never grows dark here, there is no night here:" and I watched the people attired in holiday garments and with their faces lighted up in halos of glory, and I said, "When will the working men in overalls come up from looking into the furnace heat or from pounding the anvil to earn bread for the wife and children?" And they said, "We toil not, neither do we spin, in this land there remains a rest for the people of God." I started out to the suburbs of the great city. I asked, "Where do you take the dead? Where is the graveyard? Where do you inter the dead of this city?" I looked at the hills and I saw the towers and spires and minarets, but I did not see the marble slab nor a mausoleum nor a grass-covered mound with a widow weeping by its side. I said, "Where are the undertakers who embalm the dead? Where are the hearses that follow them to the grave? Where is the crape which flutters from the door-knob, and where is the band that plays Saul's Dead March?" They said, "There is no death here." I said, "Where are the hospitals where you take the sick, and where are the doctors with scalpel and trocar, and where are the nurses with their opiates to sooth and mollify pain?" And they said, "We never grow sick

in this land, we have no hearses, we never telephone for the doctor or undertaker." I said, "Where do the poor live, and where are they?" They said, "There is no penury, no want in this land; we never cry for bread, no one ever lives below the hunger line." I said, "Where are the people who are sorrowful because of death and grief?" They said, "We shed no tears in this land; we carry no handkerchiefs here: the hillsides are not marred with the spade for we dig no graves: the frost never comes, the waters never freeze, for it never chills in this land, and the leaves of the trees are for the healing of the nations." I was puzzled. I looked and heard the water rippling against the jewelled beach, and I saw boats with sails of silk and oars silver-tipped and the prows of pure gold: I heard the laughter of those on deck; and I saw jungles of roses and banks of violets. I saw a dappled fawn with a child by its side, and a tigress lounging in a copse of magnolia. I saw great gardens of beauty. I saw it all, and a great crowd that no man can number came and worshipped, and I looked a moment and then I knew that time was no more, eternity had dawned, and I cried out, "Are all here? Are all here?" and they shouted back, "All are here." And the towers and the spires and the minarets caroled to me "Welcome home!" and with the throng washed in the blood of the Lamb that waved the palms of victory I sat down to the feast of Moses and joined in the song, shouting "Home! home at last!"

Following Jesus

By REV. JOHN S. HAMILTON

Acts 26:28—"Almost Thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

When Paul pressed the claims of Jesus Christ upon King Agrippa, the king said, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." But there were some things in the life of the king he was not willing to give up. And that is what is keeping the masses of the people away from Christ today—"things they will not give up." When Paul reasoned with Governor Felix concerning righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, the governor trembled and said, "When there is a more convenient season, I will send for you." The Christian religion is a reasonable religion. It has stood the test of the brightest minds of the past; they have not only given their consent to but they are followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. Christianity is something that pays. It works. It has no hard cases. It satisfies all men and all of the man. What is it to be a Christian? To be a Christian is to accept Jesus Christ as our Saviour from the penalty of our sins. It is to accept Jesus Christ as our Saviour from the power of our sins; it is to take the Word of God as the man of our counsel and to depend upon Christ for the life which now is and that which is to come. I want to persuade you tonight to become a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

First: I want to persuade you to become a follower of Christ because it is the reasonable thing to do. I am not talking about a mere emotional, sentimental kind of religion; I am talking about a reasonable and common sense kind. The Lord did not say, "Come let us weep together," although Christ is a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, but He said, "Come let us reason together." The Lord did not say, "Come, let us laugh together," although I believe the Lord rejoices with His rejoicing children, but, "present your bodies a living sacrifice, which is but your reasonable service." I found to be a Christian was to pass the test of my power to reason. It is a reasonable thing to want joy, peace and power which Christ offers us. It is a reasonable thing to want to please Jesus Christ in everything. The person who wants to live an unselfish, pure, holy,

Christlike life and to love his neighbor as himself, is a reasonable person. But the one who lives a fast, sinful and selfish life is unreasonable.

Second: I want you to become a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ because you will never regret it. I have never heard of one who loved Jesus Christ with all his heart who regretted it in life or when he came down to die. How many of you have regretted that you have given your heart to Jesus Christ, that you have surrendered your life to the Son of God? I heard Major Cole say he was holding services in the city of London and he made this statement, "I will give to any man five thousand dollars who will give me a single instance of one who loved the Lord Jesus Christ with all his heart who regretted it when he came down to die." One of the richest men of England was sitting on the platform back of him; He owned more ships on the high seas than any man in the world and he said, "I will back the major on that statement." The challenge was published in the British papers and no man came to claim it. Why? Because the Christian church has never produced a single person who loved Jesus Christ with all his heart who regretted it when he came down to die. I have trusted Christ in the light; I have trusted Him in the dark; I have trusted Him in joy; I have trusted Him in my sorrow; I have trusted Him in prosperity and in adversity and in it all I have found Him to be a never failing friend.

Third: I want to urge you to become a follower of Jesus Christ, because it is right. If I could put into the hands of every unsaved person here a pencil and paper and ask you to write all the reasons you could think of why you should not become a Christian, you would not be able to write a single sentence, not a single word. If I should ask you to write all the reasons why you should be a follower of Christ, you would write a whole sheet of foolscap with arguments for becoming a Christian now. The arguments are altogether on the side of Jesus Christ. And they are against the devil. Christ said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." "Fear God and keep His commandments for this is the whole duty of man." It is the conviction of the little lad as soon as he has heard the story of Jesus Christ and his dying love that he ought to love and serve Jesus. The boy who knows this story and does not love Christ is conscious he is doing wrong. The boy who knows these things and loves the Christ is conscious he is doing right. You can go to the multitudes and speak to them about Jesus Christ and they will say, "I know I ought to become a Christian; I do not know why I have not become one before this." Every man who knows

the issues of life, death and eternity will tell you, "Let Jesus come into your heart."

I know a man who was sent to the hospital for the insane for treatment. He told me one day he was walking out under a great spreading tree on the campus, when his mind came back to him clearly again. He said, "The first thought that intruded itself into my mind was, 'You are not a Christian, you are not saved.' I made a solemn compact with God that if He would give me back my mind and send me back to my home, I would take the first opportunity to confess Jesus Christ. The Lord gave me back my mind and I went back home. I heard the minister preach and he took for his text, 'Come now, saith the Lord, let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.' He went on to show the greatness of man, how he was able to reason and commune with God. Then he showed the sadness that befalls one when reason has toppled from her high pinnacle. I recalled that solemn compact I had made with my God and that He had kept His part of the compact and I must keep mine, so I publicly confessed Jesus Christ as my Lord and Saviour."

All these higher powers and faculties are saying, "Let Jesus come into your heart." Everything in earth, in sky, in sea, is saying, "Let Jesus come into your heart."

Fourth: I want to persuade you to become a follower of Jesus Christ because of His transforming power. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." I have seen Him work. I have felt His power in my own heart. I know what he has done for others. I have seen Him turn profane men into praising men, drunken men into sober men, thieves into honest men, impure men into pure men. I knew a man who was a terror to the town in which he lived. When he was under the influence of liquor, men would flee from him as they would from an enraged bear, he neglected his wife and abused her. One day in a drunken spree he killed one of his neighbors, and he was sent to the penitentiary at Columbus for a short term. While there, letters from a faithful pastor followed him and as a result of it, he was converted. He came back to live in that town and to demonstrate the power of Jesus Christ. He became one of the finest specimens of Christian manhood I ever knew. I used to say to those infidels who knew him when he was the terror of the town and the change that had come over that tempestuous life, "What do you think of Hamor? What do you think of a Christ who can do this? How can you explain this?" The infidels would

say to me, "Hamor is crazy," but they knew it was not insanity, because insanity does not work that way. They knew they were denying the Christ that had given him a sane mind and had transformed a beast of a man into one of the sweetest and gentlest of characters.

The Chicago Tribune a few years ago told of an eminent doctor in one of the hospitals of Paris who operated on a young artist for appendicitis. The young man died under the operation. The doctors pronounced him dead. The doctor in the presence of students and assistants, cut open the young man's side and began to press his heart. Presently the young man opened his eyes, began to breathe, look around and talk. For two hours the doctor kept the young man alive. Whenever he would release the pressure on the heart, in three minutes the man would be pronounced dead. The doctor said, "Because I lacked the delicate mechanical contrivance to force the blood permanently through the system, I had to let him die." Was the young man dead? Science said so. But he was not. There was life in him. Christ said, "I am the way, the truth and the life." There is no life until we come into contact with the source of life in Jesus Christ. You can take the Christ down into the very cesspools of life where the characters of men are rotten and putrid with the vile and foulest sins and present Him to them and if they will believe on Him, they will stand up and flush with the glow of eternal life. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

Fifth: I want to persuade you to become a follower of Jesus Christ because He gives you hope. There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved. I wanted a hope that would stand the test of the Word of God and I found that hope when I turned from my sins to Jesus Christ. A hope that is not founded on belief in Jesus Christ, repentance from sin and obedience to the will of God, is a hope that will not stand the test in the day of judgment. About the saddest words in the Bible are to me "Having no hope and without God in the world." Dr. Edward Everett Hale wrote that pathetic story of a man without a country. He wrote of Philip Nolan who was forced to sail the sea for fifty years, a man without a country. I would rather be forced to drift from land to land, or compelled to sail the sea for fifty years with Jesus Christ with no home, than to live in the finest palace in the world and to have no hope, no Christ in the world. If you ask some people, "Is there a God?" they say, "I do not know." If you ask them, "Do you believe there is immortality?" they reply, "I don't know." All the comfort some people get

when they are dying is, "You will soon be gone, you will soon turn to dust: you will die as a dog: you will turn back to dust as a dog: you are no more immortal than a dog." If I believed that I was not immortal, if I had no more hope than a dog, I would not object if people would take me at my own value and treat me as a dog. It is said on good authority, there was a great explosion in one of the greatest western mines. The superintendent stood at the mouth of the mine, directing the men and trying to save what he could from the fire. A man rushed up and said to the superintendent, "The men are cut off in the distant end of the shaft. We had better save the men." But the superintendent angrily waved him away and said, "Never mind the men, let us save the mules." Every man who believes in the sweet old story of Jesus Christ and that He is immortal would resent with all his being the insult of that superintendent. He believed that it was easier to get miners to take the place of the dead ones than to buy mules. If a man believes that he is but an animal that he is not immortal, and if he cannot make more money for a company than a mule, he has no right to object if in a case of disaster, men would rather save a mule than to save him. If a man is not immortal and he perishes with the brutes then he becomes a mere competitor of the mule as a wealth producer and a wage earner in the markets of the world. But a man is not a brute, he may be brutal at times, but he is an immortal being. He does not perish with the brutes. He possesses a spirit that fire cannot burn, water cannot drown, explosion cannot destroy and the elements cannot rot. When Hobbs was dying, he said, "I am about to take a leap into the dark." When Volney was dying he said, "I have disgraced my family, I have beggared my wife. My God, is there any hell?" Tom Payne said, "I would give worlds if I had them if I had not written the 'Age of Reason.' " Let me remind you of the last words of Mr. Moody: "Earth is receding, heaven is opening, God is calling." His son Will said, "Father, you must be dreaming." But said the dying man, "I am not dreaming. I have been within the gates, I have seen the children's faces." When he was sinking again, he said, "If this is death, there is no valley. This is glorious; this is bliss." When he was sinking the last time, his daughter Emma knelt to pray for his recovery, but he said, "Don't pray that, Emma. I shall not throw my life away. If God has any more work for me to do, he will raise me up. But this is my coronation day. God is calling and I must be up and away" and his spirit swept through the gates of glory. I am trusting this same Christ. He is my joy, my peace, my justification, my hope, my resurrection. Is He yours?

The Self Revelation of Jesus

By REV. CHARLES T. WHEELER

Sir, We Would See Jesus. John 12:21.

This has been the cry at some time or other, of every soul that has ever heard of Him. More people are saying it today than have ever said it at any time in all the history of the world. Not only is this true, but it is also true that the people of this world were never in a greater need of a near vision of Jesus than they are in this materialistic, commercialistic, ritualistic, formalistic pleasure-loving age. I wish I could say with equal confidence that more are seeing him, too, than have ever seen him in any former period of the life of the world. Sometimes I am very sure I can, and then again I am quite as sure I cannot do it. When I read that more Bibles are being printed than ever before, I say more are finding Him; when I see the way in which the people are turning away from their Bibles I say they have failed to find Him there or they would have never turned away. When I read of the wealth of the church and of its membership, I say, "more are seeing Him there"; when I see the empty pews and the multitudes turning away, I say, "They did not see Jesus in the church or they would never have left it." When I see the ministers I say, "Men are seeing Jesus through the preaching of the Gospel as never before; when I see the masses turning their backs upon the preachers, I say, "They could not have found Jesus in the preaching or they would not have turned away. When I see Christlike men and women everywhere, I say, "More are finding Him through their good lives"; when I see the many of them going on as if unconscious that such lives were so sublimely lived, I say, "They do not see Jesus even in these holy examples." And yet, are not these the ways whereby men have sought to see Him, whereby to seek to give men a saving knowledge of Him?

We have failed and they have failed. Why? Why?

Now then I make bold to say it, the Bible, the church, the preaching of the gospel, the living of a holy life, never gave any man a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. They did not do it while

Jesus was on earth, they have not done it since. Do I then minimize their value? On the contrary, I magnify it. They are the great witnesses to the sublime fact that Jesus Christ alone can meet the soul's need, and that He alone can meet its every need. The whole world must know that it's not the Bible that does it; it's not the church that does it; it's not preaching that does it; it's not the living of a good life that does it; each of these give the most important of testimony and all are invaluable witnesses, but your soul desire for a saving knowledge of Christ is alone met when you appeal to Him Himself.

This is witnessed in the peculiar need of each soul in this audience—the Bible doesn't meet it; the church doesn't meet it; the preacher doesn't meet it; the good example of another doesn't do it, but Jesus does. You must find Him for yourself—heart to heart, face to face. Oh! to know Him. Oh! to know Him as present in our need of Him. He deals with no two alike. He deals with each according to His need. Run through the book of John and see this glorious truth. If I had an hour I would do it here.

John the Baptist declared, without arguing or philosophizing about it, the knowledge of which his own soul had been conscious. "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!" Jesus thus introduced; John and Andrew go home with Him. John, the wilderness preacher, did his greatest work that day when he introduced these two men to Jesus. They came forth the next day with first-hand knowledge and a new-born experience, to say, "We have found the Christ." Andrew told his brother Simon that he too must meet Him and took him to Him. And Jesus said "vascilating, changeable fellow, man of moods, hot today, cold tomorrow, unstable as water, impulsive and unreliable, thou shalt become rock-like in character and adamantine in purpose." Found! Found! at last—the one who understood, who saw his need, who did more—who met it. And this was ever true of Jesus, who knew what was in man, who never dealt with two men in the same way but always along the line of need and to meet that need. Let us go right on through the book and we find it ever true.

The next man introduced to Jesus is altogether a different type, retiring, contemplative, devout, the man who found treasure in an unexpected place. "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" "Come and see Nathanial, have first-hand knowledge; don't rest on hearsay evidence, know for yourself." Jesus welcomed him with the reading of his heart and life "Behold a true servant of God, one of pure life and without subtility and deceit, an Israelite, indeed." With eyes

big with wonder Nathanial looked deep into the all seeing eyes of Jesus and said, "I have never met you until now, how do you come to know all this of me?" Jesus answered, "When you were away home yonder in the secret place of prayer, when you were weeping with a great longing for a spiritual vision of God, I saw you." Knowing as He did that not a person was aware of those deepest desires of his soul, he instantly realized that the invitation of Philip had been preceded by the summons of Jesus, and as this new near vision of God filled and thrilled his soul, he gave forth the irrepressible cry. "Thou art the Son of God." And Jesus said, "Truly, truly, you have entered the vestibule of a great experience; you have seen heaven open and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man."

The next scene is at the marriage feast, and wine the need. Jesus, who can change the water into wine through the vine, can dispense with the use of the vine altogether. He met the need of the feast.

The next scene is in the temple, and cleansing is the need. He met it; He made a scourge and drove out the hypocrites who commercialized religion, the thieves and grafters, the usurers and short change speculators.

The man who eternally thinks of "Jesus meek and mild" and takes no stand against graft and corruption because he thinks it might hurt him a dollar or two in business, needs to look long at Jesus with the scourge and remember that He lived a life of rock and iron as well as flower and vine.

The next scene is in the life of a man of leadership, a man of high standing in the church, a member of the highest Jewish court, a man of great discernment who saw clearly that there must be something beyond forms and ceremonies, and even beyond a code of ethics or a set of laws, and who believed that Jesus knew what that something was and because he did, went by night in his night of soul to sit at his feet. He felt that religion had to do with life. Jesus showed him quickly that he was wrong. Religion is not something **that has to do with life, it is life itself**—life through birth, the spirit of God touching the soul of man, the new fruit, the fruit of the Spirit, new thoughts, new affections, new aspirations, new purposes, new achievements.

Christians are born and not made.

The next need met is in the life of a very wicked woman, and a brief conversation turns her from a life of sin into missionary

service. You recall the natural way in which the conversation commenced. Jesus asked her for a drink, and seeing that He was a Jew she said, "Why do you ask me, the Jews have nothing to do with the Samaritans." We are told that they were natural enemies because they were neighbors.

The United States and Mexico, or Mrs. Smith and ourselves, we liked her well enough when she lived in another part of town but now that she lives next door, her cow gets out and tracks up the lawn the first night after the rain; her chickens are just ruining the garden and her dog no sooner gets a bone than he makes a bee line to bury it in the flower garden and scratches out the petunias.

Jesus said, "Had you known me, you would have said, "Give me to drink' and I would have given you living water." Astonished beyond measure the woman said, "The well is deep, you have nothing to draw with." She had struck the marvel in the life of Jesus. "Nothing to draw with," neither family nor reputation, nor schooling, nor money, and yet He has drawn men as never any other, and without the use of the "with" things, through the sheer force of what He has.

Jesus told her that whoever drank of the water that He gave should never thirst, and instantly she said what any woman among you would have said, "Give me this water." Remember he is dealing with a very sinful woman. He said, "Go and call your husband" and perhaps her reply, prompted by the life she had lived so long, was in the spirit of coquetry, for she said, "I have no husband." Jesus said, "Yes, I know the man you are living with is not your husband, but you have had five." Perceiving Him to be a prophet she began to talk religion. You ministers understand how that was, and she talked about it too as though it were wholly divorced from morals, "Where should I worship, in the Presbyterian, the Methodist or the Baptist church?" He told her plainly, "You cannot worship God in the Presbyterian church, or the Methodist church, or in the Baptist church; neither in the mountain, nor in Jerusalem. True worshippers worship the Father in spirit and in truth. God is a spirit, and they that worship Him **must** worship Him in **spirit** and in **truth.**" What a change on the face of the woman. "I know that the Christ is coming and He will tell us all." "I that speak—HE." Was speechless astonishment ever so portrayed in a human face before? She was away off to the city, a missionary of the Christ.

The scene changes. A nobleman whose son is at the point of death stands before the Christ, "Come down and heal my son." "Go, thy son liveth." The next day, met by his servant, "Thy son

liveth, yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him." The father knew that hour, it was the one in which Jesus had spoken.

The scene shifts to Jerusalem, to the pool by the sheep market. There lies an impotent man who has been diseased for nearly forty years. Jesus speaks, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk." Made whole immediately, the man took up his bed and walked. Jesus said, "A further word, thou art made whole, sin no more lest a worse thing come unto thee." And the man's mind ran back 38 years to the act of sin that gave him the disease, and methinks he said, "He knows it all, my sin, 38 years in hell, a worse if I sin again? I'll sin no more—I'll sin no more. This must be the looked for one. This must be the Christ. He has made me whole. He has made me whole."

Are the 5,000 hungry? 'Tis Jesus who meets the need. He breaks the bread of physical and spiritual life.

Are the disciples at sea and the sea in storm? 'Tis their Jesus who speaks the word—the waves go back liked whipped curs to their kennels.

The scene is in the temple; it is morning; a mob drags in a woman taken in an awful act of sin; she is hurled into the midst. Master, this woman was taken in a grievous act of sin—the very act. Moses says stone her, what say you? With divine consideration, not even presuming to look into the sin-marked face of the embarassed girl, Jesus stooped down and with His finger wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not. Again and again they asked, and looking up He said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Again he stooped down and wrote on the ground, and the legend has it that He wrote there the sins of the men in the mob. Whether he did that or not, He made them flame up in the fire of conscience; the oldest man dropped his head and slipped quietly away; the next stood a moment looking at the stooping Christ—the curl left his lip, the taunting spirit his heart, his face grew white, he too dropped his head and went out, and so they continued going one by one until all had gone. Not until then, when the curious, the accusing had departed, when they were quite alone, did Jesus deal with this sin-stained woman. "Hath no man condemned thee?" She said, "No man, Lord." And Jesus thinking most of all, not of her past, nor even of present, **but of her future**, of what she could be even yet, of His ability to cleanse a sin-stained soul, said "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." Would that all Christians everywhere might deal with men in the

light of their possibilities through Jesus Christ, rather than on their knowledge of what they are or have been.

The scene shifts to Bethany; Martha with her partial faith, her faith that Jesus had power to heal the sick but not to raise the dead, upbraids Jesus for not coming ere her brother died. Jesus bids them to take away the stone and the dead shall live, and He is saying the same thing still—roll away the stone of indifference, of unconcern, of uncharitableness, of unbelief and your dead shall live. You do what you can and I will do all the rest.

The scene shifts to the disciples in their strife, as to who shall be greatest, wherein Jesus laid aside his garments and took a towel and girded Himself and poured water into a basin and washed the disciples' feet. Who is the greatest among you all? Not the one who has climbed up over the most folks to the highest point of prominence, but the one who, forgetful of himself in the remembrance of Jesus, has shown a glad willingness for lowly service in lifting a lost world to God.

You say a man is worth millions? To whom is he worth millions? To himself. Oh! is that all? To humanity? Then he is rich indeed. He has been a servant of the son of God and the sons of men.

The next scene is the one wherein Jesus says, "Let not your heart be troubled." Troubled about what? You will pardon me when I say I find myself asking, how many, even in this Bible conference, know what He is talking about? The chapter division, the fourteenth of John, is perhaps the most unfortunate in all the book, for you must go back into the preceding chapter to learn what He was talking about. He had just told them that He was about to leave them and to go where they could not come. It was not strange that Peter should cry out; all across those preceding months as he had walked and talked with Jesus, thinking other things, saying other things, doing other things than ever he had done before, life had been all changed. "If you go away whatever will become of me; there will be nothing left for me to live for; the old life would be empty now; it would be worse, it would be unbearable; you must stay with me or let me go with you." Then too, think of the beloved disciple John, "Do not leave me, do not leave me; you have been water against my thirst, bread against my hunger; you have become life itself to me; do not leave me alone." How did Jesus meet the plea of His broken-hearted disciples? He said, "Let not your heart be troubled; it is best, it is best for you that this physical presence should be withdrawn; in the body I have been with

you here and there; now and again, in the spirit I can be with each of you, all of you everywhere, all the time; I'll leave you never ever alone but be your strong friend and mighty helper forever, all that I have ever been and more." Nor does Jesus ignore the one who has loved and lost for awhile; "I go to prepare a place for you." The only thing that makes home home, is the presence of the loved ones. The only thing that can make heaven home is the presence there of those we love, so, as they slip away one by one, let us comfort our hearts with the sure knowledge that He is preparing a home in the only way He can, in the only way we would have Him do it—by taking our loved ones to it. Soon the bell will ring to evensong and we too will go.

The next scene is the judgment hall of Pilate. Did He ignore Pilate and leave him without a revelation of Himself? Pilate said, "Art thou a king?" and Jesus made answer, "Thou sayest that I am a KING. To this end was I born and for this cause came I unto the world that I should bear witness unto the truth. Everyone that is of the truth heareth my voice." Pilate said unto Him, "What is truth?" and went out and said to the Jews, "I find in Him no fault at all," and when they had scourged Him, he went forth again to say, "I find no fault in Him," and when He came forth wearing the crown of thorns, he said, "Behold the Man," and when they cried, "Crucify, crucify," Pilate said, "Take ye Him and crucify, for I find no fault in Him," and when he heard them say, "He claims to be more than a king—He made Himself the Son of God," he was the more afraid and went again into the judgment hall and talked with Jesus and what he learned caused him thenceforth to seek to release Him. But the Jews cried, "This man sets himself up as king over against Caesar; you will put Him to death or go down and out of office, Mr. Governor, Mr. Politician. And Pilate took a basin of water and sought to wash his hands of the whole affair, but Dante portrays Pilate in the Inferno searching, searching everywhither for water in which to wash from his hands the blood of Christ. It will not off. Pilate, the politician, knew what he should do with Jesus just as the ring politician today knows, but he did not do it.

The next scene is that of Mary weeping at the open sepulcher; the Christ spoke one word, and methinks He spoke it as never another had. "Mary," and her tears of sorrow became tears of joy.

The next is where the disciples through fear, were assembled in a secret room. Jesus appeared in the midst and the shadows fled away.

The next scene is in the life of doubting, hardheaded Thomas,

who felt that the disciples had been deceived by a hallucinated woman into believing that they too had seen the Christ. The vision of a kingdom was splendid, but the king is dead; I saw Him hanging by the nails; I saw them thrust the spear into His side; I saw Him die and the kingdom has shrunken to the narrow dimensions of a shroud; you men are in such a wrought-up condition you are willing to believe anything; unless I put up my finger in the holes made by the spikes in His hands, I will not believe. Did Jesus ignore the doubter? He again appeared in the midst to speak, first of all to Thomas. Thomas put your finger in this hole in my hand; thrust your hand into this hole in my side. Did Thomas do it? He did no such thing; he fell at the feet of Jesus to cry. "My Lord and my God," and went forth no longer doubting but believing, to suffer martyrdom in loyalty to the resurrected Christ.

And the last scene, and in some respects the most illuminating in all the book, is enacted on the shore of the sea of Galilee. Peter, who had affirmed that he would die for Jesus and then in fear and cowardice had denied and forsaken Him, had gone back to his nets and had fished all night in toil that was fruitless, when at the dawning of a new day a voice from the shore said, "Have ye taken anything?" and at the reply, "Nothing" said, "Cast the net on the right side and ye shall." Is Peter to obey that voice; is he to allow another to command his boat; is he to give over his skippership—he the experienced fisherman who knows when to fish and where? My skippership has been a failure; the night has been dark; the toil has been hard and I have nothing to show for it. Obey the voice. Obeying the voice, the net was at the breaking with the multitude of fishes. John, ever quick in spiritual perception, said, "It is Jesus, it is Jesus on the shore." Peter slow to see a thing but impetuous in action, naked though he was, threw a slicker around him and went splashing through the shallow water to the shore. As he drew near he saw there a fire of coals and recoiled within himself, "My God, I had forgotten—a fire of coals. By the fire of coals I thrice cursed the name of Jesus and swore that I did not know Him. I was near to Him once, but I have spoiled everything. He can only despise me now." "Peter, lovest thou me more than these?" "I haven't acted as though I did; I have been disloyal and cowardly and false, but I do love you in spite of it all." And then a second time, "Do you love me?" "It doesn't look as though I did; it doesn't look as if I could have done as I have if I did, but you know that I DO love you." and then a third time, "Peter, lovest thou me?" and grieved to the depths he cried, remembering their first meeting long before when Jesus told what he was, and what he

was to be, "Lord, you know me altogether; you know my weaknesses and failings; you know my pride and my cowardice, my impulsiveness and waywardness; you told me these things were true of me before I knew it myself, and because you know me perfectly, you know that with all my failings and unreliability, I do love You."

And so we all do see that the book has one story, and it is this—the Christ meeting all human need. He is the need of every soul; He understands us all; He deals with no two alike; He is witnessed in your own peculiar need—be you a wilderness preacher, a fisherman, a churchman, a ruler, a woman of sin, a nobleman, a man diseased and impotent, one living alone, one bereft of loved ones, a broken-hearted Mary, a doubting Thomas, or an unfaithful Peter. And remember this, for it is at the heart of all; that the Bible, the example of a good life, the church, the preacher cannot help you much unless they help you to find Him and you find Him when in your consciousness you recognize Him as present. He is here; He has been talking to you this hour; you have thrilled in response to the spiritual truth which He has applied to your soul. Then respond to it; talk to Him. Do it now.

The Kingdom View of the Gospel

By REV. ROBERT M. RUSSELL, D. D.

"Thy Kingdom Come, Thy Will Be Done, As in Heaven, So on Earth." Matthew 6:10.

"And This Gospel of the Kingdom Shall Be Preached in the Whole World for a Testimony Unto All the Nations; and Then Shall the End Come." Matthew 24:14.

The Kingdom conception of gospel triumph is the predominating theme of Gospel Revelation. The term Kingdom of Heaven in its widest meaning must include the whole universe in which God bears rule. The question, "Canst thou bind the cluster of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" reveals that the realm of divine government embraces the most distant constellations of space. The term Kingdom of Heaven in the Gospel sense has, however, a narrower meaning and refers to a redeemed humanity and a restored world life, or what is termed in theology, "The Mediatorial Kingdom of Christ" in His redemptive work.

Toward the Kingdom the promises and prophecies of the Old Testament Scriptures are ever directed. The first great promise to Abraham was the charter of the Mediatorial Kingdom. The promise "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed" has the sweep of universal world dominion. The Old Testament prophets standing upon their mountain peaks of faith and waiting for the light of a better day told of the coming Kingdom of righteousness and peace, plenty and gladness, in which the resources of the nations would no longer be laid upon the altars of war, or the bounties of God through nature, be kept from His children through the cruel competitions of unsanctified methods of manufacture, trade and commerce. The Old Testament prophets foresaw both a Kingdom and a King; a Kingdom of righteousness ruled by one who should be called "The Lord our righteousness," and a Kingdom of Peace, beneath the scepter of one whose crowning title should be "The Prince of Peace."

In New Testament revelation the Kingdom note of the Gospel

is ever dominant, John the Baptizer announced a King and a Kingdom. Jesus was born as a King, having in the heavenly light and angel song of Bethlehem kingly honors. In His opening sermons He announced a Kingdom, and in His entire ministry, performed Kingly deeds. The common people deemed Him worthy of being a King. Herod should have investigated His character and work and offered Him the place of power. Of all that ever trod the earth He alone was worthy to hold a world scepter. He should have been invited to Rome.

Even when rejected by men in His public ministry and thorn-crowned for His crucifixion Jesus still asserted His kingship and promised the Kingdom. It is true He told of a **postponed** Kingdom, in the parable of the nobleman who "went into a far country to receive for Himself a kingdom and to return," but He placed an overwhelming emphasis upon the certainty of His return and the universal sweep of His dominion.

The Gospel message of the Apostles involved clear vision of the Kingdom. The closing verses of the Acts reveal Paul's conception of Gospel triumph: "He abode two whole years in his own hired dwelling, and received all that went in unto him, PREACHING THE KINGDOM OF GOD, and TEACHING THE THINGS CONCERNING THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.'"

In a certain measure all professing Christians are believers in the Kingdom or the coming of the Golden Age of Prophecy. Indeed we cannot reject prophecy and still be Christian in our thought. Down deep in our hearts we know that Jesus never gave us the prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," without intending to answer it, and that God will not disgrace the throne of His holiness by breaking the oath that unto Him "Every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear," and that the earth shall be "filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." All Christians claim to believe this and cannot do otherwise without rejecting God's revelation.

Pressed for clear expression as to their interest in the coming Kingdom a great majority of Christians would have to admit that they do not expect the Kingdom in their day and indeed do not want it. We United Presbyterians pray, "Thy Kingdom come" and have really gained some reputation among denominations for aggressive work in missions, but as a Church we have not cared "ten cents a week," whether the Kingdom comes or not. We know the coming of the Kingdom is dependent upon the spread of the Gospel and must be a generation issue, but we have been slow to reach the

point where the average United Presbyterian will give ten cents a week for the spread of the Gospel outside his congregation. Other denominations are alike culpable. In a certain Synod of a great denomination, the official assessment of the Synod upon its members for Foreign Mission work has been one-half cent per week, and the same amount for Home Mission work. What must the angels think of redeemed men, professedly waiting for the Kingdom of God, who on each memorial day of their Lord's Resurrection put into his hand a poor brown cent and say, "Take this and secure the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." Plainly we do not want the Kingdom in our day. We are not panting for the victory of the Gospel. We are willing to leave both the struggle and the glory of real Kingdom effort to our children or perchance to their grand-children. The church today is not a real army of God.

Views as to how the Kingdom of God is to come are generally quite hazy. Our theological seminaries have not been clear in their teachings on this subject, and the young preacher busy with new tasks has not had time to gain by private study what should have come to him in the course of seminary work. Indeed in more senses than one "eschatology is the **last thing** taught in a theological seminary." Many ministers confess that the subject of "Last Things" receive scant attention in thir seminary course and that it seemed easier for their teachers to turn back in a review of "original sin" and "total depravity" than to go forward into things "concerning the Kingdom." It is likewise true that professors in our theological schools hold diverging views as to God's method of bringing in the Kingdom, and that with a fine deference to each other they fail to press their personal convictions, so that the student leaves the theological seminary without either knowing what he himself believes or what his teachers believe upon this important subject. The result is like teaching a workman all about clock making except the important feature of putting on the hands. A deference to Jesus Christ is more needed in our modern life than a deference to faculty associates.

A traditional view as to the Kingdom in so far as modern Christians have views, is that the Church is the Kingdom, that the Church will sometime take time to pray and thus get increased spiritual voltage and be able to cope with her work of bringing the Gospel in saving power to all men. With this view it is supposed that sometime there will be aggressive successful evangelization in all lands, that some morning an associated Press telegram will be published stating that the last bad man in the most remote island

has given himself to Christ and has gone home to "say grace" at table and "set up the family altar." With this view of Gospel triumph must also come one of Church unity and the exercise of cleansing political power. Nobody has worked out the details but in a general way it is supposed that the various denominations will with increased light come together into some form of organic unity under the leadership of the Pope of Rome, the Archbishop of Canterbury, or some prominent moderator from the Presbyterian church.

A more worthy view held largely by the princes of exegetes and leaders of spiritual thought is that there can be no Kingdom without the presence of the King, and that the return of Jesus Christ to this world is the "Blessed Hope" of the Church. With this view certain points are pertinent:

(a) The Church is not the Kingdom, but the Herald of the Kingdom. In it there is the continuation of God's elective method, begun with Abraham, continued in Israel, and extended to the Gentile world. In Abraham God chose a worthy man to be His pupil in the solitudes of the Syrian uplands, to learn the lessons of monotheism and faith, and thus be a channel of blessing to the whole world. God chose Israel for the sake of blessing the nations and reaching world-wide Kingdom blessings. When Israel failed he did not change his method, but proceeded to choose a spiritual Israel as His Church so that Kingdom blessings might yet reach all humanity. This view of God's electing grace is consistent with the sovereignty of love. If 10,000 men are starving in some distant city it would be no violation of the principles of benevolence to elect one hundred from their number that these might come forth and afterwards return as messengers of bounty to their distressed comrades. God's electing grace in choosing the few that He might show forth His glory to the many "in the ages to come" awakens no protest in the thinking mind. The Church is the herald of a glorious kingdom, but is not the kingdom.

(b) The Church is not charged with responsibility for converting the world, but must evangelize the world. This is no mere superficial task to be accomplished by printing texts upon rocks and billboards, or sweeping hastily through the world with a cabinet organ, hymn books, and speaker on the back of a gospel wagon. Evangelization means that Christ says in His commission, "Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you always even unto the consummation of the

age." This means going to all the earth, presenting the claims of a personal Christ to every man, baptizing believers into the name of the triune God, and teaching these to observe His commandments so that the Church may indeed be the body or manifestation of Christ to the world.

(c) That evangelization of the world will not mean the conversion of the world is plainly set forth in the scriptures. The type of gospel effort in Noah's day and the result in Noah's day will be paralleled in the Church. Noah evangelized his age, but did not convert it. He was a preacher of righteousness for 120 years while the ark was a-building and so confronted every man of his generation with the message of judgment and with opportunity for mercy. This result will be paralleled. Jesus said, "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the days of the Son of man." Men did not all believe then and they will not all believe in the Gospel Age. God could not in fairness send judgment of flood upon the generation of Noah until every man had been warned. Jesus Christ cannot in justice return to judge the world until every living man has been warned. In the dark days of the flood the last man who climbed a hill and was swept from the swaying branches of the tallest tree into the dark tide, knew he was perishing justly and that he had been warned. Every man who will flee in terror at the light of our Lord's return will know also that he had been confronted with a Gospel of peace. The Church is responsible for evangelizing the world, but not for converting it.

Which of these views of the Kingdom is correct is of vital importance in getting our bearings for aggressive missionary work. It may steady many minds and sweep away prejudice to know that the advocates of the pre-Kingdom coming of Jesus Christ include the leading scholars, exegetes and evangelists of the Church. The following partial list is of wide significance:

FOREIGN

Prof. Koch, Germany
Prof. Godet, Switzerland
Prof. Volck, Dorpat, Russia
Prof. Stroter, Germany and U. S.
Canon Faucett, England
Bishop Ryle, England
Dr. Elliott, England
Bishop Elliott, England
Dr. A. A. Bonnar, Scotland
Dr. Horatio Bonnar, Scotland

Prof. J. J. Van Osterzee, Holland
Prof. Henrich, Germany
Dr. Horton, England
Prof. F. Delitz, Germany
Dean Alford, England
Bishop Moule, England
Sir Robert Anderson, England
Dr. Chas. H. Spurgeon, England
Dr. Wace, England
Dr. Saphor, England
Dr. Gildersleeve, England
Dr. Bullinger, England
Dr. Edersheim, Germany
Dr. G. H. Pember, England
Dr. Campbell Morgan, England
Dr. Webb-Pebloe, England

UNITED STATES

Dr. John Lillie
Dr. S. H. Kellogg, Western Theo. Sem.
Dr. Jos. T. Cooper, Alleg. Theo. Sem.
Dr. W. H. Morehead, Xenia Theo. Sem.
Dr. J. M. Gray, Moody Institute, Chicago
Dr. J. M. Stifler, Crozier Theo. Sem.
Dr. Weston, Crozier Theo. Sem.
Dr. W. W. White, New York B. T. C.
Dr. Robt. E. Spear, Secy Presb. B. F. M.
Dr. A. T. Pierson, Missionary Review
Dr. R. G. Pearson, Columbia Theo. Sem.
Dr. W. J. Erdman, Germantown
Dr. Charles Erdman, Princetown Theo.
Dr. Gaebeline, New York City
Dr. Elsmore Harris, Canada
Prof. W. H. Marquis, New York B. T. C.
Dr. I. M. Haldeman, New York
Dr. Chas. R. Watson, Secy. U. P. B. F. M.
Dr. J. K. McClurkin, Pittsburg
Dr. W. R. Wilson, Alleg. Theo. Sem.
Dr. Jos. Kyle, Xenia Theo. Sem.
Dr. A. W. Pitzer, Salem, Va.
Dr. W. R. Dobyns, St. Joseph, Mo.
Dr. Scofield, Bible Teacher
Dr. J. H. Brooks, Minister
Dr. Ford Ottman, Evangelist

Dwight L. Moody, Evangelist
Dr. R. A. Torry, Evangelist
Dr. L. W. Munhall, Evangelist
Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Evangelist
Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost, Evangelist
Dr. W. A. Sunday, Evangelist
Dr. John McNeil, Evangelist
Dr. W. E. Blackstone, Evangelist
Dr. S. D. Gordon, Author Quiet Talks

It is the remarkable fact that not one genuine believer in our Lord's second coming as a condition of securing "The Kingdom" has gone over to the side of destructive criticism or embraced what is termed "The New Theology."

1. To determine what view of the Kingdom is true we should certainly turn with eagerness to the testimony of Jesus. As has been noted He was foretold in prophecy as a King, born as a King, served the world with kingly ministry, died as a King. He arose from the grave with kingly power over death, and has been crowned in heaven as the King of Glory.

Much of our Lord's public instruction concerned the Kingdom, and especially in the 13th Chapter of Matthew do we find pictures of the Gospel era in progress toward the Kingdom. We have here seven parables carrying in their number the suggestion of completeness and in their scope covering the whole Gospel age.

The first parable, that of the sower and the seed, certainly does not tell of a whole world turned into a fruitful harvest field, but of a harvest gathered out of the world. The whole field is sowed, but there is the hard trodden path, the stony ground and the thorn-producing soil; the picture is plainly that of an evangelized rather than a converted world.

The second parable, that of the wheat and the tares, affords an explanation of the mingling of good and evil in a world sown with gospel truth. Our Lord Himself explained the parable, saying, "The Field is the world; and the good seed, these are the sons of the Kingdom; and the tares are the sons of the evil one; and the enemy that sowed them is the devil; and the harvest is the consummation of the age; and the reapers are angels." The declaration "Let both grow together until the harvest" makes plain that there can be no Kingdom joy between the sowing and the reaping. The Master plainly said, "The Son of man shall send forth his angels and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that cause stumbling

(evil institutions), and them that do iniquity, (persistent sinners), and shall cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be the weeping and the gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the Kingdom of their Father." Beyond all controversy these words make it plain that the Golden Age of Prophecy, or the Kingdom Era must follow the judgment work of Christ and His angels.

The third parable, that of the grain of mustard seed, illustrates the growth of Kingdom institutions and the compromising attitude of evil. The small seed in the hand of the gardener becomes when planted a great tree. This illustrates the mighty growth of Christian civilization. The birds that would gladly have devoured the seed at time of planting come afterwards to make nests in the branches of the tree. This illustrates the compromising attitude of evil institutions. Some of the most destructive traffics of the world, such as the opium and liquor traffics have been fostered by Christian governments. It is said that large blocks of the Gunness Brewing Company of England are held by the clergy, while it must be admitted that in our own land the stocks of distilleries and breweries are among the security held by banks and trust companies, the directories of which seem predominantly Christian. There are votes enough in the Church to cleanse our politics and to wipe out every destructive traffic that is blighting humanity, but these dark birds of evil find shelter in that stability of government created by Christian power.

The fourth parable, that of the leaven, is closely linked with the third in that it discloses the presence and growth of evil influences within the Church during the Gospel Age. A common interpretation considers the leaven in its working as illustrating the permeating influence of Christianity in human society, and finds in the parable a promise concerning the universal sway of goodness in the Gospel Age. This is open to objection, not only because leaven is always the type of evil in the Holy Scriptures, but because such interpretation as to the triumph of goodness in the present age, contradicts the teaching of all previous parables.

A more consistent interpretation finds in the leaven a symbol of the world influences that mar the life of the Church in the Gospel Age. It is perhaps significant that our Lord should have said, "In three measures of meal," inasmuch as there are three great divisions in the Christian Church, the Greek, the Roman, and the Protestant, and all of these confessedly tainted with the various kinds of leaven mentioned in the teachings of our Lord:

The Master spoke of the "leaven of the Pharisee" which was evidently formalism and hypocrisy. It can hardly be denied that in the growth of ritualism and liturgical forms all three divisions of the Church have been guilty of substituting form for fervor, and creed for Christ, and the complimentary recognition of God on the Sabbath as a substitute for a life of Holiness during the week.

There was also the "leaven of the Sadducees" which is materialism. In our Lord's day the Sadducees denied immorality, and believed not "in angel or spirit." They retained, however, their connection with Jewish worship and strove for Sanhedrin membership and even the office of the High Priest so as to share in the graft system that fattened on the temple service. In our own day men remain in the Church and even fill the ministerial office while denying all the great fundamental doctrines of the Gospel, such as, "The Inspiration of the Scriptures," "The virgin birth of Christ," "The bodily resurrection of our Lord," "The need of regeneration," "The personality of satan," "The reality of hell," and other plain teachings of the Bible. A glance at current literature reveals the presence of the leaven of the Sadducees in the church. Some Presbyteries have not hesitated to ordain young men to the ministry who were confessedly influenced by this leaven.

The leaven of Herod, which may be defined as worldliness or compromise with the world life also pervades the Church of today. Christians with jeweled hands put meager missionary offerings into the hand of Christ. Men holding official position in the Church spend more in "burning incense to a defined appetite," than for world evangelization. Professing Christians manifest more enthusiasm over their business and social programs than over Christ's program of world evangelization. The modern Church is deep tainted with the "leaven of Herod."

The fifth and sixth parables, those of the Hidden Treasure and The Pearl of Great Price, have by most commentators been interpreted as illustrating the value of the Kingdom to man, when in reality they illustrate the value of certain agencies of the Kingdom to God.

The hidden treasure and the pearl of great price cannot symbolize Christian peace for the individual for three sufficient reasons:

(a) Such interpretation narrows the meaning of the word Kingdom to "individual salvation," while the wide meaning of "World Empire" prevails in all the other parables.

(b) All that belongs to our individual salvation is the free gift of God and can in no sense be the object of purchase or barter.

(c) Moreover, to claim that these parables refer to the blessing of salvation for man is to declare that Jesus used two illustrations of identical character to illustrate the same thing, a feature not elsewhere found in His teachings.

What then is the meaning of these two parables? Plainly, this. In progress toward the Kingdom, there are two great agencies which are in a peculiar sense dear to God. The first is Israel; the second is the Church. Israel is the hidden treasure in the field of the world. The Church is the pearl of great price gathered from the sea of the nations. For these God has given His all—His Son, His Word, His Spirit. The more you think about this interpretation you will realize that it recognizes the agencies of God in world redemption and the three divisions of humanity as given by Paul when he said, "Give no occasion of stumbling, either to Jews, or to Greeks, or to the church of God." (1 Cor. 10:32.)

We would certainly expect in the seven parables of our Lord some reference to Israel as an agency of the Kingdom. As members of the Great American Republic we need feel no sense of jealousy toward Israel in view of that great prophetic day when Israel shall be at the head of the world nations and Jerusalem the capital of a federated world. Before that time comes the Church, the pearl of great price, will have been taken from the sea of the nations to adorn the crown of her risen Lord. We who now believe in Christ will be "reigning with Christ" during the Kingdom period, clothed with immortality and enjoying the glory of our resurrection bodies.

The seventh parable, that of the dragnet, has no reference to the work of Christians as fishers of men, but to God's great dragnet of the Judgment Day. Here the net of God's judgment will extend to every ocean and sea of humanity and up every river and stream of population, and around every island settlement so that no one shall escape the meshes of God's net. Men may now excuse themselves from the gospel invitation, but no one will be able to avoid the compulsion of the divine judgment.

The Kingdom truth concerning judgment taught by the seventh parable, is plainly stated in the 25th chapter of Matthew's Gospel. When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, "Before Him shall be gathered all the nations; and He shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats; and He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." This Kingdom "prepared from the

foundation of the world" is not heaven, but the Kingdom of God on earth, the Kingdom for which we pray when we say, "Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done as in heaven so on earth." Thus the teachings of Jesus tell of triumph and the Kingdom, but of triumph and Kingdom through His own return and judgment.

The testimony of the apostles may be termed the testimony of the Holy Spirit for after Pentecost the Holy Spirit was the Inspirer of all their teachings.

It should be noted in passing that certain revelation concerning the second coming of Christ came to believers between the time of His ascension and the coming of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. It is recorded in the first chapter of the Acts that as the disciples stood gazing into heaven toward the receding form of the Master, two men stood by them in white apparel who also said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking into heaven? this Jesus who was received up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye beheld Him going into heaven." It is probable that these heavenly messengers described as "two men in white apparel" were Moses and Elijah who at the transfiguration scene were the heavenly visitors, and who may appear again on earth as the "two witnesses" mentioned in Revelation 11:3.

In taking the testimony of the apostles note the words of Peter in Acts 3:19-21. Here Peter is addressing the multitude which gathered in Solomon's porch of the temple after the healing of the lame man. Peter confronted his hearers with their crime in that they had "killed the Prince of Life, whom God raised from the dead." He set forth the risen Saviour as the source of salvation and summed up his gospel in these words: "Repent ye therefore and turn again, that your sins may be blotted out, that so there may come seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; and that He may send the Christ who hath been appointd for you, even Jesus: whom the heaven must received until the times of restoration of all things, whereof God spake by the mouth of His Holy Prophets that have been from old."

Peter's message concerned the need of individual repentance, and in this most modern preachers announce his gospel. Peter told also of "seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," which evidently described the Pentecostal showers of blessing that should come to the Church in all ages in answer to prayer. This part of Peter's gospel is not widely recognized in the Church. Too many ministers are doing "dry farming" in fields that have not known the meaning of refreshing showers for a score of years.

Peter's outlook for the return of Christ in the "times of restoration of all things" is a neglected phase of the Gospel in many quarters. Repentance, salvation and heaven, constitute the gospel outline in many a ministry, while Peter included the Kingdom Age. That "the times of restoration of all things" refers to the Kingdom era on earth is made plain by Peter's declaration that it was of this "God spake by the mouth of His Holy Prophets that have been from of old." Peter's gospel is sufficient for modern times.

The teachings of Paul parallel those of Peter, and are clearly set forth in his sermon of matchless logic and diction to the cultured assembly of Athens. Setting forth the claims of the Gospel he said, "The times of ignorance therefore God overlooked; but now He commandeth men that they should all everywhere repent; inasmuch as He hath appointed the day in which He will judge the inhabited earth in righteousness by the man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead." Paul's teaching are thus identical with those of Peter, while as to the order of events in the coming Kingdom he leaves no room for doubt in his words to Timothy: "I charge thee in the sight of God, and of Christ Jesus who shall judge the living and the dead and by His appearing and His Kingdom." It is safe to accept the teachings of Paul as to the order of events in eschatology. In the controversy as to whether the Church of Christ shall herself through the power of her absent Lord bring in and rule the Kingdom, or whether all must wait for the coming and judgment of the King, "I am of Paul."

III. From the testimony of both Old and New Testament Scriptures, we are furnished the basis for certain important conclusions:

1. The first and second comings of Christ constitute the foci of the mediatorial Kingdom. There is but one Sun in our Solar system, yet the orbit of the earth is such as to produce what may be called a double center. Christ the Son of Righteousness is the center of mediatorial Kingdom, yet His manifestation and dominion are such as to make His coming the object of anticipation in both the Old Testament and the New Testament dispensation. If the reader will draw an ellipse to represent the foci of the sun's winter and summer position, he will have a parable of the mediatorial Kingdom and the stretch of gospel time. The first section of time may be considered as reaching from creation to the coming and cross of Christ. Here the Messiah stands forth fully as prophet with priestly and kingly anticipations. The symbol of worship in this era is an altar pointing backward to the sin of man and forward to

the sacrifice of God in Christ. The second era of time marked by the line between the foci represents the Church era in which we live. Here Christ is prophet and priest with kingly anticipations in the moral order of the world. The central feature of symbolism in Christian worship is the communion table, pointing backward to the death of our Lord and forward to His coming. The third era of time designated by that portion of the line reaching from the second focus to the border line represents the Kingdom era that is to follow the second coming of our Lord, an era or age in which Jesus Christ shall be the manifested Prophet, Priest and King of the mediatorial Kingdom.

2. The harmony of truth concerning the coming of our Lord, His acts of judgment and reign of glory may be stated as follows:

When Christ comes it will be the Day of Judgment, like the Day of Grace, will be an era of time. The Day of Grace has extended for almost 1900 years. The Day of Judgment will be long enough to include the Millennial Age or what may be termed "The Golden Age of Prophecy." The Millennium will, therefore, be a part of the Day of Judgment. In the darkness before the dawn of that day Christ will come for His saints. At the dawn He will come with His saints. During the day hours there will be judgment in the sense of righteousness, equity and peace for the world and the Golden Age of Prophecy will be realized.

3. It is evident from the Word that there are four stages in Christ's work of judgment:

(a) Sin and Satan were judged in the Cross of Christ.

(b) Believers will be judged at the judgment seat of Christ in heaven when Christ comes for His saints. This judgment will not be for their sins, but for their fitness for place of responsibility in the Kingdom. Sins that have been forgiven on earth will never be recalled in heaven. Since God has cast the sins of the believer "behind His back" He will never see them, and should we in days to come look toward our sins we shall see but the face of our God reconciled. The judgment seat of Christ for the believers has to do with character and fitness for Kingdom service.

(c) The living nations will be judged by Christ and His saints at "His appearing and Kingdom." Paul says, "Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world." This world judgment will include the millennial reign of Christ during which, judgment in the sense of equity, righteousness and peace will prevail, and God's ideal of world life be realized.

(d) The eventide of the judgment day there will be the loosing of satan, the great apostasy, the resurrection of the wicked dead, the judgment of these and evil angels, and then the sweeping of the mediatorial Kingdom out into the unmeasured era of God's eternity. Christ the mediatorial Redeemer will then "Deliver up the Kingdom to God, even the Father, that God may be all and in all."

4. As there are distinct stages in the judgment program of Christ, so there are two stages in His second coming. In the first stage He comes **for His saints.** In the second stage He comes **with His saints.** This recognition of the distinct stages in our Lord's coming affords reconciliation for two apparently contradictory passages in the New Testament:

Jesus said to His disciples and to us, "Be ye ready, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh." His coming is thus declared to be imminent. Again He said, "This gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached into the whole world for a testimony unto all the nations; and then shall the end come." Here is the declaration that certain results in gospel progress must be secured before the ending of the present age in His "appearance and Kingdom." The only reconciliation of these two passages is by observing that the first "Be ye ready," has reference to His coming **for** His saints, while the second marks the time of His coming **with** His saints for world judgment. Because we do not know how much of the world evangelization will be left for accomplishment by "the foolish virgin" part of the Church shocked into earnestness by the "rapture" of the saints, the first stage of our Lord's coming is rendered imminent, so that no events can be predicated as absolutely essential to fulfill earthly conditions of that coming. We are thus called upon to live "soberly and righteously and godly in this present world; looking for the blessed hope and the appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ." We are as truly enjoined to live "looking" as to live "soberly," "righteously" and "godly."

5. This waiting for the coming of the Master and recognition that triumph will come only through "His appearing and Kingdom" will not make us careless as to matters of practical life or indifferent as to the various lines of effort for present world improvement. Only as we live practically can we have a financial basis for gospel effort. Just in proportion as we make our civilization reflect the truth and righteousness of the gospel, will that gospel make its appeal to alien races and be accepted as the good news of God. While we know therefore that national righteousness

will not be fully secured through the National Reform Associations, or world peace through the Hague Tribunal, we may yet be interested in both because recognizing that any movement toward righteousness and peace hastens the work of gospel progress, the success of which means the coming of the King.

6. The great central truth with which the Church has ever been confronted is that the evangelization of the world is a "generation job":

(a) We have no responsibility for the generations of men dead and gone. We can not reach those yet unborn. The gospel commission is to a generation of living believers.

(b) If the world is ever to be evangelized, it will be because the living believers of some one generation rise up with divine courage, strength, and sacrifice, and resolve to give the gospel to their own generation.

(c) It is evident that the apostolic church accepted this program of her Lord and came near its accomplishment. Only by return to apostolic faith and apostolic hope, and the use of apostolic methods and power shall we meet the demands of our age. It is well enough to talk of "the tithe as a minimum" in gospel beneficence, and to fix "quotas" as the measure of gospel effort, but the Church will never accomplish her mission until she accepts "The Pauline quota" of "the fellowship of His sufferings," with which the meager offerings and efforts of believers today have a poor comparison.

The emphasis of the neglected doctrine of our Lord's return is the only path of approach by the Church to an adequate enthusiasm in both home and foreign mission work. History reveals that every great revival has come to the Church through the emphasis of some neglected doctrine:

(a) The power of kingly despotism was broken in England and the Magna Charta wrested from King John when gospel teachers began to emphasize the sovereignty of God.

(b) The Protestant Reformation was ushered in when Luther emphasized the neglected doctrine of justification by faith.

(c) The great spiritual movements under the Wesleys and Whitfield began by emphasizing the neglected truth concerning the freedom of the human will, which had been over-shadowed by the placing of excessive emphasis upon divine sovereignty.

(d) Finney had his power as an evangelist in discerning what

had been the neglected doctrines in the various communities where he labored.

(e) Moody swept the world with evangelistic power by placing a new and deeper emphasis upon the Fatherhood and love of God.

(f) Evangelist Sunday has power in his ministry because preaching a full gospel and boldly emphasizing the neglected and unbelieved doctrines of the Bible concerning the reality of sin, the personality of satan, the certainty of hell, the unbreakable connection between persistent choice of sin and endless death, and the Kingdom glory of our Lord's return.

The modern Church will find an adequate fulcrum for the lever of missionary effort in the fact that our blessed and crowned Lord awaits but the completion of world evangelization to manifest Himself in glory to our waiting eyes. It has been objected that the view that the Church cannot convert the world will cut the sinews of missionary effort and produce the lassitude of pessimism in missionary work. A sufficient answer is that the traditional view that the Church must convert the world has not strung the sinews of Christian effort for worthy activity, and that the great lack of worthy beneficence in present missionary effort is caused by the latent and expressed fear that the Church in her struggle with evil is engaged in a hopeless task. It is from professing Christians that we hear the melancholy declarations "Evil is here to stay" or "it will take hundreds of years to secure the triumph of righteousness." Let believers grasp the glorious fact of the gospel that Christ but awaits "world evangelization" ere He comes to introduce the Kingdom, and that the world can be evangelized in our generation and our hearts gladdened by the return of Him "Whom not having seen, we love," then will missionary contributions be quadrupled, and volunteers hasten to herald a coming Lord to the ends of the earth.

The "Kingdom note" is that which is lacking in our present age. The Roman Church holding the "heresy of the ages" that the Church is the Kingdom would fain exercise kingly prerogatives, "gathering out" and "burning the tares." Roman persecutions have resulted from failing to perceive that the Church is but the herald of the King. The Protestant Church missing the gospel vision of the Kingdom of God on earth is preaching a gospel of personal salvation and of heavenly glory, but failing to inspire effort with God's truth concerning "The Glad Kingdom Day."

The message of the Church to the nations should be "Jesus is coming again." We have been proclaiming a creed rather than a Christ, a plan rather than a person, a system of ethics rather than

a Saviour of men. True mission work is not proclaiming that Christianity is better than Buddhism, Confucianism and Mohammedanism, but that a crucified, glorified and coming Christ is better than a dead Buddha, Confucius and Mohammed. Gospel preaching is not reporting the results of an autopsy over a dead Christ, of proclaiming a coroner's verdict as to the cause of His death, but it is proclaiming a living Lord and telling the nations that He is coming for world judgment and glorious Kingdom rule. Paul's gospel at Athens is the gospel needed for our age; "But now He commandeth men that they should all everywhere repent: inasmuch as He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by the man whom He hath ordained whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead." The Church which is the body of Christ will reach the measure of His purpose. World evangelization will meet conditions of judgment, and the Kingdom will be ushered in by the coming of the King.

In the devotional literature of the Church there is a sweet yet melancholy exhortation to haste in Christian work:

"Work for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies:
While their bright beams are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work for the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

But with Pauline outlook and apostolic hope I would rather sing:

Work for the day is coming,
Out from the throne divine,
When Christ the star of morning,
Upon His own shall shine.
Work for His beams of glory,
Shall end our sorrow's night,
And the sunshine of His presence,
Bring day of endless light.

Work for each gospel message,
In home or foreign land,
Prepares for our King a highway,
Fulfilleth His last command.

Work for the light eternal,
Soon will be bathing thy brow,
Then by the side of Jesus,
We shall know the meaning of now.

The Savior's Service for Sinning Saints

By REV. GEORGE E. GUILLE

"That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. And these things write we unto you that your joy may be full. * * * If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth; But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin. * * * If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. * * * My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous." I John 1:3-2:1.

The sins of the saints might seem to be a contradiction in terms, for "saints"—God's title for His redeemed people—means "holy ones." But while grace has made every believer in Christ a saint, every one has a conscious experience of sins, however little or much they may be deplored or wept over.

The object of these pages is to set forth the teaching of Scripture as to God's provision for the sins of His people. This teaching is always found in connection with their fellowship with God, and for the reason which shall appear as we proceed, that in their fellowship—not their relationship—that is broken by their sin.

"God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of His Son," it is written in I Cor. 1:9, and the words emphasize the importance and the blessing of that fellowship. Important, indeed, it is, for every blessing is involved in it: it is the one condition upon which we may enjoy the portion which is ours in Christ.

THE FULLNESS OF JOY

In the Scripture quoted above from I John, the apostle says, "And these things write we unto you that your joy may be full."

The words to which he refers are, "And truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ," showing that the fullness of joy depends upon fellowship. If the "joy of the Lord" is not filling your heart, my fellow-Christian, it is not because you are not His. It is because you have allowed to be broken that holy fellowship to which you have been called. If you were happy away from the presence of Christ, you would remain away. He desires to have you with Himself, and His righteousness cannot permit you to be happy in the place of distance from Him. "Restore unto me the JOY of Thy salvation," so prayed David in the hour of his penitential grief. He had not lost salvation: he had lost the joy of it, because his communion with God had been hindered by his sin.

When Naomi returned to Bethlehem from Moab, whither she had gone in disobedience to God, "the city was moved about her and said, Is this Naomi? And she said unto them, "Call me not Naomi, call me Mara: for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me." (Ruth 1:19-20.) A glance at the margin of a reference Bible will reveal the meaning of those names: Naomi means "pleasant," and Mara is "bitter." Moab is the picture of the world, as it lies around us today, under the judgment of God, and to turn away from Bethlehem—"the house of bread"—for Moab, is to find what Naomi found, for there is no joy there. Let there be in the heart the sweet sense of uninterrupted communion with Christ: one can ask no greater joy this side of heaven! Yea, it is the joy of heaven begun. But let there be, on the other hand, the consciousness of a cloud between us and that blessed face, and there is no bitterness greater. Every Christian knows, by some experience, the meaning of Mara. Yet it is the privilege of everyone to have the Lord's own joy filling his heart continually.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

Peace, God's peace, keeping the heart and mind in another sweet privilege for the Christian. "In nothing be anxious." "Let not your heart be troubled": the words were spoken by One whose heart yearns over His people and desires that His peace shall possess them continually. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." But the enjoyment of that blessed portion also depends upon fellowship with Him, as the apostle makes clear in Phil. 4:6-7, "In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made unto God"—the fellowship of prayer—and you shall have everything you ask for? Nay, but something infinitely better—"and the peace of God which passeth

all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

SERVICE

Just so, does all true testimony and service to Christ depend upon the soul's communion with Him, for these, if they are to be according to His mind and pleasing to Him, are but the pouring out of a full heart, and the heart finds that fullness in His presence alone, sitting at His feet, taking time for it, looking into His blessed face, and hearing His words. "Mary * * sat at Jesus' feet and heard His word." (Luke 10:39), and the Lord was pleased—more pleased than with Martha's service, and He expressed His entire approval while He rebuked Martha for the service rendered out of His presence, and thus out of any empty, complaining heart: "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but ONE THING IS NEEDFUL, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." Martha was occupied for Christ, but Mary was occupied WITH Him, and that is the one thing needful—the fellowship, out of which true service flows.

A good man would care nothing for his wife's attention to his comfort in the home if her heart were estranged from him. And the Lord Jesus cannot own your service if it is not the flowing out of a heart of love for Him. Fellowship must be first, then.

"And He ordained twelve that they should be with Him, and that He might send them forth to preach." (Mark 3:14.) They were ordained to be with Him: the going out to preach is the necessary result of that being with Him. Without it there can be no blessing in any preaching.

Look again at David's prayer: "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation * * then"—**But not until then**—"Will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee." In the heart that would teach others of Him, there must be the joy of salvation, found alone in fellowship.

THE CONDITION OF FELLOWSHIP

Now the condition of fellowship is here declared to be "walking in the light" (verse 7). "If we walk in the light as He is in the light we have fellowship one with another." Otherwise it could not be. To be with Him on such intimate terms is to be in the light of His holy presence, and that light will detect any careless ways which we might otherwise allow. When God instructed Moses about arranging the furniture of the tabernacle, He said, "Thou

shalt set the * * candlestick over against the table on the side of the tabernacle toward the South." (Ex. 26:35.)

The table was spread with the show-bread and the priests ate that bread as they stood at the table—always in the holy light of the candlestick. The bread is Christ, my heart's dear portion, but the only condition on which I can enjoy Him is that I am in the light.

But we neglect the light, alas! too often, and we allow our fellowship with the Father and with His Son to be broken. We rise in the morning and rush down to breakfast without taking the time to be alone with Him, for the preparation of the heart for the day that He may—

"drop the dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease,
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of His peace."

And so we rush out of His presence through the day and we soon find that we have fallen into careless and unholy ways. In this way sin begins. The Christian does not fall suddenly into gross and evil things. I once asked a man who had at an earlier period been a very active Christian but had later fallen into drunkenness, how it happened that one who had such a testimony as his could do such a thing. His answer was: "I neglected fellowship, and the rest was easy."

RESTORATION

How may one be restored to fellowship? What provision has been made for the putting away of the sin that has broken it?

John says, "My little children"—think of the intimacy with the Father which that "little children" suggests! Little children nestle in the Father's arms—"My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not." "These things" concerning fellowship with the Father and with His Son. Don't sin, little children. But in the same breath he says, "And if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous." And the "any man" means, of course, any one of these little children who know their places and relationship, as born of God. He does not say, "If any man **repent**," nor does He say, "If any man pray **to be forgiven**," but "If any man **sin**." And just here where one might expect to hear of the cross and the cleansing blood of Christ, nothing is said of these, but rather, "We have an advocate with the Father." And this advocate is "Jesus Christ, the Righteous." Merciful and gra-

cious we know Him to be, but this is not what we are told of Him here. And how it assures our hearts to know that our Advocate is Righteous! that, when He undertakes for us on account of the sin that has put distance between us and Him, He is not acting inconsistently with His own holiness; there is no compromise of Himself in that service; it is a righteous thing. "And if," as another has said, "the prayer of righteousness now availeth much, how absolutely must avail the prayer of the only absolutely Righteous One!"

THE WORK OF THE ADVOCATE.

Now let us turn to the 13th chapter of John and we shall see a picture of the Advocate at His work.

The first two or three verses of the chapter show us that Jesus' washing of the disciples' feet was in view of His resurrection, His ascension and His appearing before the Father. "Now before the feast of the passover when Jesus knew that His hour was come that He should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end. * * Jesus knowing that He was come from God and went from God." (Verses 1, 3.)

He is going back to the Father and, in anticipation of the work to which for all His own He would give Himself there, He washes the disciples' feet to symbolize that the love that led Him to the cross for our sins is the love that leads Him to that present service which we see pictured here. That love cannot change—"He loved them unto the end." Hands into which "the Father has given all things" are the hands which, because of that love, will not shrink from taking your soiled feet and mine in them to remove their defilement.

"And supper being ended," or "during supper," as the Revised Version renders it, "He riseth from supper, and laid aside His garments, and took a towel and girded Himself." The "supper" speaks of fellowship. Jesus rises up from it, as though the fellowship has been broken, to put away the thing that has interfered with it. Here again we find fellowship, or rather interrupted fellowship, connected with the believer's sin.

But there is more: this was the Passover supper, the well-known type of His death. No special anointing of the eyes is required to see in that rising up from the supper a figure of His rising from the dead to go back to God. This is confirmed by the laying aside of His garments, and the girding of Himself with a towel. "After that He poureth water into a basin and began to wash the

disciples' feet and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded." "He cometh to Simon Peter; and Peter saith unto Him, Lord, dost Thou wash my feet?" And the answer is, "What I do thou knowest not now but thou shalt know (understand) hereafter"—words that are frequently applied to the Lord's inscrutable providences with His people, but that is not their application here. In effect it was this: "Peter, this is a picture of the work which I shall perform for you when I return to the Father. You do not see its significance now but you shall see it hereafter." So in verse 12 we read,"After He had washed their feet and had taken His garments, and was set down again, He said unto them, know ye what I have done to you?" Certainly they knew that the Lord had washed their feet. What then can these words mean save to teach us that this washing of the disciples' feet, in anticipation of the new place which He would take as risen and gone up to God, represents something else—something that He would do for all His people up there? Peter certainly knew what the Lord was doing, if the washing of his feet were all and had no significance other than humility.

And if this is a figure, the feet must be a symbol. And they are, as the apostle in Romans 10:15 makes clear, "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things." It is the walk—the course of the believer's life in the world, that is set forth. Our feet are in contact with the earth and are easily soiled. The path of the Lord's redeemed lies in a scene of defilement, and they have daily need of the loving service of their Advocate.

But let us look closer. Peter will not allow the Lord to serve him thus, and exclaims, "Lord, thou shalt never wash my feet!" And the Lord answers, "If I wash thee not thou hast no part with me." He does not say, "No part IN me." IN Christ is the position of every believer—a position that cannot change. "Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus." (I Cor. 1:30.) With Christ is comradeship, fellowship, communion, and He must see to the cleansing of His people to make a "part with Him" possible. Nor does He say, "If you do not wash yourself," but "If I wash thee not." I cannot wash away the stains of my sin, and because I belong to Him, and because He—the Righteous—desires my fellowship, He must do it for me. Let me ask, in all reverence. If we belong to the Lord would He not be compromised if He allowed any stain of defilement upon us? Clearly, it is the Lord's knowledge of the need of this poor Peter, this poor you and me, that has led Him to do this lowly work for us. Peter had no sense of any need that Christ should wash

his feet until he learned that it was essential to that blessed "part with" Him.

And then he goes to the other extreme and says, "Lord, not my feet, "He that is **bathed** needeth not save to wash his feet." The quiet, wonderful answer, "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit."

Here, the Lord uses two different words, the full significance of which does not appear in the translation. The first word means "to bathe," and was always used of bathing the entire body; the second means "to wash," and was used of the washing of the hands and feet, "He that is **bathed** needeth not save to wash his feet." The believer who has been washed "with the washing of regeneration" (Tit. 3:5), needs that washing no more. The cleansing effected in the new birth is not repeated. He to whom "the precious blood of Christ" has been applied has been set in a position of unchangeable righteousness before God. To think of a second application of that blood would be to dishonor it; it is the blood of the Father's Well-Beloved, and it has, once for all, redeemed, (Eph. 1:7, I Peter 1:18,19), and made nigh (Eph. 2:13) every living soul. The need now is for the washing of the soiled feet—the cleansing of the daily defilement of those who have been thus redeemed. This cleansing is with water and no more with blood. "Christ loved the church and gave Himself for it"—once for all—"that He might sanctify and **cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word.**" (Eph. 5:25-26). He died to **make** us clean; He lives to **keep** us clean. We are made just as clean as His precious blood can make us; we are kept just as clean as the water in His basin and the towel in His hands can keep us. The cleansing by blood is once for all; the cleansing by water as frequent as there is need for it.

It is for the **bathed believer**, whose feet become soiled by his walk in the world that this service of Christ, in cleansing that defilement, avails.

Bathers in the surf are often seen going to the bathing pavilion with a pail of water. This is to remove the sand with which their feet become soiled as they walk across the beach. In the believer's "walk" from the cross, where he is "washed in his own blood," to the dressing room where he shall be robed in His own likeness—changed in a moment into the likeness of His own Body of Glory—he becomes defiled, and has constant need of the tender ministry of our Advocate with the Father. And that Righteous One could not be righteous if He suffered a stain to remain upon one with whom He has linked His name.

Thus we behold our Blessed Lord there in the presence of the Father, girded to serve our daily need, that we may have "part with Him." Oh, who would not have it, made possible at such a cost! Who could think lightly of the fellowship with Him, to prepare for which He must serve us.

SELF-JUDGMENT AND CONFESSION

"But," you say, "this does not affect the painful consciousness of my sin and failure, nor remove the burden which the forfeited fellowship with Christ has laid upon my soul." True, it removes the stain and defilement of sin and makes your restoration to a "part with Him" possible, but it does not end there; it leads you to self-judgment and the confession of the sin which has broken up your communion—the God-appointed way of restoration, in which the burden of guilt is lifted and the heart finds its joy in Christ once more.

And the perception of what we see the Lord doing here is necessary for us if we are to do to others as He has done. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." No ordinance can give us a part with Christ, and in none can we perform His service to others. We are to help each other keep clean by our mutual ministries of helpfulness and prayer. This is plainly the meaning of "Ye ought to wash one another's feet." "If any man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness"—is the service which the Lord's example sets before us.

Let us return to the chapter with which we began. In the 9th verse it is written, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." This has no reference to the sinner; the sinner needs far more than the forgiveness of sins. Nor does he receive forgiveness merely upon the confession of his sins, but upon his acceptance of the Lord Jesus Christ as his Savior. These words are addressed to the "children" (I Jno. 2:1), "born ones,"—those who know their place in the family and know God as their Father. It is one thing for a sinner to come to God, but it is quite another thing for a child to come to the Father. "If we"—children—"confess our sins" to the Father, the Father is "faithful and just to forgive our sins," not merely merciful and gracious, but "faithful and just." Such forgiveness. on the ground of the finished book of Christ, is righteousness with Him, and in no wise inconsistent with His holiness.

Nothing is said here about praying to be forgiven; this is a

deeper and more infinite thing. Can I carry in my heart for a whole day the bitter consciousness of my careless ways that have broken up my fellowship with the Father and then, when I am about to fall asleep at night, say to Him, "Forgive all my sins?" No, I cannot wait till nightfall. A defiled conscience is a burden too heavy to bear, and I must get alone with Him at once for definite dealing about the thing that has displeased Him, judging it in the light of His presence and confessing it before Him. And the happy sense of restored communion fills my heart as before.

When my child disobeys me, he is none the less my child, and whatever dealings I must have with him about it are because I love him. But when he comes to me, reaching up to draw my face down to his, and says, "Father, it was wrong; I am so sorry," I can only take him in my arms and kiss him, and count the act of disobedience as though it had never been.

As regards our position and relationship with God, "we have the forgiveness of sins." This question is settled on an unchanging foundation. (Eph. 1:7, Col. 1:14, 3:13, I Jno. 2:12). The believer, when he sins, is still the child of God—the relationship that Christ has established cannot be broken, and he comes as a child to the Father to confess the unholy things that have marred the intimacy of fellowship, and lays down his head once more on the Father's bosom.

"But," you say, "suppose he does not confess his sins; suppose he continues in his careless ways, what then?" Then the Lord must deal with him—must exercise the discipline of the house over which He has been set. And thus it is written in I Cor. 11:31, "For if we should judge ourselves, we would not be judged (of the Lord), but when we are judged we are chastened ("child-trained," the word is), of the Lord that we should not be condemned with the world."

SIMON PETER

Let us now turn to another page of Peter's history for an illustration of the truth under consideration and we shall understand his prominence in the scene of foot-washing.

In Luke 22:31 we read the Lord's prediction of Peter's sin: "Simon, Simon, behold Satan asked to have you (i. e. all of you disciples) that he might sift you as wheat: but I made supplication for thee, that thy faith fail not; and do thou, when once thou hast turned again, establish thy brethren." (R. V.).

The Advocate, then, is with the Father about the sin of His disciple before it occurs, as, I doubt not, He often is on behalf of

His people now, though we may know nothing of it. But He has not prayed, and **cannot**, apparently that Peter may be kept out of the sin, rather that he may be "converted" by it—converted from his boastful self-confidence. He would allow him to fall into Satan's hands, and be tested there, in order to break down the self-sufficiency manifested in his ardent outbursts: "Lord, I am ready to go with Thee, both into prison, and to death." (Luke 22:33.) "Though all men shall be offended because of Thee, yet will I never be offended." (Matt. 26:33.)"I will lay down my life for Thy Sake." (John 13:37.) And with each declaration, he is met with the Lord's announcement of his denial before the crowing of the cock. (Luke 22:34.) He is going to learn through failure and humiliation, as we have learned often, that he dare not trust himself at all.

But let it not be overlooked, that the Lord with the same breath in which He foretells Peter's sin, foretells his restoration also. The Shepherd loves His sheep and must bring them back when they stray from Him. "He restoreth my soul."

We have but to look a little further in the chapter quoted above for the fulfillment of the Lord's prediction: "But a certain maid beheld him as he sat by the fire, and earnestly looked upon him, and said, This man was also with Him. And he denied Him, saying, Woman, I know Him not. And after a little while another saw him, and said, Thou art also of them. And Peter said, Man, I am not. And about the space of one hour after another confidently affirmed, saying, Of a truth this fellow also was with Him, for he is a Galilaean. And Peter said (Matthew says, "He began to curse and swear, saying,") Man, I know not what thou sayest. And immediately while he yet spake, the cock crew." (Luke 22:56-60.)

And the Lord heard and saw it all! But He, who has prayed for the disciple, will not give him up. Nay, He will complete the work of restoration which began with that prayer. "And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter"—a look of mingled grief and compassion, that pierced him through and through, and searched out his conscience and heart to their depths. There is no word as to what that look conveyed. But none was necessary, for the sinning saint has seen the same look in that loving face in every hour of failure and denial. We are however told the **effect** of it: "Peter remembered the Word of the Lord * * and went out and wept bitterly." It was **the Word** that recalled him! The "washing of water" is, as we have seen "by the Word," and here the practical effect of the Word upon the life is seen. How often does one little word of Scripture in which the Spirit still speaks, rebuke our unholy ways and bring us back to God! And that fact emphasizes the necessity for

the hiding of the Word in the heart, as it is written, "Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly," "For the Word of God is * * a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." "Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee," and, "By the Word of Thy lips have I kept me from paths of the destroyer." Yes, the Word has done its work in Peter's soul, "and he went out and wept bitterly." We can understand those bitter tears: we have tasted that bitterness, and have shed more tears over our sins as saints than over those of the days when we were still sinners. There is no bitterness so great for those who have known the blessing of true comradeship with Christ as the consciousness of having grieved Him! "Call me Mara," and let my heart pour itself out in tears of contrition and self-judgment for the pain I have brought to Him that loved me.

Shall we leave Peter here, weeping out his sorrow? The Lord does not! The Shepherd seeks the straying sheep and shall bring him back to Himself again. The Advocate has already begun His work, and "He shall not fail nor be discouraged."

Almost the first word that is heard at the open tomb is a message to Peter: "Go your way, tell His disciples and Peter!" (Mark 16:7.) The awful denial is counted as though it had never occurred, and the Risen Lord seems to take no notice of the breach it has made. He knows well what His silent look and His word have wrought in Peter's soul; He will finish what He has begun, and Peter, in greater need because of his sin, must have a **special** message—a message in which one hears the appeal of love—stronger than death—to the broken-hearted man to return to Him who alone can deal with his sin, and who has shown him in the washing of his feet how he may still have a "part with" Him. And he has it! for when the disciples gather together in the evening, we hear them say: "The Lord is risen indeed, and **hath appeared unto Simon!**" (Luke 24:34.) The sinning saint and the Lord He has denied have been together! They meet privately, before the public meeting in the evening. We are not allowed to look in upon that secret interview, for no word is written as to what there transpired. But we know; for we have been there with Him! We know about the heart-breaking confession: we can see the loving hand laid upon the bowed head, can hear the words of forgiveness and love from the gracious lips, and feel the joy of conscious restoration welling up again in the heart.

So when they gather in the evening, Peter is with them, and no one dare ask a single question as to his right to be there. I do

not go to the meeting of the saints to set right what has been amiss between the Lord and me. Confession is a private matter, between the Lord and me alone.

But one scene remains—one over which the Spirit of God seems to linger, as He writes it down; it is the scene on the shore of Tiberias.

When Peter heard that it was the Lord who had saluted them from the shore, "He girt his fisher's coat unto him, and did cast himself into the sea." Impatient to be with the Lord who has prayed for him, washed his feet, sought him out in his grief, he leaves the slow boat and swims to meet Him. And there he sees "a fire of coals and fish laid thereon and bread," and is invited by the Lord to "come and dine." Fellowship once more! The Risen One has spread the feast with His own blessed hands, and Peter in the gladness of restored communion, sits down, with Him. His heart is mellow and his conscience tender and sensitive, for he dines with the remainder of his sin before him. The only other place in Scripture where we find mention of "a fire of coals," is John 18:18, and by that fire of coals Peter stood "and warmed himself" while he denied the Lord. And thus are brought together the feast with the Lord and the sin in the palace. It would seem that the Lord had forgotten it, but Peter cannot forget, and yet, as this memorial of his sin humbles and softens him, the joy of feasting with Christ is deeper than ever before.

Thrice had he denied the Lord, and now as to his love the Lord thrice questions him, in such a way as to remind him of his boastful words, and yet as though it were not His intention to recall them, for to Peter's answer the Lord makes no reply except to commit his care the sheep for whom He gave His life. "Feed my sheep." "When thou art converted," He had said, "strengthen thy brethren." Now he can do so, for his lesson he has learned, by his sin he has been searched, his boasted strength is become weakness, and he will no more even claim any character for his love to Christ, but say simply that He who knew all things, knew that the love was there.

Thus Peter's case is a typical one, and as such the Spirit of God has written it, leaving out no detail, that it might speak to every one for whom the Lord has become an Advocate with the Father. This alone, it seems to me, will explain the prominent place given to Peter in these closing chapters of the Lord's life.

And to this gracious provision of God for His people—a provision revealing His infinite holiness—what is the response of the

Christian heart? Does any say, as one did say when this subject was discussed, "I may do just as I please, then?" The answer was, "Yes, just as you please, and if you please to grieve so great a love, you have never been born again!"

Ah, no! That is never the response of a heart that has known the love and grace of our Father God. It is rather, "My Father, keep me in unbroken fellowship with Thee and with Thy Son Jesus Christ, and let every hour of my life reflect Thy goodness in all holiness and separation from all that would separate from Thee."

"My little children, these things write I unto you that ye sin not."

God's Plan of Salvation

By REV. HERBERT C. HART

Text: Hebrews 2nd Chapter, part of the 3rd Verse.

The wonder of wonders all down the ages has been the marvelous, the gracious, the glorious plan of salvation.

The text is a familiar one, yet because of its frightful neglect in this money-grasping, fun-mad age, we are led to press this unanswerable question upon you.

Here you find a question that has stood out before the ages, and is as vital to this congregation as when this master teacher pressed it upon the Hebrews.

Doubtless there is not one soul before me this hour but has a hope and is fully expecting to go to heaven when you die, yet, how can you have such a hope, such an expectation when you have all these years neglected the only way to get there. Oh, you have a somewhat vague hope that some way, somehow through God's goodness you will get in. Ah! you are like those in Noah's time—they had no other thought than that some way they would escape the oncoming flood, but too late, every foothold was gone—they perished in sight of the ark. Yet old Noah cried, "Come into the ark." Then Lot called the money-mad, the pleasure-seeking Sodomites, "Escape for thy life." Jesus cried out, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." How then shall we escape if we neglect?

There are three great words in this text that stand out like great mountain peaks, and naturally any preacher discoursing on this subject will emphasize them. They are: "GREAT," "ESCAPE," "NEGLECT."

First, Let me insist it is a GREAT SALVATION, great in its origin—no scheme of man. This salvation was born in the heart of a loving God. Great in its possibilities—it saves to the uttermost from the lowest depths to the highest heights. Great in its sacrifice—it cost the royal blood of His only Son. Great in its success—it saves; does not attempt, but succeeds. Hence the author is God.

It is the only way. Mark you, there are many ways suggested by men. All are wrong unless it has the stain of blood, the mark of a cross, the way through His Son. Not reformation, not resolution, not of works, but through the blood. You may seal your resolution with blood from your own veins and work, and from now on, live a decent, honorable and seeming Christian life; well, that will count as far as it goes, but you only go to the grave and then the record will be traced at the judgment, back of that day and resolution, and lo! there are years of sins unforgiven and not pardoned. What will you do with them? Resolution and reformation cannot cleanse away past sins. Ah! this salvation through Christ goes back and blots out all the past. A man borrows five hundred dollars from me, and then another five hundred, promising to pay back, but his investment does not come out as he planned and he sinks my money till I see where I lose out and I resolve to loan him no more. About that time he gets very serious and finally passes a solemn resolution, meets me on the street next day with a glad smile and cries, "I have passed a new resolution." I say, "Good for that," (I'm thinking about my thousand dollars) and ask, "What is it?" He replies, "I have resolved to go in debt no more." I say, "O! that don't help me any. What's troubling me is not the future transactions but your past debts." See! This salvation not only saves you now, but reaches back and forgives all the past. Suppose I commit a murder, am convicted of the deed and sentenced to hang, but through much pleading and certain influences they so work the governor that he grants me a pardon; I rush home shouting, "I'm free! I'm free!" And for a few nights I can sleep and rest, but I am still a murderer and am so regarded in the land, yet I have a pardon and do not have to die. Yes, but this great salvation is far greater than granting a pardon. He died in my stead; He took my place. Christ is my atonement. He justifies the sinner and lets the club for my own guilt fall upon His innocent shoulders. He was wounded for my transgressions.

A Great Salvation—Listen—"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." The colors that the dyers cannot change, His precious blood can. Again—"I will remember thy sins against you no more forever." God is far better than some of you women. You say you will forgive but you cannot forget; well, God has a good forgettery. Again—"As far as the east is from the west, so far have I removed thy transgressions." I'm so glad He said, as far as the east is from the west. If he had said as far as north from south, when Cook or Peary discovered the North Pole it would have been

all off. But He knew how to put it. I have heard of an old professor who had sunk into the deepest depths of sin and after losing all, was finally rescued and received back into the love of family and then back into the college as professor of mathematics. He became an elder in a Philadelphia Church, and upon one occasion when the pastor quoted the above text, he stopped, looked into the old professor's face and asked, "Professor, how far is the east from the west?" Instantly the man reached for his pencil, opened the hymn book and started to figure it out, while the pastor stood silent. Suddenly it dawned upon the man that there was no answer, and with tears streaming down his cheeks he recalled his past life, he slowly arose and exclaimed, "Ah! pastor, it's impossible to answer that, for if I was facing the west and put down a stake here and circled the whole earth, when I had reached this stake again I would still be facing the west." And then with much joy he exclaimed, "and thank God He has removed all my sins that far."

Again—This book says, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, all thy sins." You have seen the heavy, black cloud hanging over you on a summer's day, and shortly you looked again and the sun had dispersed it so that it was all gone and the beautiful blue sky was now above.

Again—"I'll bury them in the depths of the sea." There is the story of a man who was gloriously converted and was so jubilant in his praises that often he would, in church, exclaim "Amen," "Praise the Lord" and such, until the officers of the church became distressed as this man would often say "Amen" in the wrong place, causing the people to laugh and disturb the congregation. So they asked the pastor to see the brother and reprove him for thus distracting the people's attention. The pastor consented, called the man to his study and was about to give the reproof when some elders came in on business. So the pastor took this man out of his office into his study and began looking over his books for a dry one that would keep the man quiet while he saw this committee, intending after they had departed, to administer the reproof. This happy man took the big cumbersome book, which was on weights and measurements and began reading, and the pastor felt assured that he had his man at last quieted down. Presently he heard the book fall to the floor and the man shouting "Glory to God!" He ran into the study and exclaimed, "What are you shouting about? I gave you that dry old book to keep you quiet." The man with radiant face and full of joy, cried out, "Pastor, I've just read in that big book that the sea is five miles deep in places, and thank God! He says, 'I will bury thy sins in the depths of the sea' and if

the Devil goes after them he'll get drowned, Hallelujah!" He had a right to shout. This is a great salvation. And again—Look at this great promise—"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him," one of the great promises of the Bible.

Martin Luther was once depressed and in this condition Satan appeared unto him and holding a great scroll in his hand bid Luther look as he began unrolling the roll and pointing to a long list of sins which Martin Luther had committed in the past. After Satan had about finished unrolling the scroll, he tauntingly pointed his finger at the long list and exclaimed, "Luther, these are all your sins; you committed them every one; how can you hope for favor from God when you have these sins?" Luther asked Satan, "Is that all?" "Yes, that is all." "Well, Satan, take this pen and dip it in red ink and write across these sins in red, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin" and immediately Satan fled.

A Great Salvation—During a gracious revival campaign in that beer-soaked city, Milwaukee, while I was preaching one night, a finely dressed, manly looking fellow staggered down the aisle and fell into a seat; he was red-faced and red-eyed and plainly showed the dissipation of his life. He was drunk at the time. Finally, at the invitation to come to the front, he arose wih tears streaming down his face; he staggered to the front seat and fell on his knees and began praying aloud for God to have mercy on his soul. It was an unusual case. I learned afterward that he was the son of rich, indulgent parents in an eastern city and that for ten years he had been the victim of drink; and further, he had tried every means that money could offer to break the spell. He had been to the Gold cure; the Keeley cure; had crossed the ocean three times and visited the great specialists in the old country, but all without avail, and after spending $30,000, and with despair written on his countenance he staggered into the church and to the front, seeking deliverance from the cup. He showed me his arm; from wrist almost to shoulder it was punctured where he had had injections pumped into it to keep him from raving. And despite the fact that all earthly efforts had failed this man in less than an hour had trusted the Christ of Calvary and was rejoicing in the new-found joy of salvation. He worked in our meetings for the remaining ten days, still kept by the power of God. A year after this I received an invitation to conduct a campaign in Detroit, and in this letter mention of this man was made. He was then in that city teaching a great Bible class in one of the churches and still wonderfully kept by the power of God.

A Great Salvation—In an Iowa city during a meeting I was

conducting, the wife of a very ungodly man came to me asking if I would step down and meet her husband. I consented. She introduced him and he spoke, and out came an oath. Then embarassed, he tried to apologize, when he swore at least a dozen times in the few sentences and rushed out of my presence saying, "It's no use, I can't quit." I had met many cases but this was the worst in my experience. He could not speak, it seemed, without an oath. I was told by his next-door neighbor that he was a most kind-hearted man and his only fault was he was a terrible blasphemer. The following night I preached on The Uttermost Salvation, and before the sermon was finished this profane man, a great giant-like fellow, rushed down the aisle in the church and placing his hands out as if in the act of diving, dived for the channel railing in front of the pulpit; lighting on it he balanced himself and then began to cry aloud—first a sentence of prayer and in it a cuss word. Hence he would pray and swear, which caused consternation in the audience, and soon I called forward all that believed that the same Christ that could cast out the devils in the child of old, and the man in the tombs who was cutting himself, could cast out the devil of profanity from this poor soul. The Christians rallied and we prayed., and he cussed and prayed. Why, you say people have certain diseases, such as kleptomania, say they can't help taking things. Well, this man has a disease. I'll coin a new word. He had "cussomania." After some time the swearer reached the end of his own strength and then wholly leaning upon the arm of Omnipotence and trusting fully on the finished work of Christ, he was freed from this bondage and wonderfully saved. He ceased his profanity and praise gave place to oaths, and such a personal worker as this man became was remarkable. He declared the next day, that not an oath had left his lips and he was wonderfully kept by this great Saviour. However, he said he could do little or no work on his farm the following day. He hitched up the mules, got on the wagon, said "Get up," and they failed to go. They were waiting for their usual extra words and oaths, but they did not come, and he said he could not make the mules go, but he refrained from swearing and instead gave vent to praise that was in his soul. He declared that immediately all desire for swearing left him, and while this happened seventeen years ago, he is still kept, and is now a minister in California.

A Great Salvation—In a meeting in Southern Illinois several years ago, at the close of one of our services a prominent District Judge, a man of keen intellect, moral but not Christian, came to the front with tears in his eyes and tears in his soul. He knelt and surrendered to Christ and arose and declared that he had on the spot

been converted, and from that time on he became an active soul-winner and worker in the church. Yes, this salvation can save a drunk in the gutter, a swearer in the field, a Judge on the bench; yea, it can save to the uttermost all that will come.

But my time is going and I shall be compelled to omit the points on escape and take up now that last and saddest of words—"Neglect." Neglect means death. Neglect means loss of soul.

Suppose I am on the Niagara River up near Lake Erie, in a row boat, gently gliding down stream—so slowly at first, I scarcely notice I am going at all. Finally I discover I am rapidly nearing the Falls. What must I do to be saved? Take the oars and pull for either shore, but I glide on until I am in the rapids—now it is too late, the oars cannot save me. On the shore kind friends throw a line; it falls at my feet in the boat. What must I do to be saved? Grasp the rope and they will pull me safely to the shore. Throw the rope back to my friends in derision? Stand in my boat and plunge into the surging waters? No, No, All I need to do is to simply neglect. I am in a burning building. The firemen have run up the ladder. What must I do to be saved? Descend the ladder to safety. What must I do to be lost? Must I curse the fireman? Must I push away the ladder? No! Simply neglect the way of escape and I will go down in the burning building.

I'm on a sinking ship, the life boats are gotten out and I stand before the captain, who says, "There is the way of escape; step into the lifeboat." I need not curse the captain nor the sailors. I need not throw myself overboard. All I need is to neglect.

Yonder is a sick man on his bed. The doctor places on a stand the remedy that will save him from death. Must he insult the nurse or question the doctor; must he rise up and dash the medicine from him. No, he need not refuse it. All he needs to do is to neglect it and die.

There you sit in this service—What must you do to be lost? Nothing—you are lost already if you are not converted. All you need to do to seal your doom is simply to neglect.

"But if you still His call refuse
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon He will sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn,
Too late, too late, will be the cry,
Jesus of Nazareth hath passed by."

Christ said, "Ye would not come to me that ye might have

life" and again, "Because I have called and ye have refused." The prodigal would never have seen his father's home nor received his father's kiss but for his no longer neglecting and hurrying home. You may call too late. Those who saw the ark move away and the waters covering the highest hills, prayed, but their prayer was too late. Those poor hopeless people piled high at the theatre door of the Iroquois fire prayed, but their prayer was too late. Those who heard Lot's pleading to "escape for your life" prayed, but their prayer was too late.

There is no promise for tomorrow. Jesus went out at night to the Mount of Olives and looked down upon the sin-rejecting city and wept over it. He spent the night in agonizing prayer, and in the morning stood with hair wet with the dew of the night, still weeping, and with outstretched hands cried, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killeth the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered you as a hen doeth her brood, but ye would not. Behold your house is left desolate. Ah! He looked down the dim vista and saw Titus and Caesar with their armies, laying the beautiful city waste. So today He is looking with pity on this people who have so constantly rejected His tender mercy and love. Ask your dearest friends and they will all say, don't neglect your soul. Think of it, God, Angels and all good men deeply interested about your soul, and yet you are the least interested when two worlds are concerned for you. O soul, awake from that stupor, rouse from that opiate that Satan has given thee. Escape for thy life. Ask that gray-haired old father, "Shall I wait till tomorrow or shall I go tonight?" He would lay his hand tenderly on your shoulder and with a choking voice say, "My son, don't, don't delay; it may be too late; be sure and go tonight." Ask that dear old mother, "Shall I go forward tonight or shall I wait until tomorrow?" She would twine her tender arms of love about you and with burning tears coursing down her cheeks she would exclaim, "O don't neglect your soul, go now, go tonight." Ask the brother, the sister, the preacher—all say, "Don't neglect." Go up to heaven and ask, "O God, shall I go tonight or shall I wait until tomorrow?" and this old revelation from him replies "Today if you hear His voice, harden not your heart." Go down to eternal night and ask the inmates there, and a voice comes back to earth, "Go back and tell my five brethren that they come not to this place of torment." God, Heaven, Hell, loved ones—all say, "Don't neglect your soul, but come tonight."

Bishop McCabe tells us one dark cold winter night his train pulled into a city, and at that late hour he took a cab and was driven

to the home where he was to be entertained. As he stepped from the cab he looked at the cabman and said, "What's the price?" He then, placing the coin in the big burly cabman's hand, lovingly replied, "Goodbye, meet me in heaven," let go of the cabman's hand and went into the house. The cabman popped his whip and his horses started down the snowbound street to the barn. When he arrived he was under such conviction that he dropped the lines and said, "Put up my horses, I must see that man I turned in," and walked back to the house. He knocked at the door and said, "Please, sir, I must see that man I brought here." When he came to Bishop McCabe's room he said, "I don't know who you are, sir, but when you turned those eyes on me and put that coin in my hand and said so tenderly, 'Meet me in heaven,' it sent me away thinking. I had a praying mother and her last request was, 'My boy, meet me in heaven,' and say, for seventeen years I've not been in a church. Sir, if I'm to meet you in heaven, I'll have to change for I'm not headed that way. Won't you please pray for a wretch now," and they knelt, Bishop McCabe placing his arm around the cabman's neck, and before he had finished his prayer the cabman sprang to his feet crying, "That will do, I am saved and will meet you and mother in heaven." Oh why delay when it is possible that you may be saved this very hour.

The Worlds of God for the Men of His Will

By REV. J. FRANK SMITH, D. D.

"All things are yours * * * the world." I Cor. 3:22.

From the earliest times the Christian has tried to limit his vision and repudiate his wealth. Instead of projecting himself into the vast realms of God and claiming the fulness of divine things he has drawn in his aspirations and curtailed his possessions.

Instead of singing "Lord I care not for riches" we would be truer to the revelation if we recognized the wealth of our Father's provisions for us and took possession of them. Instead of advertising the smallness of our capacity and the poverty of God it would better become us as children of the Eternal to declare "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof" and affirm the faith that "the gentle shall inherit the earth." Instead of doing as those Corinthians did, turning themselves into partisans of Paul, or Appollos, or Peter, or as we have done making ourselves sponsors for Wesley, or Calvin, or Campbell, we should claim everything, and set up our rights to life, death, things present, things to come, the world—all things.

I believe we are entirely too modest. We fail to take pride in our possessions, fail to conquer and use what God intended for us. Let us look at the realms God offers us.

I. **THE WORLD OF HARMONY IS OURS.** Not a note, but an anthem; not a strain, but an oratorio God offers. Not a few peace spots but a universe of calm does our Father desire to introduce.

When I first met Herbert Spencer's definition, "Life is the harmonious adjustment of internal relations to external relations" I smiled at its cleverness. Each year since it has grown on me. I regard it as one of the great sayings, or definitions of last century. I covet for myself and for my race the secret of harmony between the internal and external relationships. To me that would be religion, peace, heaven.

Harmony of life to self is desirable. If we could deny the existence of matter; put ourselves where no cry of neglected child and no sin against society would disturb the deeps of the soul and banish God from our order we would still lack adjustment. My life without God is a storm that blows forever; it is a sea never calm; it is a kosmos that aspires everlastingly. I need a whisper from His lips. I need His music in my spirit. I need His peace in my soul. I need that the great Reconciler shall come. I need the One who spoke to His disciples to speak to me, "My peace I give unto you." I need the One who broke over Paul's vision when he asked, "Who shall deliver me from this body of death?" To teach me to say, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." The whole tangled skein of life demands that one who understands the mysteries of it interpret it to me and set my house in order. I need to have His stately steppings in the entire compass of being.

But harmony of life to the outer world is equally to be sought after. Things fill the horizon. Forces work. Counter wills are met. The great facts of business and politics and religion and society are everywhere. What am I to do? How am I to get on? I cannot be a recluse. I cannot shirk responsibility. I cannot be at war with my fellows and my fate. I cannot live with the friction of the day carried into the night to chase the rest away. I cannot do without the oil of His grace and the smile of His presence. I cannot hope to live in a world where a thousand lives daily do as they please, and not as I please, without learning the secret of the happier adjustments in the Christ life. I need to come up to His big heart. I need to learn that the only way to save life is to lose it. I must learn that the only way to live is to act in such a way as to will that my fellows throughout the universe act likewise. I must know what it means to die daily. I must learn the fine art of being a Christian, the art which the big souls of all centuries have learned. Only as the spirit of Jesus is introduced into forum and mart and drawing-room and workshop does life grow really any better. It may make appearances. It may veneer the scars and the hate in the heart. But Jesus came to adjust life to the scale of the heavenly. As we let Him dominate the realm in which we move the very kingdom comes.

Harmony of life to God is the soul's cry. Among the Pagan peoples of the world the hunger of the heart for God has been beautiful. The very flower of Grecian and Roman thought has revealed the need of man for the Highest. Philosophy is the tragical hunt of hearts for rest. Religion, true and false, has been the path the feet of men have taken in an effort to reach our Father's

house. The kingdom of God is populated by those who have found their way in some manner to love and light and life. Have you found a way to God and His peace? Has your soul come trustfully to Him? Have you ceased to fear? Has perfect love driven out the dread of meeting the Pilot face to face? There is no way of reconciliation, no possible peace between the soul and God except through the best. A man who knows not the highest may take a lower and through God's mercy find peace. But you know the highest. You know "The Way, The Truth, and The Life." You should form such a friendship for Him, so attach yourself to His life that you will grow into His blessed fullness. Beginning by the acceptance of His peace published by His cross you may come into fellowship and joy unspeakable.

There is a beautiful legend of the broken instrument. Its strings were gone; its parts were out of alignment; its exterior and interior were dust covered. It was thrown in a rubbish heap. But one day a musician came to the castle. He saw the neglected instrument and repaired it, for he was its builder. Then he played on it the most exquisite music. He drew from it harmony that pleased the most cultivated because he understood its laws.

This is a parable of life. You and I are unstrung, dissonant. No culture can attune us. No civilization can restore the lost chord. But the great Musician can. The Maker of us all can repair the ruin wrought by evil. He can change the worldling and the sinner into a saint. He can restore the divine image and set us back among the approved of the Father. O for the harmony that enables the soul to hold unbroken communion with the Lord!

II. **THE WORLD OF BEAUTY IS OURS.** This is often forgotten. The young are deterred possibly from the life of faith because of the austerity with which it is presented. We go further than God in our demands. We caricature the best of our asceticism. But "no good thing" will be withheld from them that walk uprightly."

In Christ we have a new vision of the life of the natural world. It becomes poetry to us. Romance is written in its filament and fiber. God tinges it with the golden glow of heaven itself. The wilderness and the dry land are glad. The desert blossoms as the rose. The mirage becomes a pool. The mountains and the hills sing their anthems. The trees of the fields lend their applause. The clouds become the dust of His feet. The heavens declare His majesty. Everything in His temple saith, 'Glory.' The wolf dwells with the lamb. Their young lie down together. A little child leads

them. The whole creation waits for the manifestation of the sons of God. A new heaven and a new earth begin to come into view.

No wonder that the devout old Scott took his hat off for forty years to the beauty of the world. No wonder that Joseph Parker looked upon the sea and answered when asked what he did, "I am seeing God." No wonder that Tyndall took Newman Hall to the terrace of his Alpine cottage, from which magnificent views of the Matterhorn and Weisshorn were had, and said, "Some people give me little credit for religious feeling. I assure you that when I walk here and gaze at these mountains, I am filled with adoration." No wonder that the soul of St. Francis once chanted the beautiful Canticle of the Sun, in which he called it brother, the moon his sister, and the earth mother. His soul was in rapport with the very beauty of nature because its life was sustained by the life of the Lord who sustained it.

In Christ we have an experience of the life that in itself is beauty. Not the perfect beauty of Mary's Son; not the beauty of God is mine. The beauty of the divine is a full blown American Beauty. Mine is the beauty of a marred petal. The beauty of the divine is the beauty of perfection itself; mine is the beauty of perfection just beginning to gleam faintly through the lineaments in isolated spots. The beauty of the divine is full grown; mine is beauty in its first dim throb of infancy. The beauty of divinity is the beauty of eternal ages; mine is the beauty of life's morning only. But I can have the pledge and prophecy in the Son of God. It is found in Him. It is mine by right of His grace. It is a boon held out in His own pierced hand. It is the plant He grows in the soul where He is given a chance. The blessed Gardener can produce it in time and eternity. The great Artist can bring His work to completion.

"Tell me about the Beautiful Life," said a Japanese to Dr. Leighton Park. "Do you want to talk to me about religion?" said the preacher. "No," answered the Oriental, "I want to know about the beautiful life." "Have you read the Bible?" continued the preacher, still more interested. The enquirer said, "I have read the Bible. But do not like it. I do not care for the Church. I do not want your religion. I want what I call the Beautiful Life. I saw a man in a boarding house in San Francisco—a poor man, not an educated man like myself, a carpenter, but he had what all my life I have wanted. I have thought it might be in the world, but I have never seen it in my own country. I call it the Beautiful Life.

How can I find it? The old man went about helping everybody; he was always happy; he never thought about himself."

Dr. Parks read the thirteenth of First Corinthians and asked, "Is that it?" The man replied, "It is like it; how can I get it?"

Then Dr. Parks told him the wonderful story, told him to follow the beautiful life. He gave him the New Testament.

A year or two later Dr. Parks had a sudden visit. The man burst into the room very abruptly, saying, "My train leaves at two o'clock. I must take that train to catch the steamer at San Francisco to go back to my country. I have something to tell you." But his story was written on his face. He proceeded—"Sir, I have found the beautiful life. I have found Jesus."

Then he went away almost as suddenly as he had come. He went back to Pagan Japan with the consciousness that across the water of the centuries one life walked that was filled with the beauty of God.

Have you found that life? Have you found an inmost center set up within you, whose wave-beat extends outward to the very rim of your being and there breaks into ripples of laughter and song? Have you discovered the new world of blessedness in fellowship with the Carpenter? Is He your shade, your refuge, your strength, your chief hope? Do you find your soul running out to Him more and more as the shadow on your dial lengthens? Do people who know you wonder at the mystery of your sanity and peace? Is the beauty of the risen Lord upon you and within you? Do men look at you and say, "Religion is the good thing? It cuts the pride and ambition and feverish worry over money out of a soul. It transfigures the cold clay of the worldling and the sinner into the likeness of God. It is the one solvent of the sorrows of the world."

III. **THE WORLD OF MASTERY IS OURS.** That Man called Jesus in the estimate of His contemporaries was the colossal failure of His time. About Calvary sympathetic winds fanned His waning hope. The disciples and His enemies alike regarded His death as the collapse of His Messianic dream, but Jesus read aright the future. Calmly He set His gospel net for catching the world even in the very shadow of the cross. He was the most masterful life that ever wrought. And that masterfulness He teaches and imparts. A life that is superior to the changing, fickle stream of the world's life Jesus came to give. He dwelt deeper than any man of the time.

Jesus lived a life independent of things. Jesus lived among

the eternities. He boldly said "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth." Offered a crown He refused. Proffered the kingdom of the world he said "no."

Jesus lived a life independent of personalities. Having a genius for friendship and love He was yet too universal to lose the sense of His indebtedness to all men. Loving Mary, His mother, as such a heart as His could love He was so interested in others that His own did not understand Him. His home had to forego the delights of His presence on many a lonesome day. The very riches of existence He had to count as naught. For the sake of the race His heart was open to all needs. He could not give himself wholly to any narrow circle with a world wanting love.

In a very real sense this is the life Jesus came to inspire. His whole teaching makes for the enrichment of the race's life and then the denial of the supremacy of the purely human. The very ties His truth and faith so sweeten are by that faith refused the whole place in the life. "If any man will come after Me let him deny himself is the eternal whisper. He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me. If any man cometh unto Me and hateth not his own father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

What do these straight words mean? Simply this—the life Christ came to give is the life that makes the best in the universe supreme. When good is chosen; when its voice is heard always; when a life is willing to follow it as his star he pleases Christ, whatever the sacrifice, whatever the martyrdom. Wife and bairns and ambition and life are sweet. But they must be hated in so far as they crowd out Christ. That meek man of Galilee demands all. Why? Simply because He is the best; He is the Supreme Being, the supreme good, the supreme love. When He is put in His right place homes and lives are all treasured.

One day, when the fire on the hearth of the Spurgeon home was bright, the great preacher was going away. A sudden feeling of despondency came over his good wife. She thought of her loneliness with her husband gone. The tears began to trickle down her face. Seeing them Spurgeon showed how tender he could be. He said, "Wifey, do you think when any of the children of Israel brought a lamb to the Lord's altar as an offering to Him, they stood and wept over it when they had seen it laid there." The wife replied, "Why no, certainly not; the Lord would not have been pleased with an offering reluctantly given." "Well, don't you see you are giving

me to God in letting me go preach to poor sinners, and do you suppose He is pleased when you cry over your sacrifice?" Thereafter the loving wife tried to restrain her tears when saying Good-bye. If he saw them he always said, "What, crying over your lamb?"

Beautiful also was the spirit of Livingstone. He would heal the open sore of Africa. He would find the continent for the English world. Fever, hate, jealousy, jungle, wounds without cause, misunderstandings were his. But the greatest sacrifice was his wife and children. These had to be sent home. These had to be deprived of a Father's love and presence. For years they sorrowed along not knowing whether he lived or was dead. When he came back to civilization he was the favored son of the nation. All the circles of the age tried to honor him. But he again and again turned back to the dark continent, till his heart was buried in the land to which he had given his life.

Like their Lord these lives learned that things are not supreme. Above the din of the world's voices they heard a still small voice. That voice wedded them to the great realities.

Jesus lived a life strangely subject to divine orders. He was big, but not too big to obey. He was divine, but not so divine that he did not listen to the Father. He was masterful over wind and wave and world, but he was not so masterful that He did not seek to know the will of him that hung the world on nothing. The needle is not more sensitive to the pole; the trueness of each for its orbit is not greater than was Jesus for the will of His Father. He was absolutely dominated by it. It was the ruling passion of His life. He could stand up and say, "I do always the things that please Him." He could get from heaven the word, "Thou art my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." Every faculty and power he mastered and laid at the throne. The whole grand symphony of His being He ruled to be ruled Himself by the Master of Mankind.

The Masterfulness of Jesus' life was seen also in its indifference to circumstance. Big hearts have always shown this superiority to environment. Plato was unmercifully satirized by Zeno. The greater Philosopher had defined man, "as a two-legged, featherless animal." Zeno picked a cock and brought him into the company of philosophers and put him down saying, "Behold Plato's man." Plato did not get mad. He mended his definition. He said, "Man is a two-legged, featherless animal with broad, flat nails."

When Alexander was on his march of world-conquest he came to Corinth. There lived Diogenes. Other philosophers went out to meet Alexander, but not Diogenes. He stayed in his suburb. There

Alexander visited him. As the conquerer's attendants drew near the philosopher raised himself up somewhat. Alexander asked if he could do anything for him. "Yes," said the old thinker, "I would have you stand from between me and the sun."

Did Alexander get mad and slay the philosopher? He was too big for that. He simply said as his comrades criticised the thinker, that if he were not Alexander he would rather be Diogenes.

Mabel Dodge Holmes wrote—

"A certain student of human nature, visiting a prison one day, found his greatest interest in trying to read the faces of the men behind the bars. One of these faces, the story runs, affected him strangely, so gentle was it, so sensitive, so delicate.

"Friend," he said, "you have no look of a criminal. Why, may I ask are you here?"

"I am here awaiting trial," was the answer, "I am unjustly accused."

"You have the appearance of an artist," said the visitor.

"I am an artist," he replied, "I was taken from my studio while at work. Do you not see my palette and brushes?" He pointed to where they lay in a corner.

"Is there no small service I could do for you?" asked the stranger.

The artist's eyes filled with tears. "I would to God," he said, "that I had but a piece of canvas."

The visitor saw on the floor of the hall a soiled and wrinkled napkin, dropped from a tray. "Take this," he said, smoothing it out and pushing it through the bars. "Paint me a picture upon it."

The napkin was nailed upon the wall, and every day the artist prayed, as he painted, "Lord God, help me to paint a picture of Thee that shall win men to Thee." And every day the touch of the brush brought out more clearly against the dull wall of that cell the radiant face of Christ in picture so beautiful that afterwards it was hung high in a cathedral, to draw the reverent gaze of thousands."

But a greater master of circumstances than any of these was Jesus. His religious teachers repudiated Him. His government hunted Him down as if He had been a wolf rending the flock. But quietly He went on His way. He lived amid the breakers as unafraid as the petrel. He wrought as if the whole race were an ally.

He flinched not, faltered not, feared not. Some said, "He hath a devil." Others said, "He deceiveth the people." Still others said, "He blasphemeth." They all finally said, "Crucify Him." But He was masterful in it all. He never compromised. He possessed his soul. He taught the race how to live. He waited on the Lord and saw the seething passions of men changed into praise. He went straight ahead to the accomplishment of the ends he aimed at with a wicked age demanding His life. He was the supreme teacher of the centuries in the art of masterful living. His like has never appeared on the horizon of history. His confidence in the ultimate triumph is an inspiration to faith without a parallel. The life He lived and gives is the sanest thing in the realm of morals and religion.

IV. **THE WORLD OF LIFE AND ACTIVITY IS OURS.** It is the nature of life to expand. It is dynamic. It has no rival in the universe. In a toad-stool in Colorado it rent a church foundation. On every hillside in an oak it splits and overturns boulders. In Holland as a tiny sea creature it wrecks dams and terrifies a kingdom. In Western America it becomes a pest in the insect and devours as the locusts of Egypt. In armies in the Balkans it fights and fells to earth the pride of cities and nations. What life can do the history of mankind records.

But Jesus came to introduce a life more powerful than any the world ever saw: His was such a life. It did marvelously. It healed and helped and transfigured as nothing before it ever did. At the end of His life, He said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall ye do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

He meant what He said. He meant that the new vision, the new age, new power of the risen Redeemer, the new social and religious justice, the new citizenship in the kingdom of heaven, the new lives hid with Him in God should know an activity and a success, the like of which was never known. He meant that the arm of man nerved by the hand of God should do exploits that the Spirit of life and power in Him should make a man an energizing, life giving force with which the world would have to reckon.

Just this is what is always needed. We have enough eloquence, scholarship and brains. We have plenty of men and women. But we have not enough life that is white hot, consuming, resolute for the race. If I had to name the thing that is most demanded by the hour, it would be, under God, a new baptism of energy, enthusiasm, life. It would be that we should spend ourselves for

the kingdom. It would be less preaching and more practice. It would be the new call to the Gospel of work, sacrifice, martyrdom. Think of our force. In Chicago is about twenty-five millions tied up in churches. In London, W. T. Stead estimated that we had one hundred millions so invested. In the United States we have a billion dollars in church buildings.

These are the recruiting stations of the kingdom. Attached to these American churches are about thirty million members, an army beside which the forces of Alexander and Caesar and Xerxes are insignificant. This force is the flower of the nation. It has the brilliancy, beauty, brawn, bravery of the century. But it is not felt as such an army should be. It is not militant. It has lost its conquering note. It has lost its dare. It is marking time, taking its ease, admiring itself. The sense of the cross save as a beautiful symbol is lost with multitudes. Only now and then some life with only medium ability arises to shame us by its solitary attainments.

Such a life was that of Dr. Rainsford's. It lost the faith it had in the old methods. It gripped anew the idea that man was savable, that the gospel had power to bring the children of the One Father in heaven home. He went to work in a community from which scores of churches had moved. He went to work with only a handful of families. He made St. George free. He filled it. He added through his Sunday School alone in twenty years four thousand five hundred people. In one year his young peoples' societies raised for the kingdom $7,500. The whole church raised over a hundred thousand a year on an average for a score of years. He blessed multitudes of these neglected by the world—blessed because he wrought, had life got from contact with the supreme life.

Take another life. Thirty years ago Russell Conwell was called to Grace Church, Philadelphia, called by thirty people with a debt on their house of fifteen thousand dollars. At the end of the first ten years conservative old Philadelphia wagged its head and guessed as to the outcome, but seats were at a premium. At the end of the second decade the largest church in American protestantism was built and the people still came to hear the unconventional man. At the end of the third decade, Conwell's name was second to that of Thomas A. Edison's in the vote for a living Temple of Fame. His record is unsurpassed in American Christianity. He has taken through his baptistry 7,000 people. He has built a school through which over 70,000 young people have passed to usefulness. He has built a hospital that covers a city square,

worth a half million dollars, and that treats annually 27,000. His one lecture Acres of Diamonds has been given 4,000 times and has paid for the education of 1400 students.

George Muller's life was possibly greater than either of these. He was no abler. He was longer lived. His path took an altogether different course. He dedicated himself to the work of showing men of the nineteenth century what God could do by prayer. Never a man from the beginning of time did more. He believed he had fifty thousand direct answers to prayer. He seemed to reach higher up than others. Faith with him knew no difficulties. It brought him round about seven and a half millions of dollars. It enabled him to make homes for over ten thousand orphans; put 32,994 children in Sunday schools; 81,501 in Day Schools; send out 1,989,266 Bibles and parts of Bibles; and distributed 3,101,338 other books. On top of this he preached three times a week for seventy years. When that old man died at ninety three, leaving for his estate, the handsome sum of $847.25 he had done what no man since the world was had done.

Now neither of these men were of overwhelming ability. But they were alive. They were God's men. They wrought. They put us to shame. They rebuke our ease. They discount our faith. They call us to work. They summon us to the highest. They put before us the vast possibilities of the life that is in touch with God.

Will we heed? Will we throw ourselves back upon God and blame His electing grace for not planting us among princes? Will we excuse our little life centers? Will we read the records of the ones whom He has made mighty and emulate or stimulate?

God help us understand that His world of life is ours. He came that we might have life. Like the riches of all mines, like the vastness of the sea, like the stretches of space is its fulness.

Address

By MRS. CATHERINE BOOTH-CLIBBORN

Known as "Marechale" on the Continent

Today I want to say a few practical words to Christians. We are most of us Christians here, I think. The thing that is uppermost in my mind is—What a serious business we have on hand.

Dear friends, I think if we had a better realization of our vocation; mind, not of a bishop's vocation or of a minister's, but of OUR vocation, yours and mine, OUR high calling, our destiny as Christians, it would affect and change the whole of our lives.

What is our vocation? It is to see Jesus; to be Jesus and to give Jesus to a dying world!

First to see Him. I cannot possess or give Him, unless I have seen Him.

Secondly, to possess His Spirit, to become like Him. No one can communicate what he has not got. "The disciple shall be as His Master, the servant as his Lord." "As He is so are we in this world."

Thirdly, to give Jesus to the dying world.

Now I am not going to allow any man, any theologian or Doctor of Divinity to spoil my realization, my springing up to the meaning of Christ's own words.

We often bring to this Book, the ideas of Dr. So-and-So, the interpretations of Professor X. These may be remarkable men, but nothing can add to or improve the wonderful beauty, simplicity and freshness of Christ's words, as they stand.

When I was alone in France, away from the blessed association of Christian people, away from such centers as this, where you are carried along by the strong and spiritual current, where you have hundreds of others to help and cheer you with a hearty "God bless you." When I got away into the deserted and God forsaken parts of that vast country, how precious and real were the words of Jesus to me.

My soul said within me, I will not take away His meaning by giving it my own interpretations or any one else's. There is something about His words, which make them different from those of the apostles or any other inspired writer.

I never had time to read commentaries or to study a great deal. My life has been a very busy one as any one can realize when they think for a moment that I am, among other things, the mother of ten children. The Holy Spirit has been my commentary. The Holy Spirit is the best interpreter in the world of Christ's words. What a wonderful teacher He is! I can speak from experience!

There is a world shut up in the words of Christ. For example—"No man can serve two masters." "He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me." "Love one another as I have loved you," etc., etc., and then the word of all words, said to Saul, after he had become Paul—Saul after his wonderful conversion, you remember, received his divine commission straight from the resurrected lips of Jesus Christ Himself—Listen to them, they have been a great inspiration to me, "Paul, **I send you** to open their eyes, to turn them from darkness to light from the power of Satan unto God, that they might receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance among them that are sanctified." That is our commission—yours and mine—from the resurrected lips of our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. I cannot shelve my responsibility for my example, my influence—that remarkable thing called influence— and my power, Divine power given me by Some One who inhabits me! I cannot shelve it by giving Bibles away or by giving lectures on the Bible or explaining the Scriptures. No! Paul I send **you.** Not Bibles, not tracts or leaflets. I send **you** to open their eyes. I am counting on **you,** Paul. **You** are to do the work. How? That is another question. But mark—I cannot back out of my responsibility for "opening eyes" and turning men from darkness to light by preaching Paul or Peter or John. Be I as eloquent as an archangel, be I master in the art of oratory, it is what I **am** more than what I say; it is when you **are** as He was that you receive the power to speak the word that delivers. Have you ever thought of that? Power to speak the word that unbinds or looses. I had a letter some months ago saying, "It was one word you said in the street that brought me into the light." We ought to have continuous contemporaneous evidences of the workings of the Holy Ghost. Christianity is an institution for the miraculous!" It does what nothing else can do! I have seen it work, or rather I have seen **Him** work. I do not tell you what I have read in books. I speak of what I have seen and known and heard. The greatest actor in the world is the Lord

Jesus Cshist. I have seen Him act. I have seen Him take a demon and turn him into an angel. I have seen Him take hold of a tongue that could not speak without using bad language, without cursing and swearing, and make it to utter words of life and peace and love; you would not have recognized the man. You and I are called to do His works. He said, "Greater things than these shall ye do." "How?" you ask. When you are in Him and He in you. But first you must get the vision. You must see Jesus. When you have had that vision you can never forget it. It is a wonderful sight to see Him, the One who so loved us that He endured everything to save us. He thought it worth while to win my heart and to give me a place by His side. Then think of the glory of becoming like Him. He said, "All things are possible to him that believeth." The servnat should be as his Lord. That is the burden on my heart today—the message which I want to give to you. Never mind what a bad temper you have—what an ease-loving creature you are. You can become like Him. Perhaps you say, "Ah, yes, but you don't know me, you don't know how selfish I am by nature. I love myself and I save myself," which means you cannot think of anyone else, you cannot love souls and you cannot save others. He who saves himself cannot save others. "He saved others; Himself He cannot save." Suppose I am so in love with myself that I am always thinking of myself and wondering how everything that happens will, directly or indirectly, affect me and mine. He speaks to me and says, "Will you hand yourself over? Will you identify yourself with me? Will you let me come into that selfish heart of yours? Will you give me a throne in your empire, which is your heart? I will work a miracle there. You shall be partaker of My divine nature, not because you are better than others, but because I love you! You will see what I will do for the man or woman who wants me, who runs after me, who wills to do my business, who wishes to give my image to the world and to shine for me." It is a wonderful opportunity for you! You may ask, "Why has that particular sorrow come into my life?" Well, if it is to bring about this result you will understand why it came! Is not this worth suffering for? Friends if you were to put a million, two, three, four, five millions on the table there I would despise them compared to the fact, of the joy, the glory of giving Jesus to the world! Jesus the friend of sinners. Of giving the soul of Jesus, the life of Jesus, the sympathy of Jesus to poor suffering humanity, the joy of making men to know Him, of bringing Him into the dark and solitary lives that I have seen transformed. You give them some one who can heal them spirit, soul and body. You give them a divine physician, you introduce them to One hitherto

unknown to them—One whom they needed without realizing it. I have seen the worst characters transformed in this way. At first I was surprised. I wondered at the lowest rising highest and the last first. Now I know it was their faith. "All things are possible." He opened the door to the very worst of us. There are no limitations with God. All have fallen. How often have I said to the man who wanted a revolver in the agony of conviction. To become Christlike is possible, too, if I will! I was once traveling with a Roman priest. It was a little habit of mine on railway trains abroad to seek a compartment where I could journey in company with priests and nuns. I sought the opportunity of conversation with them on spiritual matters. "My Father," I said to this priest, "Can I be saved from sin?" "Oh, madame, you ask a tremendous question. You must go to the confessional and take the eucharist and attend mass very often, but you cannot hope to be delivered from sin." "But, my Father," I answered, "If I will it and if He wills it, if both our wills will the same thing, if He wants me to belong to Him in this world and I offer Him my heart, my mind, my spirit, my body, my hands, my feet, my allegiance, what then? If I say to Him I will be Yours no matter where I am, I want to live and breathe and shine for you. My Father, what can hinder this union coming to pass?" He sat buried in thought answering nothing. "My Father, won't God answer my prayer and deliver me from sin? It is His will and it is mine. Can He not make me like Himself?" Then the Catholic priest answered, "You are right; **nothing can hinder.**"

A woman got gloriously saved in one of our meetings . She was a French washer woman and a great sinner. The change in her was wonderful. Her face was like night turned into day. She got troubled because she had to go to confession. Asking my advice as to what she should say to the priest, I answered her, "Tell the priest about your conversion." When I saw her again I asked, "Did you tell your priest what has happened in your heart and what Christ has done for you?" Yes, Marechale, but I am never going there again! He is a greater sinner than I am. You should have seen the temper he got into when I told him! " She had received the light. That woman became one of our best workers. We are saved to save. The first business of your life and mine is to give our hearts to Jesus. Your spirit speaks louder than your words. I know a deaf and dumb man who got converted. He came into a vaudeville theatre where I was preaching. The audience was of the worst kind. At first they sang love songs and would not give me an opportunity to speak. I stood quietly and waited. Every now and then profiting by a lull in the storm I threw out a sentence of my message

praying that it might strike home to some heart. Ten days after someone came and told me of a beautiful case of conversion. It was the deaf and dumb teacher of a certain asylum. He was in the theatre listening to you last Sunday night." "But," I said, "he did not hear me." That does not matter, he got converted. It is known everywhere. He no more pulls the children's hair or boxes their ears when they are slow at learning the deaf and dumb language. I sent for him wishing to speak with him myself. When he came into the room I was struck by the light on his face: he shone. He told me the story on his fingers with the help of an interpreter.' "It was what I saw with my eyes—but more it was the atmosphere in which I was brought, the Holy Spirit in the theatre. I saw my life, my hideous life, my cruelty to the poor little children. I felt I wanted the Lord Jesus Christ. I asked Him to pardon and save me. Now I am patient with those children. We can change the atmosphere wherever we go, if He lives within!

When my mother was dying she drew my head down beside hers on the pillow and whispered, "Katie, I shall look for you and all the children up there—but do not forget the sheaves. Bring your sheaves with you—when you are lying here nothing else comforts you, nothing else matters; all is so small beside this." I never forgot her words. The sheaves! What are the sheaves? The man or woman within your reach out of real concern for whose soul you have never given one solid hour—there they are unsaved and you know it—and they might be your sheaves. That is our destiny to give Jesus, "to open their eyes" "I send you" not only to preach to them—preaching is another thing. Many preach who do not possess Jesus! but to open their eyes. It is marvelous—to open people's eyes. I have seen people's eyes opened in five minutes who have lived in debauchery and sin—or pride and self will. I remember a princess coming to a drawing room meeting of mine out of curiosity. She was a member of the Greek church and a Spiritualist. I spoke and her eyes were opened. The next morning she rushed into my bedroom and fell on her knees by my bed—"Tell me, Oh tell me," she exclaimed, "how did you get to know Him?" I told her after her conversion. She became a splendid worker for Jesus Christ. Instead of paying fifty pounds for a ring or some other trinket she would give it to me for our midnight suppers and other work. I used to say, "Princess, you cannot come to the midnight supper, it is no place for you." Tears would come to her eyes. "Oh, Marechale, let me have that pleasure." No theories, or creeds, or church saved her but Jesus, the love of Jesus—her eyes were opened and from the day of her conversion she went forward

seeking to win other souls for Christ. She got her son converted and I have seen her lead fallen women to the feet of Christ. There is no joy on earth or in heaven that can be compared to the joy of saving souls. This is our vocation. May God help you to rise to it.

What Must I Do to Be Saved?

By REV. GIPSY SMITH, D. D.

"But about midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns unto God, and the prisoners were listening to them." Sometimes there are listeners in unlikely places, walls may have ears—"and suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison-house were shaken; and immediately all the doors were opened; and every one's bands were loosed. And the jailor, being roused out of sleep and seeing the prison doors open, drew his sword and was about to kill himself, supposing that the prisoners had escaped. But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm; for we are all here. And he called for lights and sprang in, and, trembling for fear, fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, thou and thy house. And they spake the word of the Lord unto him, with all that were in his house. And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, immediately. And he brought them up into his house, and set a table before them—set food before them—and rejoiced greatly, with all his house, having believed in God." Acts 16:25-34.

I want to speak to you to-night, taking as the text the question of the jailor and the answer which Paul and Silas gave, and I want to say to these who are preachers and evangelists that I wanted to preach from these words fifteen years before I dared. For fifteen years these words were simmering in my heart and mind. I read all the sermons I could get hold of, but they did not satisfy me; somehow they did not deal with the whole passage as I thought the passage demanded; and I asked some of my preacher friends to preach from these words that I might hear them and see if I could get any light to help my poor struggling mind and heart, and they preached for me but their sermons did not help me—not that they were not good sermons from the sermonic standpoint, but somehow or other I felt that the whole truth I wanted did not come that

way. I looked up the commentaries and they did not help me. We have dragged this text, "What shall I do to be saved?" and the other one, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" out of their setting and we have made them like a great classic, like that other great text in the third chapter of John, "God so loved the world"—we have treated that in the same way, and a few other texts, and we have blazoned them everywhere. We have hurled them at everybody, and we have said, "Believe! believe! believe!" until believing does not mean very much. I say we have dragged these words out of their context and we have not dealt with them justly.

Now, I wonder if Paul were the preacher and stood where I do to-night—just imagine Paul standing here, that great master mind, that colossal brain, that giant in spiritual truth, that master in dealing with men, that stupendous surgeon in spiritual things, that great searcher of hearts—suppose he stood here to-night instead of those of us who are on this platform, and this building were crowded with people, and somebody down there got up and said, "Paul, I want to be a Christian, what must I do to be saved?" And then suppose that somebody over here got up and said the same thing, and then that somebody over yonder got up and said the same thing, "What must I do to be saved?" and then that somebody behind me got up and said, "Yes, I am anxious to be a better man, I want to be a Christian, what must I do?" What do you suppose Paul would say? What do you think he would say, you Christian workers who are fond of applying one truth, and one only, wholesale irrespective of the moral and spiritual condition of the man who comes? "O," you say, "he would say, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.'" But would he? That is where we have blundered. Paul would not do anything of the kind unless all the people who put the question were spiritually and morally in the same condition identically as that man. Is that true? What would you think of a doctor who would go to the door of a huge ward, filled with patients, all suffering from various diseases, all kinds of ailments, and take out of his pocket a prescription and say, "Take that, the whole lot of you?" You would say, "I do not want that doctor when I am sick. I want a man who will go into my case and study and diagnose it and make it a specialty, and if I am going to get any good out of him he will have to deal with me in that way." We have tried to save the world wholesale, and as Christian men and women we have not sufficiently studied our cases, we have not taken time to deal definitely and personally with every case that has been presented to us for healing. But Paul did that. He

preached to the multitudes and he preached to one man; he preached to thousands but he had time for the individual to study his case. My chapter helps me; there are three cases of conversion in this chapter, and Paul took each one differently, separately, individually: he dealt with them in their own way and on their own merits. You say, "Why did he say to this man, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?'" Because the jailor was an infidel, a blatant Blatchford, a blaspheming Bradlaugh, an unbelieving Ingersoll. Jesus Christ was an imposter, he had been put to death, so the jailor thought, and here are some of His followers and they are as deceived as he and they must be put out of existence. He did not believe in this new religion, it was a fraud, and he was going to have his part in putting it out of existence, he did not believe in it. And when those two men began to pray—and things do happen when men pray, and if we learn how to pray as these men did something will happen always when we pray—as they prayed in the inner prison and sang the praises of God, God heard and came down and shook that old prison. What happened you and I will never know, but something happened; somewhere amid the lurid lightning, and rolling thunder, somewhere amid the flying dust and the opening of doors, somewhere amid the rattling of chains and the breaking of them, somewhere in the confusion of that hour God spoke to that jailor, light flashed into his soul, conviction of sin got hold of him. What he saw you and I will never know, but he saw enough to feel his sin and to know that he was wrong, and he cried out, "What must I do?" They said, "There is only one thing for you to do; put Jesus in the throne-place of your mind and heart, and that will settle the question for you forever; get into right relationship with Jesus Christ; put Him right in your heart and you will be saved." That is why, he was an infidel. But you, my brother, have not an infidel congregation. You have not an infidel world. If you will go down to the jail you will find believers in the jail, but it is not an honest or an obedient faith or they would not be there. There is a faith that saves and moves and regenerates, and there is also an intellectual assent which damns. Paul would say more than that to any one of us.

Take the case beyond this, it is that of a woman. She cried after him, and this was the cry, "These men are servants of the Most High God who show unto us the way of salvation." If she had lived nowadays they would have made her a missionary. Listen to her speech, "These men are servants of the Most High God who show us the way of salvation." They would have put her on the ladies' board in the church or made her a deaconess: I am not

so sure but they would have made her an evangelist. Paul, why not make her a preacher? Yes, but the devil can preach. Why not tell her to believe? She did believe and said so, "These men are servants of the Most High God." What was he to say to her? The only thing that was to be said. What was that? He said to the devil in her, "Come out." Paul studied his case, and if you are going to be a successful soul winner you will have to study your case, and you will have to take time to do it, and you cannot do it flippantly nor at express speed but go God's time and God's way if you are to win your man. "Come out" said Paul, which was the only thing to say to that woman.

Go back one more case, and this time it is a woman, too, but a very different woman. If she had been in your church she would have been the most popular woman there, Lydia, beautiful, sweet, attractive, winsome, just an angel kind of a woman, the woman that everybody was better for knowing. When she came into your presence she would have appealed to the best in you every time and inspired the best and noblest instincts. Everybody would have loved Lydia. She actually went to the week-day prayer-meeting. She was so religious she went down to the riverside where prayer was wont to be made. She did not expect to meet Paul and Silas. She was religious, entrenched in the traditions of her fathers but she did not know Jesus, and down there by the riverside as Paul prayed and Silas sang and the meeting went on, somehow, somewhere she saw the light. You do not read that Paul said to the devil in Lydia, Come out! although there was a devil to come out and that was the devil of self-righteousness, the devil of preconceived notions—he did not say that to her; he dealt with her in another way, gently, tenderly, winsomely, subtly, powerfully, skillfully, until her heart was broken and open to receive the living Christ, the Son of God. The three cases in the same chapter were all dealt with by Paul and all dealt with differently. Christian worker, we fail when we present a cheap gospel; we blunder when we preach an easy-going kind of salvation, when we stand up and say, "Only believe." The Book does not say it. The devil believes but he is not a saint, and he believes far more than any of us here, he knows more about it, he has had more to do with Jesus Christ than any of us; he believes, he believes and trembles, and some of you have never trembled yet with all your professed faith. There is more to it than simply to believe. We stop where they went on. We take the text out of its setting and we say cheaply, "Believe! believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." The account says that they taught him the Word of the Lord. What does that mean?

They taught him what believing would imply; they taught him the accompaniments of faith. The writer to the Hebrews said in one place, "We are persuaded better things of you and things which accompany salvation." Salvation has its accompaniments; saving faith has its companions—"Add to your faith virtue, add to your faith knowledge, add to your faith love" and so on. Saving faith does not stand alone. They taught him the word of the Lord. Now, then, if you were to get up and say, "Paul, what must I do to be saved?" he would pause and say, "My brother, come closer to me! let me feel your moral pulse, let me diagnose your case; what is the matter with you? what is your sin? what is the dominant thing in your life which comes between you and God, the **thing?**" for I have discovered in dealing with men and women on five continents that while there may be six or ten or a dozen things wrong in a man's life, it is one overmastering and predominating enslaving thing before which that man falls down a slave every time, and if that thing goes the others will slink away like so many whipped curs. Paul would say, "What is the curse in your life? is it a woman? what is it? is it drink? what is it?" He would drag it out by the hair of its head; he would be too faithful and skillful to let you off. It is no use to talk about believing while that is covered up; out with it! lay that down at the feet of Jesus for if you are going to believe that must go. If you were to get up, sister, over there, and say, "Paul, I want to be a Christian," he would say, "Come, let us be faithful, let us reason together and look this thing honestly in the face and see what has separated you from Christ and taken His place in your love and life? what has blotted out the sun from your sky? what has wrecked your beautiful life, poisoning it with weeds and tearing the roses out of your life? what is killing you by inches spiritually and morally? what is it that comes between you and God?" And if you were to say that it is this, that or the other and he knew you were not speaking the truth he would probe until he got at the thing, and then he would show you your mistake if you began to talk about believing. If you were to get up over there, my brother, and say, "Paul, what is it that I am to do?" he would say, "You know very well, you know the thing that has unmanned you and gripped you by the heart and life, you know the thing that has robbed your days of joy and filled them with gloom, that thing that brings guilt and condemnation, that is the thing that must go." He took him and taught him the word of life. Does not the story confirm what I am saying?

Then what happened? "He took them the same hour of the night and washed their stripes." That is believing, stripe washing!

He did not wait for the morning. He had been beating them, he had been wounding them, "he took them the same hour of the night and washed their stripes." That is an evidence of his faith. Don't you talk about believing until you have done the stripe washing; and you have been singing a long time "I believe" but you have not attended to the stripe washing. There is a woman in God's world somewhere whom you wronged; there is a pinched face somewhere bearing your shame; there is a poor little thing reduced to a skeleton because of your unmanhood and sin: don't you talk about believing until you go and do your stripe washing; don't you play the fool; don't you mock God, don't you insult Him; don't you commit sacrilege; don't you dare to handle holy things in God's holy house until you have done the miserable stripe washing. "He took them the same hour of the night." Some of you have in your possession something that does not belong to you, and that has to go home before you can be a believer to the salvation of your soul: you have to do your stripe washing. There is a dear old mother whose heart you nearly broke and you never said, "Forgive me"; you have to do some stripe washing. There is somebody whose good name you took away by some slanderous word; you steeped your tongue in the murdered blood of somebody's innocence—don't you call yourself a believer until you attend to the stripe washing. "He took them the same hour of the night and washed their stripes." A high school girl came to me in one of your cities on a former visit, at the close of the service, and she said, "Will you take that fountain pen from me?" as she pushed it toward me. I said, "No, thank you, I have two." Her lip quivered as she tried to hold herself together. She said, "Take this pen." I said, "No, I cannot, but if you will tell me the whole story I will help you: I will tell you what I will do, if you will tell me whom you took it from I will take it back for you or go with you if you like," for I knew that was the story she had behind that desire to get rid of that fountain pen. I had been preaching on stripe washing. And she bit her lip until the blood oozed from it while the tears streamed down. She said, "No, sir; I stole it from my friend at school; I will take it back; God helping me." I said, "Praise God! I will pray for you." The next night at the close of the service she came up to me with her friend and she said, "O, sir, it is all right"—the first one could hardly speak for tears and the other one did the talking—and she said, "We have knelt and prayed together and buried it forever," and the other one said, "I think I shall be happy." Of course! Happiness only comes when you do your stripe washing; it is not pleasant but you have it to do. You have to go and shake hands with somebody; you have to write a letter to somebody

and say, "Forgive me"; that is stripe washing. And that sort of a cheap kind of intellectual belief in God for salvation that does not grip me by the throat and make me go back and search for the things that are crooked in my life and help me to straighten them before God and the world, is not the saving faith of the New Testament. O, Jesus Christ, make us real! Have you done your stripe washing, my brother and sister? you will get joy when you do: when you keep the laws of faith you will have the joy of faith, the victory of faith.

When the morning came this jailor had brought them up out of the dungeon and they were seated at his table, they were fellowshipping together, and he rejoiced in God. You will get the joy. I don't tell you how it is coming—I don't know whether I can tell you—I can't tell you any more than I can tell you how light creeps through the gates of the morning without a creak on the hinges, but it does: I cannot tell you how God will give you joy any more than I can tell you how He will kiss that little vapor out of the mud-hole at your doorstep and kiss it into a rainbow, an arched bridge on which the angels will stand and weep over the dying storm. It will not come to you as it came to me, but it will come to you in your peculiar way. Don't let the devil cheat you because you did not get converted like the jailor, or Lydia, or the other girl. Don't let the devil cheat you because you don't feel like Billy Sunday or Campbell Morgan. Let the Holy Ghost fill you and mold you, and be content with it. Campbell Morgan said this morning that he is glad he is himself. When the Lord made him He threw the mold away. He always does. So He did when he made me—one of my sort is enough, there is no room for another. Don't you try to get an experience like mine because you won't get it. I am not as good as I ought to be: the devil tells me that often; how often he comes to me and says, "You are not as good as you ought to be." I tell him that I am not as bad as I was. Don't you feel bad because you are not like this body or that body. You obey the law and light of life and you will get the joy. What if I could get the jailor and Lydia to give their experiences from this platform! I would get the jailor up first. Imagine that short-necked jailor, with round cropped head standing there with eyes like bullets, a voice like a sepulcher and staring at you people! "Now I will tell you how I was converted, mine was a proper conversion; you ought to have been there, you should have heard the thunder roll and seen the lightning flash; it was an earthquake; I was converted in the proper way." And imagine Lydia listening to that! and if she had been made of the stuff some of you folks are made of she would

have said, "If that is conversion I have not got it," but she was not converted that way. When she would get up she would say. "Thank God for the earthquake if it will save a man like the jailor; there was no earthquake when I saw the light; I can hardly tell you how it did happen: I went down there to the riverside to prayer-meeting, I did not expect to meet brother Paul and brother Silas; while they prayed and sang I got a little bit of light, I don't know how it happened but somehow or other my heart was open and Jesus came in." It will come just as sure as you obey the law, God will save you, He is able and willing to do it. But, my brother and my sister, there must be no holding back, you must go all the way: He can do stupendous things for you when you are willing to submit; yes, He can present us perfect. Did you see that lovely mountain bank of snowflakes over the lake the other morning, that wonderful snowlike mountain? Where did you get that from? The Lord took that little bit of vapor out of your mud pools and kissed it into that mighty mountain of snow, and if He can kiss a mud-hole into a mountain of snow, what can He not do with you if He gets His way with you? In one of our beautiful homes in England I sat at breakfast before I left for America, with three or four ministers, and on the center-table was a magnificent plant, an orchid, and it was made of gnarled roots—dry sticks to the inexperienced eye—not a leaf anywhere, not a bit of foliage, but the most magnificent tropical splendors I ever looked upon; and as I watched those magnificent colors at the breakfast table I turned to the preachers and said, "If God can do such wonderful things with a few bits of sticks like you see there, I wonder what He can do with ecclesiastics if you will only let Him have His way!" O, He can make you perfect, only let Him have His way with you. I remember when the Welsh revival was on. I was conducting a ten days' meeting in Pontypridd, in the Rhondda valley. I sat in the home in which I was a guest one morning early after breakfast toiling with my letters. The home stood on the mountainside. Pontypridd is in that valley, and beyond the little town is another huge lovely Welsh mountain; the little town was down below, and the blue smoke was curling up quietly and the snow was falling—it was January—the beautiful snow was falling rhythmically, poetically. I came across this letter: "Dear sir—Three months ago I heard you preach from a certain text; God convicted me of my sin; I have lived a double life; from that sermon I quit my sin, I did all I could to rectify it but the memory of it haunts me, I cannot sleep nor rest, I have no peace or pardon: can God save me? You are the man who brought the message that brought me to myself

and showed me myself: I write in despair: can God save me?" And I laid my head in my hand and looked out of the window and watched the snow; I watched it until I thought I could see a little snowflake poise up there in mid-air and look down on that mighty mountain in front of me, and I thought I heard that snowflake say to the mighty mountain, "I am only a little snowflake and I want a resting-place; if I fall upon you can you bear me?" And then I thought I heard the old mountain rumble out of its depths, "Little snowflake, I have my roots in eternity, and underneath me are the everlasting arms; if you want a resting place, test me, fall on me." And so I put my little parable to paper and sent it to that man in the distant town, and I said, "If it helps you, let me hear from you," and I got a telegram when he received my letter, and this is what it said, "I am on the mountain and it bears, blessed be God." Listen! can a mountain bear a snowflake? can an ocean bear a bubble? Don't argue, "Can God do this for me?" Have you sense to let Him? have you sense to obey Him? You commit yourself to the Lord, obey Him. Make your faith and life harmonious, make your desires and faith come together, let your feet turn in the way of faith: it is no way to say, "I do believe" over your shoulder and have your feet towards the saloon; it is no use to say "I believe on Sunday and then feel out behind you for the devil's black paw. What do we sing?

"In my hands no price I bring?"

Why? because clinging hands must be empty hands, that is why; if your hands are preoccupied you cannot cling. Let everything go and you will get God. Throw away the world's trash and let God have His way with you. Just God! just God! and you will be saved, you will be saved fully and be made perfect that way and no other way. I dare not make it easy, my brother.

I am going to close with a little story out of my heart life. A few years ago I returned home from America; I had been away from my wife and children for nearly ten months, and only those who have got hearts and are separated from those they love can enter into my feelings. One of the sorrows of my life has been that I have to leave those I love so long. But it is no good to preach "Follow Christ!" unless you are prepared to practice it. When I got home on this particular occasion my pastor was busy with a huge sale of work, what you would call, probably, a fancy fair and bazaar, to provide means for sheltering four or five hundred waifs and strays of our city life there, and although I was tired and had been away from home nearly ten months I felt that my place was

right there beside him, and I went to his aid, and my little Zillah, my sweet child, and a lovely little Gipsy girl she was, hung onto me and caught hold of my coat and coddled my arm, and then put both arms around me and looked up into my face, and her voice was the music my heart had hungered for many a day. A bachelor friend came up to me—he had not seen me for nearly ten months, and he sort of sidled up and stuck to me, and I wanted both, but I was afraid my little child's voice would annoy the bachelor, and never thinking of the pain I might give Zillah I took some money out of my pocket and said, "Here, Zillah, dear, just take any of it or all of it and go to that stall and spend it as you like." She looked at my money and her bonny eyes filled with tears and she said, "Daddy, I don't want your old money; you have been away from me for over nine months and I just want to stay with you, I just want to be near you, that is all." When you get like that, my brother, because you are so hungry for Christ, you will get converted, you will get sanctified, and get filled with the Spirit.

Thy gifts, alas, cannot suffice
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

Give me thyself: from every boast,
From every wish set free:
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

That is faith, that is obedience. May God bring us there now.

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How Shall We Escape?

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D. D.

As preparatory to our meditation I shall read from the Letter to the Hebrews, chapters 1 and 2. I call your attention to the question of verse 3, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation."

There are moods and tenses in the particular conjugation of the verb "to love" in which it is made to be the central and supreme question of the New Testament, and the most vital question in human life. They are the moods in which the soul has a consciousness of spiritual things. They are the times in which the soul stands between the goal and aspiration of salvation, and the lure and the lust of mortal things. Indeed, so incisively arresting is the question that to hear is for a moment to be compelled to think of life in the imperative, and to apply to the present the value of the future.

Now there are three quantities in the question which combine to create this arresting power. Two of them are immediately recognized; the third is, I am inclined to think, not so apparent, but when it is once discovered becomes most potent. The two quantities to which I refer are those of the salvation which the text refers to, and the neglect which it suggests. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" The salvation is described as GREAT salvation, and the term in its simplicity is eloquent of the sublimity of the theme. It is illuminated through and through with the glory of the grace of God. It is of the highest type, for it comes from the heaven of heavens. It is powerful for it descends to the lowest depths of degradation. It is so vast and so wonderful and so great it defies definition and finds its explanation in the words "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Have you fathomed the significance of the soul in John 3:16? If you have then you can comprehend the greatness of the salvation to which this text refers.

To neglect is not to deny, it is hardly to ignore. It is rather

to recognize and postpone; to admit but not to administer. And these are the two phases of the text that almost invariably cause people to wonder. The greatness of salvation, and the danger of neglect.

And there is a third quantity, and that third quantity is found by laying emphasis, not upon the word salvation, the greatness of which is admitted; not upon the word neglect, the suggestiveness of which is apprehended, but upon the personal pronoun. Now read the text again with emphasis laid upon the personal pronoun. "How shall WE escape if WE neglect so great salvation?" You and I, many of us, my brethren, in the ministry, have preached from this text over and over again, in desiring to bring men and women to Christ. But this text is not in the first place for the man who is unsaved, but for the man who is saved. This question was not written for man outside, but for man INside. That is the arresting fact; that is the quantity in the text which quite recently in my own life and in my own experience, gripped my heart and soul and halted me. Without any doubt that was the mental emphasis of the writer, for he was comparing, you will remember, the responsibilities of Christian beliefs with those of the Hebrews under the Jewish economy. They declared that their economy had been ministered by angels; but this new economy had been ministered by the Son. They claimed the divinity of their own literature, that God had spoken in divers manners in times past. All that is proved true; but God has spoken unto us finally in His Son.

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" The comparison is relevant in our own case. I repeat that the recognition of the fact gives power to the question. "If we neglect." WE, who are subsequently described in this very letter as "Holy brethren" "partakers of the heavenly calling." If we who are holy brethren, who are partakers of the heavenly calling, if we neglect so great salvation, the salvation which is already ours in the provision of the cross and through faith, if we neglect it how shall we escape?

Now it is in the light of that first and fundamental meaning of the question that I propose to deal with it, and ask you to follow me for a little while.

If we, who are saved, neglect our great salvation, how shall we escape? Escape what? Postpone your thinking until we come to that. The word itself is suggestive, and let us simply be quite honest for a few moments. It is difficult to be honest sometimes because of theological prejudices. I know it is so and say so. Some

of you know it is true and do not say it, but it is true. I ask you to say now quietly within your soul whether this is all so. Was he talking to unsaved men or to saved men? There is no escape. He was writing to Christian men, Christian men who were in danger of making shipwreck because of the difficulty of the way.

I refer to the local setting, and take the inquiry and put my own soul in front of it, and let it apply to me. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

Now the line of consideration is two fold. First, the implication of the inquiry as to the responsibility of saved men with regard to their own salvation. Men that are saved have a responsibility concerning the SO GREAT SALVATION wherein they are saved. What is that responsibility? And secondly, the suggestion of the inquiry as to the peril of neglecting that responsibility.

First then, the responsibility of saved men with regard to their salvation, and as a matter of fact I think I have already touched upon it by way of introduction. What is suggested by that great word 'salvation?' I remind you then that this is the central word of the Bible, it stands for the central theme of the Bible, the central value of the Bible. The Bible is not a scientific text book. That is not to say of it that is is unscientific. The Bible is not the hand book of philosophy. That is not to say that the Bible is not philosophical. The Bible is not literature for fallen man. The Bible is the revelation of God in His redeeming activity, having declarations concerning His creative quantities, concerning his constructive quantities in government, but the great and central quantity of the Bible is salvation and the very word salvation suggests a dark background, the background of peril, of darkness, of death, and these are the things that make salvation necessary. But the word itself flashes with light so glorious that falling upon the background it is seen to serve the divine purpose of setting forth the glory of the Christ, of God. Salvation as a Christian religion is different from every other religion in this thing that it declares that God seeks men rather than that man seeks God. It tells how God seeks man and proclaims salvation rather than instructs man as to how he may seek God.

What is the salvation to which the writer here refers? It is the salvation for man which has its source in God Himself, in the love of God in the wisdom of God and in the power of God. We may refer to it as to its negative values, and as to its positive values.

Negative values, positive values. What are the negative values

of salvation? The salvation which the writer is referring to, deals with sin. It is negative only. It is the ultimate in salvation, it is the beginning of the operation of salvation. Forgiveness of sin, cleansing from sin, power over sin. These are only beginnings, the negative things. Great and wonderful things are they, without which nothing else is possible to us, in which all other things are possible, but they are only negative.

So do not imagine when you know forgiveness and victory over sin that you have reached the limit in holiness, in Christian things. These are only preparatory things. Salvation brings to man first forgiveness, the sins of the unseen soul, the certainty of it, the consciousness of it. Have you found that? Do you know that your sins are forgiven? It is not by the argument of some man, by the persuasion of some personal worker. No man was ever saved by believing a text. Do you know the first consciousness of the forgiveness of sin? Oh, my brothers and sisters, this awful sense of pollution, so terrible that when a soul really feels it that soul ceases to fear hell. It is not hell that a man is afraid of, it is sin; and if he could believe that hell would purge him he would welcome hell to be purged. I have sometimes felt that there is something the matter with our preaching to-day, that this sense seems to be so rare a thing, that sense of sin, and side by side with it the sense of forgiveness, the certainty of cleansing.

What are the positive values? Intelligent enlightenment, emotional aspiration, volitional freedom, or in other words, spiritual rebirth, so that not only is there the negative, forgiven sin, cleansing from sin, but the power, the new life, the new outcome. Hear this old and familiar word of God. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." See Him where? Everywhere. See Him hereafter? Surely. No, see Him now. See Him where? In the trees and fields, in the sunrise and the sunset, and the storm, on the face of the little child and the vast multitudes of men. That comes to man in the moment that he is born again. He sees God. And if you have seen God you have seen the man next you as you have never seen him before. The new vision of God is a new vision of my brother. Intelligent enlightenment.

What else? A new emotional aspiration, a new touch upon the emotional nature which sends the love of a man out in searching desire to die if he can help somebody else. You say you never felt that? Then it cannot be that you have been born again. I believe it. The first movement of the love of God in the human

soul is always a missionary movement. I do not say a foreign missionary movement.

I remember the eventful period of England twelve years ago. I go back to it for one little story. I was doing service in Portsmouth. I got a letter in a boy's hand writing. The boy said, "Last night in your meeting I gave my heart to Christ, and I have been unhappy ever since." I read it again. "I have been unhappy ever since because my father is not a Christian." You have the whole thing. That boy was in apostolic succession. Nothing can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. I call God to witness that I could wish myself accursed from Christ for my brethren. I got another letter two days later in a man's handwriting, which said, "I understand that my boy wrote to you about me. He worried me until I came to hear you, and last night I came to Christ. Won't you pray for my wife and children for I am sorry to say they are not Christians?" Don't you see the touch of the divine light? A new vision of God, and then that touch of God's hand upon your life, a conviction that sends you out after somebody else. Oh, if you and I have lost that we have lost everything that is worth having in the Christian life. It is a positive value.

And then what? A new volitional freedom. You never have a free will until you give yourself to Christ. I will tell you what I mean. There is not a man here this morning that has never yet yielded to Christ, who is not right at this moment, honestly saying in his heart that he never yet has yielded to God." I want to do good but evil is present with me. I do not like the thing I do, but I do it. I cannot help doing it. "Do you call that FREE WILL? He wills, but the power to do is not with him. But salvation means not only power to will, but power to do the thing that is willed, so that a man can now say, "I can now do all things through Christ Jesus." That is "so great salvation."

What are the responsibilities resting upon those who know that salvation supremely! If the sources of salvation are the wisdom of God, the power of God, then we are responsible concerning this source, that the streams of our experience shall be unmixed with contamination of any kind. I mean this, that when I know the salvation that comes from God's love I have a safeguard, a fear that is born of love. When I know the salvation that comes from the wisdom of God I have a safeguard, the caution that seeks wisdom. When I really have the salvation that comes from the power of God the only thing I want to guard is the authority that

depends on God. The thing I need to be careful about, and that I must ever watch over, is that I am a fearful soul, with a fear that is born of love. I never forget that I am a foolish soul. I hold myself to the truth that I am a frail soul, with a frailty that depends upon God's power. A fear that is born of love. It is true that "perfect love casteth out fear," but it is equally true that perfect love produces fear. Before I know this love that comes from salvation I am afraid of God, afraid lest God should harm me, but when this sense is in my soul, I am afraid lest I should harm or hurt God. "Grieve not the Holy Spirit."

The first responsibility of the new born life is to growth. When I am careless as to whether I wound the heart of my God or not, then I am neglecting my own salvation. Make it a little more particular in construction. What are the negative values? Forgiveness of sin, Cleansing from sin, Power over sin. In each there is responsibility.

What is the perpetual responsibility of the saved man concerning forgiveness, that initial, profound forgiveness that came to him when he came to Christ? It is that of perpetual recollection of it. That, my brethren, to me is so simple a thing, and yet it came with an almost startling surprise to me not very long ago. You remember in Peter's letter he is describing the graces of Christian character, and he describes them as growing out of faith, declaring that we are responsible for the development of them out of faith. Add to your faith knowledge, and temperance, and patience, and brotherly kindness, and charity, etc. And having thus described the graces of Christian character Peter wrote these words, "he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off" seeing only that which is near. Mark his picture of the man in whom the love of Christ has been arrested as to development. There is not only the arrest of development, but there is deterioration, and Peter says that man is blind, seeing only the things that are near. A near sighted man. To my own heart and soul recently that has come with wonderfully surprising arrest, the fact that a man forgets that he is a sinner, that he has a Saviour, and that he is in peril of arresting his own spiritual development and preventing himself ever coming to the fullness of experience in Christ Jesus. It is a sad day in the life of any man, a Christian man, when he begins the day forgetting that he was forgiven: it is a sad day for me, even though for a moment I cannot understand it. It is a sad day in my life when I start in the morning thanking God for all the positive values of my spiritual life, and failing to remind myself of the hell of the pit from whence I was digged. We should never

forget that we are forgiven. Have you forgotten the cleansings from your old sins? In proportion as we love perpetually, not only in new cleansing, but in memory of the amazing grace that saved us, and in recognition of the fact, not because we have attained to any measure of grace shall we reach heaven, and not because we have rendered any service shall we get in. When I come to the gate of heaven I shall not be admitted by the light of the stars. There is a great joy in thinking of it sometimes when one is weary and thinks that perhaps the end is nearer than we think. At the end, after all the struggling and the victory, after all the service and the rewards, in just saying "Nothing in my hands I bring, simply to thy cross I cling." I believe that the cultivation of the perpetual memory of the cleansing is one of the secret sources of growth, a power and development in the Christian life.

With regard to cleansing from sin there must be perpetual preparation. Hear John's word in this matter: "If we walk in the light as He is in the light we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Not memory alone of the forgiveness of the sins at the moment, but that perpetual "walk in the light" which insures perpetual cleansing.

Do we really need perpetual cleansing? I know the answer of the heart of the man or woman in this audience this morning who is living nearest Christ. The answer is "Yes, verily, every day." The man who tells me he never asks for the forgiveness of sins I have the profoundest pity for, for I know he has never seen the holiness of God. I tell you the longer I live the more conscious I am of my need of this constant cleansing. Walking in the light, claiming the perpetual cleansing from pollution and defilement, this is my responsibility. And if a negative power is over sin, then my responsibility is that of the use of that power in unyielding conflict with sin. We cannot neglect these things without peril.

Or take the positive values. The first positive value is an intelligent enlightenment. Then my responsibility is that I seek the light and walk in it. I am responsible that I look for God. I am responsible that I wait for Him. The seeking of the light in love. And if in my new birth there comes to me a new emotional aspiration I am responsible that I answer that emotion and that I do not destroy it. Here is the trouble. You remember when it was. You remember that moment in your life when in the power of the Christ life you suddenly were almost persuaded to be a Christian, or al-

most persuaded to ask some one to be a Christian; almost persuaded to put your arms around that slum-smirched daughter of the street and give her back to God. You did not do it. That is the moment when you arrested your development. You remember, my brother, when you were almost persuaded to go at the very point of sacrifice, to put your life out into the place of peril, on behalf of others. You held back and stifled the divine compassion. You refused to answer the new emotional aspiration. That is where we are arrested in development, when we fail to allow ourselves to be driven by the force of the divine life.

Twenty-five years ago Thomas Chalmers wrote an article in a little paper published in the villages of England, it was headed "Sheer Hard Work." One thing it says (I cannot reproduce the actual words), "No minister of Jesus Christ has any right on any day of any week, to lay his head upon the pillow at night until he is weary with definite work for God." You say that is common place. Is it? Think of it. You want all the context to explain that little word, to show you the power that great article has. I remember it. I know how it has been with me ever since, and I know this, my brother, that if you and I are really not to neglect our own salvation we must answer the love impulses of Christ's compassion, even though it shorten life. "Spare thyself" is the voice of hell. Answer love, let it carry thee whersoever it will. Do the thing it demands, and by so doing fulfill thy own salvation. Neglect to answer love and so neglect salvation.

And if salvation means a new volitional empowerment, then it means also that I must make no choice in the presence of God. We are not to ask where we are to live. We must ask where God would have you be. We have no right to arrange our life's program as ministers. We are to ask and to wait, and to be under control. A new volitional empowerment is after all but the adjustment of the will to the supreme will; the intermingling of my life with the living purpose and power of God, not once and afar, but continuously. I must not neglect that element of my salvation which means the empowering of the will. I must perpetually seek the readjustment of my will to the will of my God. In English the word 'neglect' is very suggestive when it simply means 'not to cover, not to pick up.' The figure is that of things lying all about you that ought to be covered up but are not. The Greek word is more searching. To neglect a thing is to be without interest in it, to be without concern concerning it. That is all. It is not so very terrible, is it? Not how shall we escape if we REJECT, but if we NEGLECT. Indifference to the light, irresponsiveness to the cost of life, activity with

God, because we neglect the memory of the cleansing, because we neglect the sacred sacrament of salvation. How goes it if we lose our interest in these things, our regard concerning them? What are the alluring forces? The very things in which we live. THINGS, that is the word. THINGS, instead of God. THINGS, oh soul of mine. THINGS. THINGS, oh daughter of the King. THINGS, oh man of business. Seeing only the things that are near. Therefore self instead of others, license instead of liberty. How shall we escape? Escape what. The word means to flee out. And it suggests that a man who neglects his own salvation becomes imprisoned, excluded from, and shut up to. Excluded from all the values of his own salvation, shut up to the things that he allows to interfere. How shall we escape? There is no escape. Enough of this meditation, which I propose to leave at this point.

Another passage in the New Testament, from the writings of Paul, comes to us with new meaning and force: "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure." Work it out with fear and trembling—for God worketh in you. I can only work out that which God works in. But God cannot continue to work in, save as I continue to work out. Let us who make our boast in salvation (and thank God we have a right to) let us hear the words, "If we neglect it how shall we escape." Some one in this house, of long experience, you have neglected, and you are conscious of being imprisoned, shut up to all the things that interfere with your salvation, and excluded from the values of salvation. You say, "Why I do not love my Bible as I used to." You are shut out from the Bible. "How shall I escape?" There is one word in the letter to the Hebrews that is written with a capital letter in all our translations. What is it? "TO-DAY harden not your heart as in the provocation." To-day. And it is still to-day. What day is it? It is the day of the infinite grace of our God, the day of His infinite compassion; it is the day of SO GREAT SALVATION. And then think you have neglected it, and are excluded from its fruits and values and victories. To-day you may return, even at this moment, in this hour, in this assembly.

May God in His grace restore to all of us who may have lost it, the joy of His salvation.

Recent Excavations in Palestine

By PROFESSOR CAMDEN M. COBERN, D. D., LITT. D.

Scientific excavation began in 1890 at the old Biblical city of Lachish (Tell el-Hesy). Even Dr. Robinson did not think there was anything artificial about these "tells" or mounds. Everyone supposed these hills of Tell el-Hesy were natural until Dr. Petrie at the providential moment, came into Palestine and found it to be a hill built up by successive occupations of seven or eight cities, one above the other, with a layer of dust or ashes between. These cities were built out of mud largely, the buildings being only one story high, so when one city was knocked down and a century or two later the site was occupied again, they simply leveled it. So here were seven occupations made by seven different cities, the decorations of pottery in each city being diametrically different. Dr. Bliss came two years afterwards, and the most he did was to confirm what Dr. Petrie had discovered. I do not think you can realize some of the things connected with those excavations. The heat was 104 degrees; we had to go six miles for water. Malaria came in, and eight out of nine chief overseers of the work were taken down at the same time. Dr. Petrie in this excavation did three or four things: he found a blast furnace coming from the days of Hezekiah; he found art motifs, showing that the Greek Ionic capital reaches in Palestine back to the tenth century B. C.; he found in the architecture the motif of the ram's horn, so often mentioned in the Bible; but the chief thing was to get for the first time a chronological scale so that anybody who ever digs hereafter in Palestine, without finding any dated inscriptions at all, yet by the pottery he can be able to tell whether this particular layer of civilization reaches back to 2000 B. C., 1000 B. C. or 400 B. C. After all there was one very amazing discovery made by Dr. Bliss: he found a letter. It is a great thing to go back 1400 years B. C.—200 years before Moses—and find a letter. This letter found in Lachish mentioned in it the former governor of the place, Zimridi. I have seen hundreds of these clay letters; they very often come in clay envelopes, and I have seen them with seals on them which have not been broken for

2500 years. I have here a translation of that letter: "To the Great One"—that means the king of Egypt—"Thus speaks Pava. At thy feet I fall. Thou must know that Pala and Zimridi are conspiring and he has said to Zimridi, 'My father has wronged me. Give me bows and daggers and swords."

Here is a strange thing: a match to that letter mentioning this same conspirator, Zimridi, was found in Egypt. The city was destroyed before this particular letter had gotten off, and so was found here at Lachish. You preachers will be interested to know that this conspiracy 1400 B. C. was to assist the Khabiri, and that this name is essentially the same as our name "Hebrew": it shows that the term "Hebrew" has a larger meaning than the term "Israelite." The Israelites were one branch of the Hebrews, so that a section of the Hebrews 1400 B. C. were invading Palestine, and they had captured a good many cities at the western part, though not the eastern cities which the Israelites captured later. Here is a letter to the same Egyptian Pharaoh, "My Lord, thy son, thy servant at the feet of the king, my lord, seven and seven times, I fall down."

Does not that sound like the Bible? It is a great thing to remember that the words of the Bible must be studied according to the times in which they were written. We need to understand the Bible as the people who first heard it understood it, and that means that it must be understood as an Oriental book. I call your attention to the phrase "seven and seven times I fall down": this is a symbolic use of numbers, and it is not merely among the Hebrews that this symbolic use of numbers was found. It was used constantly in the early church; I know of one papyrus where a man says, "The number of my girl is 313." I do not know what he meant any more than I know what Billy Sunday meant when he said to a man the other day: "Skiddoo, twenty-three!" Numbers had a symbolic meaning in the early days. Many times in the early Greek papyri the name Jesus is not spelled out but instead of that we have the number 888. If anybody wants to know what that means let him know that the early Christians always believed in the diety of Jesus from the first word of the first document that reaches us clear on; the only question among the early Christians was whether He was human or not. So in the New Testament when you find the numbers 666 or 606 as representing the figure of the beast, you remember 777 would be symbolic of absolutely perfect humanity: 666 would symbolically represent that which is less than human; and 888 is the three-fold and triune symbol of the one who is more than human.

After Lachish was dug up in 1890—that was thirty miles south of Jerusalem—they went to four other towns, one of them being Tell es-Safi, the old Gath, where I came near being killed because an Arab saw me staring at some girls that had come down with their donkeys for water. You know what the New Testament says, that the veil of the woman is the "authority" or "power" of the woman—Paul said that. Some of you women think Paul was an old bachelor who despised women and who therefore decreed that they must wear veils and must keep quiet in meeting but the fact is that these words show his respect for womanhood. In Moslem countries if a woman has a veil on she can go the length of the land and nobody dares to look at her. It is her "authority" as wife or mother or daughter; it protects her even from the careless looks of men. Paul tells Christians to protect their reputation for virtue and to continue to respect the ruler of good society by keeping their veils on as all decent women then did. Four cities were dug up in southern Palestine. All that I now want to say is that all of these cities dug up in southern Palestine confirmed the chronological scale which Dr. Petrie had worked out at Lachish. At Tell es-Sandahannah they dug up the entire city: they got the walls, streets, open courts, houses, reservoirs and found just how that city looked which was built 300 B. C. There were two blocks of houses and one great central street between. When you read in the Bible about the straight street of Damascus remember that most of the cities of that time only had one. The oldest map of Palestine in existence was discovered about six years ago at Dhiban on the east of the Jordan, and it dates back over 1400 years, and this oldest map shows the city of Jerusalem with one straight street running through it and solid blocks of houses on each side. In my study of ancient Alexandria I found two streets, one running in one direction and the other in another, cutting it into four parts. That is the way the ancient cities were built. I suppose that the most important thing found at Tell es-Sandahannah was the revenge documents. They came from the Jewish quarter, and with them come forty little lead figures, bound hand and foot with lead fetters. That means that back yonder in the Maccabean time, even among the Jews 300 or 200 B. C. magic was having its power, and these people believed if you had a grudge against an enemy the proper thing to do was to get some magician to make up an image of your enemy, and it would be named after him, and if it was bound with fetters you would be able to bind him like that. So much for the southern exploration. What we have found out is

that the same kind of pottery, civilization and religion, the same evil Canaanitish religion—was all over southern Palestine.

Let us go to northern Palestine. It was the Germans who first pushed in there. I never go abroad without coming back with a greater respect for my German brothers. They know how to dig and study and get to the root of matters. Up here in Taanach Dr. Ernest Selin came between 1902 and 1904, behind him being the Vienna Academy and the Austrian government. He dug up this great city of northern Palestine on the edge of the plain of Esdraelon. He found the same pottery. He found that iron came into common use about 1000 B. C. He found some Egyptian sealed cylinders, and he found—this is worth going a thousand miles to hear, if I could have gotten it ten years ago I would have been willing to give up whatever fortune I possessed and borrowed money to know this one fact—that the records show at Taanach that the worship of Astarte, the goddess of Palestine, was absolutely universal up to 1000 B. C. but after 800 B. C. it grew beautifully less until it was extinct. What does that mean? It means the confirmation of the Book which says that under the great Hebrew kings the Canaanitish worship was displaced and the worship of Jehovah put in its place; it means that the religion of the prophets was gaining the victory over Astarte.

I was particularly interested in one altar dug up, a terra-cotta altar, bearing on the outside various symbolic figures, winged animals with human heads and a man struggling with a serpent, and on that altar was a tree, the tree of life and the fruit of it, and on the top of it the ram's horn. People have been troubled over the first and second chapters of Genesis because of the pictorial figures used—just the same pictures as are found in the Babylonian texts. It was the language of the day. Those people who used the pictorial forms of Babylonia, of Egypt, or of Canaan were not accepting the Babylonian religion or the Egyptian religion or the Canaanitish religion; they are expressing their faith in the one true God and showing the difference between their faith and the others' by the same religious language other people used: so that the "tree" and the "serpent" and the "fruit" were known all over the world at that time with a definite religious meaning. The contemporary documents enable us to find out exactly what these terms mean. The serpent was not intended by the writer of the Creation account to mean simply a snake, not a bit of it; the contemporary documents prove that it means a demoniac principle and it always had that meaning in every religious document in which it was found, and there are hundreds of them.

The worst thing found at Taanach were the foundation sacrifices. I hate to tell about them. The excavators actually found under the corner of the houses little babies that had been hidden there when the walls were built so as to protect the walls of the houses and the cities. In one case a young woman perhaps seventeen years old had been killed and buried under the corner; in another case a boy had been cut in two and one half of his body hidden in the wall. Probably his father and mother loved this boy just as I love my boy, and may it not be true, seeing there is only half of the body here, that the father and mother took the other half away that they might have a little bit of the precious dust close to them? But it shows the awful cruelty of that idolatrous superstition. In another place as they pulled down the wall they found a hole just large enough to contain a body and in that place was the skeleton of an old woman. How it brings the romance and tragedy of those ancient times before us! At the very time when Israel came into Palestine the people there were worshipping these monsters of gods. These men who worshipped Moloch, thought that by offering a human sacrifice they could get a demon to help them. Did this woman take her place willingly in that wall, or did they select her as a sacrifice for the city? and did she scream as the stones were walled in about her? No one can tell. One of the saddest things connected with this city is the awful pathos of this worship of the heathen gods. In connection with that comes the sacrifice of the first born. Sixteen of these little babies, none over a week old were found in one of these "High Places." What does that mean? It means that the great Book tells a tremendous and awful truth when it says that in the days of Abraham it was expected that men should give their sons to the gods, and that the great teaching which God gave to Abraham was that Jehovah does ask for your son but He asks for the living son and not for the dead son. After the ninth century you find these first-born burials cease and instead of a baby found among these foundation offerings you find a lamp put there, so that the lamp, the symbolic representation of life, was almost universally used instead of the human sacrifice after the Israelites had a thorough foundation in Palestine.

We will now come to one other place in northern Palestine and that is Megiddo. I will never forget my first impression of this tremendous fortress. It was a great commercial and military center in the ancient world: there was no greater in all Palestine. It was celebrated in Egyptian and Assyrian records. I found this town of Megiddo—out of which went such powerful armies from

1400 B. C. down to the Exodus—covered with grain; and as I looked at this greatest fortress of the ancient world and saw it was covered with grain, I said, "God grant that that may be a prophecy of the future! may we get here a prophecy from nature that the time is soon coming when the great war centers of the world shall give place to agricultural centers, and instead of armies going out there shall go out agricultural products." This town of Megiddo was dug up between 1903 and 1905 by Schumacher; under the auspices of the Kaiser and the German Palestinian Society. He found that the third city from the bottom was the city of Abraham's day. When Abraham 2000 B. C. went through Palestine he found Megiddo as he passed it to be one of the old cities of the world. One of those gates of Abraham's day actually measured fifty-seven feet across by thirty-six feet high; what a magnificent gateway to the great wall of Megiddo! The palaces and tombs of that Abrahamic era had vaulted roofs. Some of you people did not believe that the arch went back that far: I brought back to this country the keystone of an arch older that the days of Abraham. Take the next city, the fourth from the bottom, running from 1400 to 1000 B. C. There you find gold jewelry and long sharp bronze knives that were probably used as surgical instruments. You find pictures of the very warriors who lived at the time that Joshua came in. Bronze armor dates back to that period also. Between the fourth and fifth cities is a great layer of ashes. Then comes the city of Solomon. Let the people who have been speaking disrespectfully of the ancient Hebrews listen to the last word so far as archeology is concerned, and that is that the best construction of all is found back here at Megiddo in Solomon's day: there you find the best masonry, and splendid stone palaces. And now we come to the chief thing, the seals. One seal had written upon it in old Hebrew the name Asaph, the name of the man most celebrated in the Psalms and mentioned by the prophets, the great singer of Israel. They found another seal of jasper, oval and highly polished, and as beautifully engraved as any I ever saw in my life, and in ancient Hebrew this word was written on it, "To Shema!" On this the oldest piece of Hebrew ornament ever found in the world, dating back to the tenth or the eighth century B. C., was to be found this legend written in ancient Hebrew, "To Shema, the servant of King Jeroboam." How beautiful the seal is may be proved by the fact that when the man who found it took it back to Constantinople, and the Sultan of Turkey saw it, he would not allow it to go into the museum but took it himself: the man who claims to have the finest jewels in all the world, found this a prize to be coveted. And it

goes back to the old Bible times. Fifteen or twenty years ago they spoke of these people as Bedouin sheiks who did not have any culture and lived in barbarism; but this oldest Hebrew ornament is so fine that the Sultan seizes it!

We have been talking about southern and northern Palestine, but now I want you to look to eastern Palestine. There is one city I consider even greater than Megiddo as a fortress and that is Jericho. It was dug up between 1908 and 1809 by the German Society. I have visited Gibraltar again and again; I know what Gibraltar means to the modern world, and I speak advisedly when I say that ancient Jericho was a fortress in its day greater than Gibraltar now. Those walls were from thirty to forty feet thick, and those still remaining are twenty-eight feet high. First they built down upon the solid rock some four feet of clay rubble, which we might call something like concrete—not as good as ours but concrete—and over the concrete there comes sixteen feet of stone, the lower levels composed of stones as colossal as those used in Egypt, and over that another eight feet of brick. How many walls around Jericho? Three. Here is the outer wall, and 100 feet from the outer wall the second wall at the north where the defense was needed, and a third wall to protect the citadel, and there you have the glacis, for the first time in military history, so that the engineer who examined the old walls of Jericho said that no modern engineer to-day could do better with the same quality of construction. I think the greatest thing found at Jericho was the twenty-two writing tablets with nothing written on them. That shows that there were stationery shops in those days and that the people were so accustomed to writing letters that they prepared for emergencies in this way. We find that in the fifteenth century before Christ these walls were broken down but rebuilt again as well as before, and between 1200 and 1100 B. C.—just exactly at the time, according to modern chronology, that Israel came into Palestine—a collapse occurred not simply of the walls but almost of the civilization. You find a break in the pottery so distinct that the German explorers at first supposed that there was a positive extinction of all ancient Canaanitish material, though it was afterwards found there was at least a section of the city in which no break in the civilization occurred. No Babylonian influence was seen in ancient Jericho but Syria was strongly influencing the construction and architecture. The excavators also found here a great many inscriptions in which you get the real name of Jehovah. The reason we read "Jehovah" in the English Bible and in the Hebrew Bible is because that was not the real name of the Hebrew god. The ancient Jews believed it was a sin to speak

Jehovah's name, so they put another name there. Here you get the real name of Jehovah as it comes from those far distant times in these inscriptions.

Let us come to Central Palestine. Here we find what I think to be the greatest of all modern discoveries. It was made at Samaria. Professor Reisner of Harvard, who had with him Professor Lyon, the great Hebrew Scholar, in 1908 and 1909 dug up Samaria. What is known of Samaria? It is the city that Omri, the great king of the northern kingdom founded 900 B. C. and after him came Ahab with whom Elijah was a contemporary and so on. In Samaria they found a good many things from Christ's day. We see how the city looked when Jesus went through it. There was one great staircase eighty feet wide, and beautiful it is, which leads up to the central altar of that period, and an inscription, carved there while Jesus was living, points to the things being done in that great center while Jesus was alive. But that was not the greatest discovery. Hear me, you young people who are tempted to skepticism, when I tell you that the very palace of Ahab and the palace of Omri have both been uncovered. Clear down at the lowest level you come to Omri's palace, and when the excavators looked at this—the first Hebrew palace that had ever been looked at by the eyes of man—they found it the equal of the palace of Rameses the Great, of Egypt, and the equal of the palace of Alexander or any of the great kings of the ancient past. It came as a sudden blow to those who supposed there was no civilization in Israel in the days of Elijah. But even this is not the best. They actually found close to Ahab's palace twelve times as many Hebrew inscriptions as had ever before been resurrected from that ancient world. They dug these inscriptions up from Ahab's palace and found them to be not simply labels on wine-jars, but memorials and dated records, coming every one of them, except three from the days of Elijah and Ahab. Seventy-five of these inscriptions were found written in Hebrew with better ink than we have and written by reed pens as good as the pens used a thousand years later, and of the Hebrew script Professor Lyon says, "The graceful curves give evidence of a skill which comes only with long practice." This earliest collection of memorials in the old Hebrew language shows that the language was then at its best; it never became any better.

I will pass to Gezer, with its great reservoir holding 600,000 gallons and with one tunnel 250 feet cut deep through the solid rock, so large you could drive a four-horse wagon through it. That was made there in the days of Abraham in order that they could get

to the living spring adjoining the city but outside of the wall. Gezer and Samaria showed similar pottery designs, similar architecture, similar reverence for "High Places," similar civilization, similar Astarte worship. What do we learn then in regard to the Bible and Bible history from this brief study? In the first place, we learn that the Palestine civilization was not local but universal—the same kind of civilization and religion we find east, west, north and south. And it was no sporadic civilization; it was continuous and universal. Second, we learn that this civilization was incomparably better than we had ever dreamed it could be. Third, we find unexpected and positive proof of the literary skill of ancient Israel in the days of Elijah; we find the language as perfect as it ever was in later centuries and the scribes used it with consummate skill and with as much ease in the days of Elijah as in the days of the great prophets—whose literary work everybody acknowledges to be the greatest the world ever saw. In the fourth place we find a confirmation of Biblical accuracy to such an extent that these excavators found themselves able to see the great crises of the Bible history reflected in the life of the cities examined. I am not talking about Bible infallibility; I am saying these people were writers who wrote truthfully, and the truth is shown by modern archeology. In the fifth and last place we find that the natural elements of common life were about the same during the Hebrew era as among the Canaanites. There was no break in material civilization when the Israelites came into Palestine, but there was a break in the religion. We find this awful goddess with hips enlarged, this goddess of licentiousness with all her brutal ritual disappearing when the religion of the prophets came in. Semitic people in the world were conquered by this worship of Astarte: a religion so licentious that out from one of these cities the excavators carried basketfuls of emblems so foul that they cannot be reproduced and their pictures sent through the mails without making us liable to a penitentiary offense. Yet in the midst of that kind of life came up this world religion, the religion that ignored magic or put it on one side; the religion that elevated the pure imageless God as the One God of the whole world who was to be worshipped in purity of thought.

Trials and Temptations

By PROFESSOR A. T. ROBERTSON, L. L. D.

Sketch of Lecture on "The Wisdom of James"

James, though the half-brother of Jesus, terms himself his "servant" or slave (doulos), and places Jesus on par with God in verse 1, just as he presents Christ as an object of worship in 2:1. The epistle is practical, not doctrinal, but it is a discussion of life that rests on the deity of Jesus Christ. The book was probably written before A. D. 50 and gives a picture of the problems of early Christianity before the conversion of Gentiles on a large scale with new issues. The standpoint is that of Jewish Christianity, but not the Judaized Christianity. The author has rare beauty of style and shows familiarity with the words of Jesus.

1. Variety in Trials. 1:2. The word trial (pierasmos) is the same as that for temptation in 1:12. The trials are varied (poikilos) in character like the colors of the rainbow. The Christian can learn to look on the bright side and find joy in the midst of, in spite of, and often because of, his trials.

2. The Product of Trial, 1:3. It is patience. Now patience (hupomonai) is "remaining under" one's burden. That is precisely the hard thing to do. Trial works patience, else we should never possess this virtue. It is the knowledge of the working of patience that helps us to look on trial with joy.

3. Perfection in Patience, 1:4. But patience must have its chance to do its perfect (teleion) work. If it is allowed to carry its work on to the end, it will perfect those who let it so work. But it is slow work like the growth of the oak.

4. Shortage in Wisdom, 1:5. Meanwhile most of us fall short of perfection and of wisdom to become so but we need not despair, for God has an unfailing store of wisdom which can be ours for the asking. The resources of God are at the command of the disciple who puts himself at the service of God. The man is irresistible who is in vital touch with God. Besides, God gives simply (haplos) with no reproaches nor sharp retort.

5. Doubting Prayer, 1:6-8. But the asking must be made in

full and simple faith. The doubter is divided in his own mind (diakrinomenos), is double minded (dipsuchos), and unstable (hakatastatos) in all his ways. Certainly James puts no premium on skepticism.

6. The Democracy of Faith, 1:9-11. One of the trials already present was the pride of the rich and the discouragement and resentment of the poor. The brother of low degree needs to hold his head high as one of God's freemen on a par with any man in the spiritual realm. The mere possession of wealth and earthly station does not exalt one in the Kingdom of Heaven. The only true democracy is that of the spirit, and that, alas, is not always present in our churches. We preach it as a theory at any rate, but are not as careful as we should be, to show it.

7. Standing the Test, 1:12. Here we have temptation (peirasmos). There is no joy in temptation unless we come out triumphant. The risk is great and Jesus warned us against foolishly rushing into temptations.

8. Blaming God, 1:13. That is the common way of man. He will blame the woman of God, but not himself. James is very pointed here and true. The sinful man claims exemption from blame because his nature craves sinful indulgence. God tempts no man.

9. Snared by One's Own Bait, 1:14. James shows how one's own lust sets the bait by which away (exelkomenos) like a fish from his own hiding place and enticed (deleazomenos) or caught. The desire in us for evil makes us respond to the wiles of the devil.

10. The Abortion, 1:15. It is a frightful picture of the result of yielding to sin that is here drawn. It is no less than that of abortion. The simple desire leads to conception, the growth of the embryo, and the birth is death. If young people in particular only knew this sad story, they might be less likely to yield to sin.

11. God the Source of Good, 1:16. Only Good, not evil, comes from God. Every good and perfect gift comes from God. He is the Father of light and can be relied on in shadow and sunshine, darkness and light. He never changes like the shifting shadows cast by the sun. There is comfort here for all.

12. The New Birth, 1:8. As our Father he begat us by the Word of Truth. The Word is fruitful in the hearts of men and we are a kind of first fruits. We should be worthy of our heritage. James here declares the doctrine of regeneration and shows the value of the message of eternal life. Out of trial and temptation we come unscathed if we patiently look to God for help and guidance.

The Face of Christ

By REV. WALTER B. HINSON, D. D.

"He set His face steadfastly towards Jerusalem." Luke IX:51.

Luke says it was a Set face.

It might well be set; for along that road He started to travel, there was hunger, and thirst, and weariness, and misunderstanding, and cruel slander, and smiting, and grievous burden bearing; and at the close of it four sharp and cruel spikes, and a bloody cross. And to tread such a road as that required the set face. It might well be set, for He had a heavy load to carry. Centuries before, a prophet had said, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Poor Cain, went staggering out from the presence of the Almighty, bearing but the burden of a single sin, and he cried, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." But John the Baptist looking on Jesus as He walked, said, "Behold the Lamb of God who beareth away the sins of the world!" And He needed the set face to carry that load. But His face was set towards Jerusalem from all eternity. Our redemption was not an after-thought of God. "I have loved thee," says Jehovah Jesus, "with an everlasting love." And we have been saved by the "Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world." Or ever He swung the golden star dust across the wide sky He loved us! or ever the tumultuous waters hurried to their resting places in the rocky channels dug out for them by the Omnipotent finger of God, we were saved in the purpose of Jehovah! In a sense I was saved the night I accepted Jesus as my Redeemer. But in another sense I was saved when on the cross Christ looked at my salvation and said, "It is finished." And yet in another sense I have always been saved, in the loving purpose of the Eternal Father.

Have you the set face? You need to have it, for you live in a world hostile to God. And in your environment there will come to you forms of evil varied and manifold. And if you are of an uncertain and hesitating mind, you will often go astray. So you

need in this—as in all things—to imitate Jesus, and get the set face.

But it was also a Sad face.

Isaiah the prophet declared, "He is the man of sorrows," this coming Messiah. You know how sorrow will age the life. Well, one day the people got to talking about Jesus Christ, and they guessed His age, and the general opinion seemed to be that He was fifty years old; and He was only thirty-two past. But then life is not reckoned by years. For there are moments that act like a plow. And the sadness of Christ's life had so affected His very countenance, that before He was thirty-three, men judged Him to be half a century old. He was saddened by His knowledge of men. He knew what was in man. He knew the lurking dislike growing up into actual hostility, manifesting itself later as a cruel hatred. But I think more was He saddened by His love for man. He saw men going astray like sheep out on the mountaia sides, where the wild beast crouched and hungered. He saw man as orphans—as He Himself once said—without the family of God, and having no knowledge of the heavenly Father. And as David sorrowed because of His lost son Absalom, so Jesus sorrowed because of the lost millions of souls. And brethren, if we ever—as the Apostle Paul prayed—become partakers of His suffering, we shall know what it was to have the sad face. For when we have gathered the flowers, and listened to the birds, and beheld the splendor of the sunrise, and the noon-tide, and the twilight, and the midnight, it still remains a fact—as Wordsworth once said—that if we listen we can hear the "still sad music of humanity." And underneath and pressing through, and penetrating all the major notes, you can, if you choose to hear, detect the minor strain.

But more often it was a Scorned face.

O, I know not how to speak at this stage for I have got to tell what might bewilder an angel to announce. For when Jesus Christ the Son of God came into this world His face was so scorned, that He stood with spittle on His cheek! "And they spat upon Him." And further I have got to tell that His face was disfigured with the smiting of human fingers. For have we not read, how they blindfolded Him and then they struck Him and as the red marks came out on the white cheek, they said, "Who struck you?" "Being a prophet you ought to be able to tell." And that face was disfigured by the bandages of death. He hung on the cross and He died; and then they laid Him away in the rocky tomb; and He was bound up in grave clothes, as Lazarus had been in the months

that were gone. A scorned face! A disfigured face! And nobody appeared to mitigate the awfulness of the scorning. Why even in a rabble you can find some sympathetic soul to say, "If he must die, kill him, but do not torture him." But no one moved up to the great Christ to wipe away the spittle; and nobody said when a soldier smote the cheek of Jesus, "This is an infamous shame"; and none stepped forward to say, "In the name of God and man be decent; even if you slay." It was a scorned face.

And it was a Shrouded face.

For they put Him away in the grave. He died! Did you ever think how His death affected God the Father? Chiefly do I love the story of Abraham and Isaac for the light it throws on the heart of God. You remember how Abraham and his son were going up the rising ground leading to the mountain, and Isaac nearly slew Abraham as he said, "Father, you have made a mistake. Here is fire, and here is wood, but father, where is the lamb?" And Abraham's hand tightened on the soft hand of Isaac, and he proved himself to be of heroic mould when he said, "My son, God will provide a lamb?" And God did provide the lamb, and Abraham was saved from hurting his son. But when humanity said to God, "Here is the cross, and here is the sin, but where is the Lamb?" God said, "Behold the Lamb." And nobody stayed God's hand, and nobody provided a substitute for the Son of God. And let us remember God was in Christ. Jesus Christ died for me, and He did not go, as Isaac went, ignorantly to the doom; but He had set His face towards Calvary, and evermore He walked with the shadow of that coming cross falling o'er Him, until at last when all things were accomplished, He said, "It is finished,' and handed His soul out into the Father's care. And I can go to the grave with those women, and I can say, "That hand was pierced for me; and that foot was wounded for me; and that brow was thorn surrounded for me; and that heart was opened for me; and I am the man for whom the Son of God died.

It was the Seen face also. (Sought)

Very early in the morning, the women came seeking the face of Jesus. And there was not one of them believed He was alive! Did you ever ponder that? That of all the disciples that Easter morning there was not one who believed Christ was alive. And yet those women loved the dead Christ and sought His body. Faith was benumbed, and hope wounded sorely, but love remained! And they came seeking the face of Jesus! Aye evermore are they seeking the Face! All the trusting souls who are passing from

earth into the great glory go in quest of the Face. My mother floated out of sight seeking the Face; my father said his last word, and passed away, seeking the Face. "E'en now to their eternal home, some happy spirits fly"; and the object of their search is the face of Jesus Christ.

And it was the Seen Face.

"He is not risen," said Thomas. "He is," said Peter, "for I saw Him." "He cannot have risen"; but the women said, "We saw Him. "He must certainly be in the rocky grave." But the Emmaus road disciples said, "We saw Him." Religion is not merely a theory; and Christianity is not a lifeless dogma. Christianity is Christ. And Christ is a person. And it is not nearly so much what I believe about Christ, as the fact that I believe in Christ, that controls my life. And our religion today is an experience and not only a theory. I know Christ because of my experience with Christ. A man comes to inform me there is nothing in Christianity, and it is as the falling of a rain-drop out side the wall. I know the Christ who is Christianity. What is the good of telling me there is nothing in it, when I know there is everything in Him. That is why the apostle of infidelity always plays a losing game. Let him stand up here in this audience of believing men and women and tell us there is nothing in Christianity, and we only pity the poor fool, and pray for him. It is a seen face, and that is the charm that enthralls us, and fascinates us all along the pilgrimage. And the paltry rewards of the world are only baubles to us, because we can see the face.

Aye, and it is the Shining face.

John saw the face of Jesus when the Master lay asleep on the deck of a storm driven boat on Galilee Lake; and John saw the face of Jesus Christ when the moonlight fell across it as He prayed; and John saw the face of Jesus Christ when the love light illumined it as He blessed the children; and John saw the face of Jesus Christ when the transfiguration glory beautified it; and John in Revelation saw the face of Jesus Christ in heaven and he said, "His countenance was as the sun shining in its strength." The shining face of Jesus Christ!

You know how the millions of young people banded together in the Young People's organization of the Christian Church have a benediction of their own. And that benediction is found in the Old Testament scripture—"The Lord cause His face to shine upon us." Think of it! That millions of young people before the sun rises tomorrow will have said, "The Lord cause His face to shine

upon us." Ah the face shines with triumph. For He was able to say e'er He breathed His last breath, "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do." And that work was to make salvation possible to every soul in the world. And He did it. And now He has gone into the joy towards which He looked, when He bore the heavy burdens during the days of His flesh. For I never cease to wonder at the statement in the Hebrews that He bore the cross, and despised the shame, because of the glory and the joy that were ahead. And now He has entered into that inheritance, and He is the Lord of the shining face. Soon we shall go out into that realm where He reigns as visible King. But perhaps to us as we set foot on that strange shore, there will come a little misgiving, ere we have shaken the last impressions of the earth from us; and perhaps there will be a vague feeling of strangeness, and a hint of homesickness for the land we left. But if so, I am sure it will all be dispersed as the Saviour who comforts with more than a mother's comfort, and the Christ who died for us, appears before our astonished vision, and takes our hand, and leads us out of the dimness, where the strange noises were heard, and the strange shapes were seen, into the full vision of the blazing glory of that city of God which is called Heaven.

"So long Thy power hath blest me,
Sure it still,
Will lead me on;
O'er moor, and fen, o'er crag,
And torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn, those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved, long since, and lost awhile."

Address

By REV. ROBERT J. (Catch-My-Pal) PATTERSON, A. B., L. L. D.

I told the story of Catch my Pal movement yesterday; I intended to recapitulate the same to day, but there is not time. However, I will say that the movement started July 13, 1909, in Ireland with six men, caught at a street lamp-post. Those men signed the pledge on condition that each one would bring in another. The following night we had twelve. They went out and the next night we had thirty-one, and the next night 105, and the increase in five weeks was about 700 men. Then it began to spread through the country, and in the course of a year there were about 500 branches formed in Ireland alone with about 140,000 members. The movement has spread over England and on the continent, and it is spreading over the world. At the present time I am not here to organize the movement as much as to advertise it, in the hope that those who hear my message may go home and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ start such personal effort in their own spheres.

The name is very vulgar in the eyes of some people; I cannot enter into any discussion of that just now except to say that there are people who say that it savors of the gutter and the corner-boy, but some people, who are very respectable, if they had lived in the time of Samson, would have objected to what he did to deliver his country from the hands of the Philistines because the instrument with which he wrought such execution had not a very literary name; but so far as the literary quality is concerned, "Catch-my-Pal" will compare very favorably any day with "the jaw-bone of an ass." The official name of the society is the Protestant Total Abstinence Union. It was a movement among Protestants. The Roman Catholics have their own temperance movement. I wanted this to be a religious movement. All true social reform work must be religious because our bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost, and only He whose temple the body is can cleanse the temple; and, if so, the Holy Spirit must be brought into direct contact with the cleansing of His own temple. Our meetings must be carried through in a religious and Christian spirit. If that is so we cannot have Roman

Catholics on the same platform, not because we would not go to them but because they would not come to us. You know that we cannot stand on the same platform with Roman Catholics and sing the same songs and read God's word and hear gospel temperance addresses and unite in evangelical prayers; and I thought it was far better to have a platform so narrow to embrace all Protestants at religious meetings than to have a platform so broad as to embrace Roman Catholics, and have no religious union at all. There is no rivalry between the Protestants and the Catholics in Ireland, so far as the temperance question is concerned, except to see which shall do the most to remove this blight from our country's fair face.

Some people object to me and to my campaign because they say, "Patterson is beginning at the wrong end; he is beginning with the body when he should begin with the soul." Where in God's word are we told that we must begin a man's salvation with the soul? In the Old Testament we have Naaman, the leper; did Elisha, the prophet, say one word to that man about his soul? He said, "Go and wash in the Jordan and be clean." It was through the salvation of his body that he came to see that the God of Elisha was the only true God. And the same thing holds true to-day. The body is just as important in God's sight as the soul. God made the body and He made the soul. I have never seen a ghost in my life. I never saw a disembodied spirit; I never saw a man without a body, nor a woman. It takes both the soul and the body to make the individual. Some people are so ultra evangelical that they pay so much attent on to the soul they always overlook the body entirely. A lunatic was out one day in Ireland; in his lucid intervals he was a very decent man, but when he went off his head he was a tremendous theologian: one day he went up to the archbishop and said to him, "Who made you?" and the archbishop said, "O God made me." "And a great lump of dirt He did make!" A great many people look upon the human body as if it were a lump of dirt in God's eyes. The Psalmist says, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made * My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them." Paul says, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Again he says, "For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the

Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body." And further, he tells us that we are to glorify God in our bodies and spirits which are His. God wants to save the body as well as the soul. I venture to say this, that it was not necessary for Jesus to have gone into the grave to have saved our souls: Jesus went into hell before he went into the grave, Jesus went into God-forsakenness, which is hell; He became a curse for you and me when He cried out, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" When Jesus was God-forsaken He poured out His soul unto death. It was unnecessary for Jesus to have gone to the grave to save our souls, but He wanted to save our bodies, too, and He bowed His head and gave up the bodily spirit or life that He might become a dead thing, and entered into the grave that by the power of the resurrection He might become the first fruits of them that sleep. God wants to save the body as well as the soul. But it does not matter where you begin a man's salvation so long as you begin at all, whether with the body or the soul. I take my cue from Jesus Christ: He began at the blind man's eyes, at the dumb man's tongue, at the deaf man's ear, at the lame man's feet, with the hand of the man who had the withered hand: He worked from the hand to the soul, from the feet to the soul, from the ears to the soul, from the lips to the soul, and from the eyes to the soul. When we are working with a drunkard we might say that we ought to begin with the throat, which might be taken as emblematic of his sin, weakness or diseased part. Get the man to take the pledge of total abstinence, and then he is in better position to receive the gospel of Jesus Christ in all its fulness. I do not know that I ever heard anything more truthful than Gipsy Smith's sermon of last night. People are saying to men in their narrowness, "Only believe," but a great deal more is necessary; it depends upon what the nature of the creature is in each particular case. God has as many ways of saving people as He has in making faces; He never made two faces alike. I know hundreds of men and women who were approached along the line of pledge signing and they signed with not one word said about the soul, and today, after three or four years, they are rejoicing in full surrender of both body and soul to Jesus Christ. We send missionaries to the ends of the earth. Why is the church of Christ so wise as to see that a medical missionary is likely to be more effective than a purely evangelical missionary? because the heathen mind can understand a bodily cure when it cannot understand a spiritual cure. If a medical man can bring science to bear on the

body and save it in a way their own quack doctors cannot, then the heathen can see that there is something in the Christian man's hand that the other cannot provide, and so along the line of the saved body the missionary can get into the heathen soul and capture it. In connectlon with this movement men and women who, as it were, were gripped by this movement by the throat and led to take the total abstinence pledge, have been led further on by the love of Christ right to the heart of God, to realize that He loved them and gave Himself for them. I could give you many illustrations.

Now, I want to drive home this point. I do not appear here as an expert on the temperance question. I am not an expert. I only knew it as the ordinary minister understands it, in a general way, by my temperance addresses and preaching sermons. I am not an expert from the statistical or the economical point of view, but I do appear as a missionary of brotherhood and sisterhood, of good Samaritanship, and I ask the man or woman that is up, in the name of God, to do something for the man or woman who is down. I venture to say this, that if there was one man in all the world who regretted the necessity of founding the Salvation Army, it was the very man who founded it, and if Mrs. Booth-Clibborn is here I venture to say that she will agree with me, that there was no man in all the land so sorry that it was necessary for him to found the Salvation Army as her saintly and distinguished father; because if the members of the church of Christ had been doing their duty towards the downcasts and the failures and the maimed along life's highways there would have been no need for the Salvation Army at all. Thank God for the Salvation Army! Thank God, it is here as one of the greatest churches of Christ to-day. At the same time its existence among the churches to-day is a standing reproof to all the other churches that they were not doing their duty. Is there any one here to-day who would dare to contradict that? Look here! one of the most awful statements I ever heard was this: some time ago a Chinese gentleman **said that he did not want his son to become a Christian, and he thought the best way to keep him from becoming a Christian was to send him to a Christian country, for there he would see things tolerated in the name of Christ that would keep him from ever changing his creed. THAT IS AN AWFUL STATEMENT.** I say the best way to perform missionary work abroad is to cleanse our slums, clean out our drink traffic and clean out all the saloon abomination that is associated with it in the home land, and make our Christian civilization what it ought to be; then when

our civilization at home is all it ought to be the nations of the world will say, "If this thing called Christianity can do that for a nation, then we go in for it heart and soul." There is no encouragement in the Christian nations for the heathen nations to accept our civilization, when they see our saloons and slums and know all about our white slavery and know all about the licensed damnation that there is connected with the drink traffic. If I were a New Guinea savage and by some miracle could be brought suddenly to a Chicago or a New York slum, and then be told that I was in the midst of a Christian city, I would say, "If Christianity tolerates this, none of your Christianity for me; I will go back to my savagery again."

Has not the church of Jesus Christ any power to solve these social problems? Has it not the power to destroy the works of the devil, that which Jesus Christ came into the world to do? I venture to say that the great obstacle to the progress of the Christian church to-day is not the drink traffic; it is not white slavery, it is not immorality of any kind, it is not gambling: the greatest obstacle to the progress of the chariot wheels of the kingdom of God to-day is **the absolute indifference of the people in the churches.** (Great applause.) I venture to say that about seven-tenths of the people in the churches apart from singing and praying and listening to sermons are absolutely indifferent to the world's salvation; all they think of is their own selfish salvation, and as long as they can get to heaven by the skin of their teeth the rest of the programme is to let the devil take the hindmost. I would like to look upon myself as an apostle of individual responsibility, and ask each man and woman here to-day, What are you doing to make the world a little better than you found it? Did you ever catch a pal of yours and bring him into living contact with Jesus Christ your Lord, in whom you profess to have found the great salvation? I venture to say that there are thousands of people in this country who are longing for the hand of the good Samaritan to be laid upon them, and it does not come. I used to think that some people wanted to go to the devil, and I was inclined to let them go, but after my remarkable experiences in connection with this movement I will never assume that any man wants to go to the devil but that he wants to come to God, and in the name of Jesus Christ I will give every man a chance. God's Word says, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." What does that mean? It means that if I were on my way to church on Sunday and saw my neighbor's beast lying in the ditch, I could keep the Sabbath better by remaining at the ditch to save that beast than by going to church, that I could

not with any Christian conscience sing and pray if on my way to that church I had passed by my neighbor's distressed beast. And if I cannot pray and sing after passing by my neighbor's beast how can I have the spiritual audacity to stand up or pray in my pew if on my way to church I passed by my neighbor's self, which is of more value than many beasts? There is not one here to-day who has not an opportunity on the way to church of lifting up a fellow man or woman in your American society. When are you on the way to church? When your church bell rings and you put on the last touches of the toilet? Not at all! But from the time you leave your church on one Sunday morning, going down life's highways and byways, performing the daily round and common task until you go back to the church door next Sunday, you are on your way to church all the time. There is no one who can pass along from one Sunday to another without finding some opportunity to lift up a fallen brother or sister, and I am here to-day in the name of Jesus Christ to ask you not to pass by on the other side.

May I say to my brethren of the ministry that we are called by the world "sky pilots." What is meant by that? We have been paying far too much attention—perhaps we could not pay too much attention, but paying so much attention to the salvation of men's souls for another world that the world sees we have not been paying enough attention to the salvation of men's lives as a whole for the proper life here; and if we would pay a little bit more attention to the solving of the social problems of our time, to make life tolerable for the great majority who are living in vice and shame, that would take the sneer away, and we should be called "sky pilots" no longer.

If there is one thing which I abominate more than another it is this, a large and wealthy congregation that sends a missionary on a bread and butter salary into the city slum to teach little half starved naked, filthy children to sing, "There is a happy land, far, far away," whereas if that great wealthy congregation would rise with all its wealth and with the sacrificial spirit if Jesus Christ, and do its duty to the slum a couple of blocks from its own church door, those little children might be taught about a happy land here and now.

There are thousands of men and women who are going down who do not want to go down. I was going down myself four or five years ago, and I did not want to go. I was not going down in drink but in thirteen feet of salt water. When I lost control of myself in the water I threw up my hands and made signs of dis-

tress, and I said, "O surely, I am not going to be drowned with those fellows on the shore." I was the only one in the water at the time. A number of young fellows were up on the rocks. I sank into unconsciousness. The next thing I knew I was regaining consciousness on the rocks with the whole crowd around me. When I had recovered sufficiently I asked who it was that saved me. It was a young fellow, Rex Clotworthy, of Trinity College, Dublin. I went almost immediately to his residence to try to express my thanks. When I saw him I said, "I understand that it was you who saved me?" "Yes." "How did you do it?" He said, "I was away up on top of the rocks with my bicycle, and when I heard the cry, 'Some one is drowning' I dropped from my bicycle, rushed down and plunged in and had a great struggle and at last succeeded in getting you out." I did not want to go down that day. My whole past life did not flash by me: when I was going down I thought, "What will happen to my wife and two little children if I am going to be drowned?" and for their sakes more than my own I longed for some saving hand to seize me. There are men and women all around us here in this country, as in my own home in Ireland, who are going down into worse graves than mine might have proved to be had I been drowned. They are stretching up their hands and appealing to us respectable churchgoing people and saying, "Is there not one of these churchgoers who thinks it worth while to go out of his way to save us from going down through a drunkard's grave into a drunkard's hell; they long for the good Samaritan's hand, and it does not come. I would like to read that parable of the good Samaritan to you in a way of my own. It came into my mind one day on the platform, and I will give it to you as I thought of it that first time, laying emphasis on the word "and," and you will see how the priest, the Levite and the Samaritan stand out in relation to the man who was half dead at the hands of the thieves. "By chance there went down a certain priest that way, and when he saw him (looking) he passed by on the other side. Likewise, a Levite when he was at the place came and looked on him (intently looking) and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan as he journeyed came where he was, and, when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, and poured in oil and wine (illustrating), and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him, and on the morrow when he was about to depart, he took out about two pence"—about forty cents—"and gave them to the host, and said unto him, 'Take care of him and whatsoever thou spendest more when I come again I will repay thee;

you know that I am a commercial traveler, I always stay at your hotel when I come down this way and have always paid you what I owed you; I have spent as much time as I can spare from my firm's work, but take care of this poor fellow whom I found by the roadside. I'll be back in a few days, I don't care what the bill is you run up, when I come back I will turn my pockets out and pay you all." (Great applause). And Jesus says to you and to me, "Go out and do thou likewise." "Go!" You cannot say to a man who is half dead, "Come." The man who is half dead cannot come: we must go. We must go out into the highways and compel them to come in by sympathy, we must compel them to come in by long-suffering, we must compel them to come in by human love inspired by divine love in the shape of good Samaritanship. Go, and do, do, do, DO! See that young fellow, Rex Clotworthy, what did he do? You go to church and attend a meeting like this and sing

> Throw out the life-line,
> Some one is sinking to-day

and the only line some of you ever throw is the line of the hymn. It is no life line, it never saved anybody, and never can. There is a lot of difference between singing "Throw out the life-line" and throwing the life-line out. Rex Clotworthy might have sat on the rocks and sang until he was blue in the face and as old as Methuselah but it would not have saved me from drowning, but instead of that he threw the life-line out. If God's angels did not hear heaven's harmonies from Clotworthy's lips they heard heaven's harmonies struck out from the rocks by his feet as he rushed down to save a man whom he did not know. He did not sing "Throw out the life-line," he threw it out, he threw himself out, and he wound himself around me and put himself between me and death, and it was because of his spirit of self-sacrifice that day that I am here to-day a living man addressing you. (Applause.) Jesus says, "Do." Stop your praying if you won't put it into action, stop meditating if you do not meditate into action, and stop singing if you don't put it into action. Go and do! do thou! Each one knows something that he can do. Every one knows some fellow that is down. Go and do, what? "likewise." Along the path of primroses? Along the path of dalliance? Along the velvety way? No! but go and do likewise; put yourself out of the way, put yourself to some inconvenience, sacrifice time and personal interest. Go by the way of Calvary, go by the way of the cross, go by the way of blood; and if the people would rise and do their duty along the line of inconvenience, along the line of personal sacrifice, along the line of Calvary, along the line of blood, if they would take up the cross

daily and follow Jesus Christ in going about doing good.' O how the world would see that the church was not living for self but for the sake of making the world a better place and would rush to the Saviour's feet. I am here to ask you people who have come to get an inspiration to go away and put the inspiration into practice along the lines of practical Christianity. Every one of you would like to do something more than you ever did before in helping to clear the drink traffic out of the country. You want national prohibition. I was delighted with the magnificent speech of Dr. Howard Russell yesterday; I am glad to think that with all his knowledge of the drink traffic he is able to make a definite pronouncement as to its overthrow, but I venture to say that if the church of Jesus Christ would rise and do its duty the saloons could be closed not in twenty years, but in five. I venture to say this, that if there was need for legislation to drive the thieves off the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, it would not be the priest who would ask for it, he passed by: nor the Levite, he passed by on the other side. How can you expect men who take no interest in the men who are down to take an interest in destroying thieves, and if we do not take an interest in drinkers and drunkards how can we have any great impelling interest to make us go to the doors of Congress, or to the state legislatures and ask for prohibition? If we pay attention to the drunkard and the brothel and see the abominations which are wrought about our own feet, then we will rise in the name of God and say, "As a Christian nation, having seen the abomination wrought by the destroyer at our doors, we will now arise and destroy the destroyer." I say that the true prohibitionists are the people who take a personal interest in the man or woman who is down at their own door.

The watchword of the Catch-my-Pal society is, "We will see this thing through." All who would like to say that hold up your hands and then close them as a sign of American determination. Then I will say "We" and you will say "We," and then "will" and so on until we get through—"We will see this thing through."

(The whole audience rose, and with clenched fists, said the watchword, after which Mr. Patterson said, "Well, then, go and see it through.")

Latest Travels Over the Route of the Israelites From the Land of Goshen to the Holy Land

By PROFESSOR CAMDEN M. COBERN, D. D., LITT. D.

Today we will have almost wholly personal reminiscences. I want to tell you the story of how our party went through to Mt. Sinai, following the most scientifically determined route of the Israelites as they went from Egypt into Palestine, and that other trip the strangest of all, when we were able to get to Kadesh-barnea. It is not the narrative but the impression I want to give to-day. And it seems to me that I would have you, dear friends, to see the Arabs as I saw them and to be with them so that you would feel that you had had a visit with an Arab. Dan Crawford said yesterday he had been so long in Africa with the negroes that he is a negro now. I have been with the Arabs until I feel as if I were half Arab. I was told once by Mrs. Kingsley, the only lady who ever gave the Hibbert Lectures at Oxford University, that she had lived so much in South Africa that those superstitions became a part of her blood and when she traveled down the river near a cataract she felt afraid if she did not send off to a witch doctor to get a charm. I have not got that far; but I hope I do have the Arab standpoint now. You see the importance of the matter when you remember that the Arabs are the only people living who are near blood relatives of the Hebrews—the Arabs and Hebrews are blood relatives, and these Arabs are still the representatives in modern life of the ancient Arabs who were relatives and allies of the Hebrews during the Exodus. We cannot understand the Oriental language of the Bible so well as when we put ourselves into the Arab atmosphere and get the ancient Semitic view-point. The power of these Arabs dates clear back to the stone age, at least 4000 B. C. It was an emigration of Arabs from Arabia that came over and started life in the Egyptian Delta. There was another strange migration of Arabs about 2000 B. C. from Arabia into Mesopotamia, and Babylonia and down through Palestine into Egypt; Abraham was a member of that strange migration. About 1600 B. C. another migration came into Palestine, bringing with it the Moabites and the Amorites who were Semitic people, blood relatives of the Hebrews. The Babylonians have gone,

the Assyrians have gone, the Phoenicians have gone, the Amorites have gone and the Moabites have gone, but the Arabs stay just the same now as when Moses knew them and Moses knew them a great deal better than I do or any other person who has traveled in the Sinaitic peninsula. Moses lived with them forty years and made blood brotherhood with them; and married one of them, and thus taking as his allies the Beduoïn people he brought the Israelites out from slavery, and with the help under God of these Bedouin Arabs he went into Palestine. I want you to realize that in studying the Israelites and the Exodus there are some things you can be certain of. When I read years ago Palmer's trip over the route of the Exodus and he said he could locate the camp-fires of the Israelites, I laughed at that; I had been brought up in the modern schools, and I did not believe it was possible at this distance of time to locate them. How many ways can you go from here to Indianapolis? a good many ways. You can only go two or three ways unto Mt. Sinai from the land of Goshen, and no people ever could go but two or three or four ways. If you get that route located at all, if you get one place that is certain, you can locate the other places because water is essential to life and the caravans are bound to go where there is water. Therefore, the route is absolutely settled if you get started right. One of the most important things is the camel. I had a personal caravan to make this trip because it was not going the ordinary route, it was going to take the route as scientifically determined by recent authorities, and as my chief authority I chose W. W. Flinders Petrie, who is the greatest explorer in the world. We had twenty-two camels in this trip through the Mt. Sinai peninsula. When we made the trip from Hebron and found Kadesh-barnea we did not take them. For 300 years only three or four parties had reached that place, though dozens had started. I felt we had better not go in the ordinary way with camels but to take Arab horses and go as fast as we could, and thus perhaps stand a better chance to get in and a better chance to get out. So we did get out. It is no light matter to risk oneself in the Arab country for the Arabs are a race of warriors. That time when we were digging at Lachish, the first place in Palestine ever dug up, there were five Bedouin Arab camps around us. There had been five or six men killed the day before I got there in one of the blood-feuds of the Arabs. I have seen an Arab chief come out of his black goat-skin tent and swing his spear over his head and then mount his courser and start for the tent on the other side of the wady, and I have seen another chief come out and mount his horse and swing his sword and race towards him and they would meet on the plain with a shock that seemed to be the shock of battle;

and I was told that that was the ordinary way in which friendly Bedouin sheiks are accustomed to say "Good-morning to you, I hope you are feeling well to-day." They are so accustomed to war that the war actions get into their blood. Every night after my own supper I would go down where the Bedouin people were that traveled with us. Here would be a great circle of Arabs about the camp-fire, they were baking their bread. Bread is indeed their staff of life. That is all they have. I had my fortune told once by an old Oriental with shells, and in the midst of it he said, "You are very rich, you will never lack bread"—that was the proof of it, not to lack bread is to have all that any man could ask. So these people gladly live on bread: if they can have a little cup of Turkish coffee morning and night and have five little rolls of bread smaller than my fist they are splendidly satisfied for the entire day. After seeing how the camels and the Arabs live I am beginning to believe that eating is actually a habit.

There is a man here who has that G. A. R. button on him; I never see one but I want to hug him; it is greater than any medal ever given by any foreign emperor to his knight, this little brown button. This man says to me, "We lived on hardtack in the army." I said, "I know something harder than that, our Bedouin bread; your hardtack is simply soft toast compared with our Bedouin bread." You look into the Bible and find that out; don't you remember Gideon had his company of men going to fight the Amalekites; he had so few he was afraid, but God said, "Go down and hear what they are dreaming about," and he went and listened outside of the tent, and one man groaned in his sleep and began to tell his dream—he dreamt that a loaf of barley bread rolled down hill and hit his tent and knocked it over! The Arabs are great story tellers. I would be over at their camp-fire every night. I would tell them a story and have them tell me a story. I wish I could represent exactly the style and spirit of the Arab stories and of Arab poetry. These Orientals never tell the moral of their stories; they always leave it to the intelligence of the audience to determine the main point connected with the narrative. For example, here is a story they told one night around this camp-fire. They said, "Once upon a time the animals came together for a great banquet, and the lion brought a donkey, and the wolf brought a wild sheep, and the fox brought a chicken; then they put in the fox as cook, and the fox cooked while the rest slept and then he began to eat, it smelt so good—the fox said, 'I think I will try it,' and after he had eaten a good deal he said, 'How can I conceal this so these other people shall not find out about it?'

So he took the bones and hid them under the jackal's ears where the hair was longest. When the lion woke up in the morning he looked at the food and said, 'Somebody has eaten up my food,' and the wolf said the same. "Was it you, they asked the fox; and the fox said "No." "Prove your innocence then." "Well to prove it let us have the ordeal by fire; we will have every animal jump over this fire, whichever one drops the bones he will be the one that stole the food." The lion jumped over, and he did not drop any bones; and the wolf likewise; and then the fox jumped over, and a bone or two dropped out from him, and they said he was guilty, but he said, "That does not prove anything, I was cook and tasted it but did not eat; let the jackal jump"—and when the jackal jumped the bones all fell in a heap. There is no moral, but if you do not see any you are not as wise as the Arabs.

Here is an Arab song which sounds exactly to me like a portion of the Song of Solomon:

"I was busy going through the streets,
By chance I saw my moon;
At once I lost all sense of time;
One whole week I spent without sleep;
Seven days I was as drunken,
Not knowing where I was;
I found myself alone, and no one
Was near who could comfort me.

Where to find my moon!
Alas, she is gone!
I looked for my moon through all the city,
Day and night I searched where I might find her;
I asked, the old men, young men and women,
All I passed in my way about the city,
No one could help me:
I wish to send my love to my moon,
And no man can tell me where my moon abides."

Among these people you get the Oriental, Biblical, atmosphere. When you go from the land of Goshen in Egypt you do not get into the wild Bedouin country until you go several days towards Mt. Sinai. The Israelites were put in the land of Goshen by the Egyptians. We have contemporary texts telling us that this formed a buffer between Egypt and Palestine, that there had been Semitic peoples located there by Egypt before Jacob and his sons came in; but when they came in they were given it as a privileged class, and

they staid there in that pastoral country. A good many people have said that the Israelites never had any reason to be agriculturalists in their early history so that the laws that were given through Moses would not naturally mention agricultural affairs at all; but that land of Goshen is fit for agriculture, and even the Bedouin Arabs if they lived there now would do at least a little of that agricultural work. We will find this is true in Kadesh-barnea, too. I have been six times from end to end of the land of Goshen; it is thirty miles long; in breadth you can shoot across it with an ordinary rifle. You can locate the old caravan route that went through it so that you can see almost the very road—you certainly can locate it within a few rods—over which Jacob passed when he came to Egypt to visit Joseph. The old translation said that Jacob and Joseph met in Pithom. Pithom is a city the Bible mentions as having been built by the Israelites. (Ex.1:11.) The storerooms of Pithom were dug up in 1885 by Dr. Naville at the head of our Egyptian Exploration Fund. It was noticed that certain corners had bricks in them, some made with straw and some without. A few years later I found that many of the walls were built the lower tiers with straw, the middle with stubble and the upper without stubble or straw. That has been disputed by some people; but the accuracy of the Scriptural account is now sustained. This last winter I went back and took a party with me so that out of the eyes of several witnesses the thing could be confirmed. When we got there we found that those walls had been torn down. There are twenty Arabs working at those storehouses now, taking away the walls because of the old straw or dirt and putting it for fertilizer over the ground; so we did not find any of those walls left, but we did find one great wall built with straw and a wall just against it, built evidently at the same time, with no straw and with no stubble, and we did find multitudes of bricks some made with straw and some with the stubble. The fact is, so far as I can discover, they never did make bricks without the use of straw excepting in the desert where no straw could be obtained. I found too that Dr. Petrie was wrong in thinking that the straw was universally confined to the outside of the ancient Egyptian bricks. In this case at least the middle of the brick had as much straw as the outside.

This is in the land of Goshen where the children of Israel lived. I do not have any idea there were 3,000,000 of the Israelites. We read in the English Bible about "600,000 fighting men" and from that scholars have calculated that there must have been about 3,000,000 Israelites that left Egypt. Edward Robinson, that great Presbyterian orthodox scholar of Union Seminary, pointd out the

fact that 3,000,000 people trying to cross the Red Sea in the night would have to go 2,000 abreast and then it would take them all night to do it, and it would have to be done as an army, it could not be done as an ordinary caravan. Evidently there is some mistake in the numbers. Dr. Petrie has pointed out a way to explain the variation in numbers. If you will look at one place in our American version, (Num. 1:16) you will find instead of thousands this Hebrew word 'eleph is translated "family" in the margin; if it can be translated there as family, it can be so translated in any other place where the sense requires it. For example, when you read in Micah, "But thou, Bethlehem Ephrathah, which art little among the thousands of Judah," it is a good deal better to say "little among the families of Judah." When you find that Samuel says the people are to present themselves "by tribes and thousands" it should be translated "by tribes and families." The Bible, according to our old version, says that in Beth-Shemesh seventy men and 50,000 men were killed for looking into the ark; although Beth-Shemesh never had a population of 50,000 in all its history. Is it not better to translate it as "Seventy men and fifty families?" In the land of Goshen, thirty miles long and only a mile or two wide, 3,000,000 people could not have lived. Therefore the infidels have said, "The Bible is wrong." The Bible is right; only we fail to translate that word as scholars should have translated it years ago and as it is translated in the margin in several places now. I suppose those scholars are right when they think the children of Israel numbered at most 100,000. They went out into the Mt. Sinai peninsula, and there were only three ways to get out of Egypt in that direction in the olden time, three caravan routes—one up at Menzaleh, one below at Lake Timsah and one below at Suez. They did not take any of those routes. We now know I suppose the providential reason. Last year thirteen forts were discovered along the old route guarding Egypt in every place where she was not guarded by the sea. These thirteen forts the Egyptians had there in the days of the Exodus; so when those people tried to go by the ordinary caravan route into Palestine Jehovah stopped them because He said, "War will come if you go that way." They went to the next gateway and failed to get through, and they went to the third and failed to get through. Then the Egyptians said, "We have you caught between the mountains and the sea and we are going to destroy you." What happened? According to the Bible an east wind came and blew back the waters of the sea. It is understood now that there is a basis of natural law in that as in almost all the miracles. When Jesus feeds the 5,000 He honors natural law and makes it the basis of the miracle. In crossing the Red Sea Jehovah honors the

natural law of the east wind, and by a supernatural conjunction of conditions there came a path, not a path with the waters standing up as a wall on each side—the Hebrew does not say that—but the water was driven back, it was yonder at a distance, leaving a path which could have been miles wide, and they passed through, and when they passed through in the providence of God those who tried to follow were swallowed up.

It is three days to the first oasis. There are only three or four oases in all the 10,000 square miles of the Semitic Peninsula; one of these comes within three days journey of Suez. Moses said, "Let us go three days to sacrifice"; why did he say that? Because they could not get any water earlier than three days. It was three days' journey before they came to Marah, or the bitter waters. These are not bitter now, which shows there can be a change in waters in modern times because of reasons I know nothing of. Then they went to Elim where they found seventy palm-trees: there are only twenty-three now. When Dr. Petrie went through that country in 1904 he saw a great stream of water in this Elim; so did Hoskins in 1909; but when I went through in 1912 there were no streams of water, it was simply a little well of water with a little spring at the bottom which gave out after a few camels had drunk. That shows the difference between one year and another. There had been four years of drought when I went through. They went next to Wady Feiran at the foot of Jebel-Serbal, which was the ancient Horeb, the mountain of God. Do you understand why it was so necessary to have victory at the battle of Rephidim when Aaron and Hur held up the hands of Moses? It was absolutely necessary for they had no water. Just beyond Rephidim, is this Wady Feiran, the finest oasis in that part of the world containing some 25,000 palm-trees. As we rode through it the foliage was three or four feet above our heads. It is a perfect wonder of an oasis. It was necessary to the life of the Hebrew people: so this battle was a crisis, if they lost it they would perish of thirst, if they won it they would have this marvelous oasis of the desert. They won it by the providence of God. They scattered then making this the center. No Arabs ever stay in the oasis. The Arabs prefer to put their tents out on the hills, and the goats will not eat the green grass of the oasis and the camels will not either; they prefer the shrubs that come up in the desert. They scattered out and finally got to Mt. Musa where there was another water supply, and those are the only three oases I saw in that great Sinaitic peninsula except the one in Kadesh-barnea. At Kadesh-barnea you can still see the rock which Moses struck and out of which the waters came: and if you will turn to

Numbers you will find it was Kadesh-barnea where the children of Israel staid some thirty-seven years of the forty. They have found in an Egyptian papyrus where it says that the Egyptian Pharaoh struck the rock and the water sprang out, and it means he directed by the rod of authority where the water was. It says that Moses at this place struck the rock twice. I suppose that means he obtained two springs of water. For years scholars searched for Kadesh-barnea. It was hidden down in the earth so you cannot see it. Conder, the one who made the survey of the Sinaitic Peninsula could not find it, and many other desert travelers looked for it but Henry Clay Trumbull, an American, found it in 1881. I only know of one party visiting it since, except ourselves. When we got there we saw the place where the two springs of water were, the waters gurgling out of the rock which Moses struck as beautiful and delicious as any water brook in America.

The Old Gospel

By REV. GIPSY SMITH, D. D.

If any of you have lost faith in the old gospel I wish you would come and live with me for a month and just watch the old gospel work. "The earth was as the garden of the Lord" and a little further down it says "but the men were wicked exceedingly." Nature is all right. What is the matter with the race? I did not mean to say that. I was going to say that the old gospel is not played out. I am reminded of the Sermon on the Mount. In the City of Johannesburg the first man to get converted was as tall as Campbell Morgan, but a little rounder. He was not quite as round as Excell. A tall, big fellow. He walked straight from the inquiry room to the home of another Dutchman, and he took out of his pocket a gold watch, and he said to his friend, "Do you recognize that watch?" And he said, "Yes, that is my property, I lost it eight years ago." He said, "No, you didn't, I stole it. I knew you would never suspect me." The other Dutchman said, "Are you crazy?" "No, I just got converted, and here is your watch." It works. If you are at all pessimistic about your message, the message of Jesus and His love, what you call the simple sort of gospel, take heart. It is not played out. And the newest thing you can preach is Jesus. Jesus is as new as the sun drops in the spring. Jesus is as fresh as the primroses in April. You never hear people talk about wanting to manufacture new water. They are drinking the same sort of water that Adam drank. And you never hear anybody talk about wanting a new kind of water, or of bread. What water is to the body and bread is to the body, Jesus is to the soul. He said so. If you think that the great throbbing heart of the world is going to be stilled, and the great tempest of humanity is going to be hushed, and the deeper hunger of the soul is going to be satisfied with any other than the living, risen, glorified, redeeming Christ, then I want to say to you you are played out and not the gospel. Jesus said, "Greater things than these shall ye see." It is either true or it is false, and you may think me old fashioned if you like, but I believe it is absolutely true. And I am going to make another statement. There are some of us

who are seeing greater things. If you will let me get personal, I say it to His glory, I have seen greater things than he talked about then. Take the church of which I am an humble member, and I am a local preacher, but I am not even local, I am a member of that church, I have been a member of it now for twenty-six years. My pastor has been on that ground, in that church, for twenty-eight years, and when he started twenty-eight years ago he preached to forty-two people. Last Sunday he preached to 17,000. Greater things. When my pastor started twenty-eight years ago he had on his church roll forty-five names, the most of whom he could not find. They were not only Dissenters, they were Absenters, and some of you preachers know what that is. What is the good of keeping a lot of names on your church roll when you do not know where the people are? What is the use? Forty-five names, the most of whom he could not find. Twenty-eight years have passed away, and to-day he has in that church, meeting in Christian fellowship, 5,492. He would tell you he has never known a Sunday in twenty-eight years without conversions. He would tell you that the wear and tear by removal and death is 500 people annually, and he expects to make that up by actual conversions, and does it. That is the greatest thing in the world. There is nothing in the world just like what I am talking about. Greater things out of that great heart of that evangelist. There is a rescue home for men, and every night in winter 400 or 500 men are fed and slept. Another home for women, another maternity home for girls in trouble, another home for prevention work, girls are saved from becoming what these were. That sort of thing is going on. Out of that great heart. The old gospel is not played out. If you are not seeing the greater things then exercise the greater faith and you will see them. I get tired of hearing people call out for a new gospel, for a new Bible. They are putting it in another way just now, they are saying we must readjust our message. You have got to tell them so with the modern mind. Modern men. Like the old man; you have got to convert the modern man just as you convert the old man, and when you start talking about conversion you want to know what machinery you are going to use, what methods you are going to adopt, because some of you have tried all sorts of schemes for rescuing men. What have you done? Produce your healed men. A new gospel! Who is to write it? A new church! Who is to found it? A new Bible! Well, who is to give it? But you know the people who talk like that have never tried the old. They do not know the old.

A young fellow came to me not long ago, just fresh from a seminary. He was all collar. Dr. Morgan says a Methodist Seminary.

No, it was not, the METHOD was gone—it was the IST. All collar. And he looked at me, and he said, "Gipsy Smith I want to discuss the Bible with you." And he stroked his alabaster brow as though he had said something, and then he stroked it so—as though he felt for the substance hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. He says, "I want to discuss the Bible with you." I said, "Do you know it?" "Do you know the Bible?" "Well," he said, "I have gone through it twice." I said, "Sir, let it go through you once." I get tired of young fellows talking about a new Bible. I get tired of those who have never tested the old. You would not allow it in the commercial world for five minutes.

Some one called me up in Chicago. He says, "Is this Gipsy Smith?" I said, "All there is left. Who are you?" "You won't know if I tell you. When are you going to preach on the new theology?" I said, "I have not got through with the first. I am busy with the old." The old theology is doing things. I would like to put you down, my brother, you modern man, you high-faluting young man who think you have discovered something that we are deficient in, I would like to put you beside a poor drunkard. What would you do with him?

I was on my way to talk with inquirers one morning in South Africa. There were so many who wanted to be helped to Jesus Christ that I had taken rooms in the city where I could meet them. These rooms were like the rooms of a consulting physician. And on that morning, cutting off corners, I had to rush that morning, I turned sharp around the corner and ran into the arms of a man who looked like a tramp. His collar was unfastened, both hands were dirty, and he had not been shaved for several weeks. He looked the object of misery and dissipation. With his arms around me he said, "Oh, my dear." I wonder if there is a man here from the land of Cornwall. A Cornishman is the only man who addresses another as 'My dear.' I said, "You are a Cornishman." He said, "Yes, and how did you know me?" He withdrew from the pocket of his coat a copy of my addresses and said, "There is a letter from my mother, and my wife, and my little girl," and then he turned to the chapter that I had tried to write on 'My Mother' and when I looked at those pages I could hardly make out some of the words where he had wept over them. He said, "Gipsy, I am not begging, I do not want any money." He had all the gold he wanted. He said he earned $300 a month working in the gold mine, "But for six solid weeks," said he, "I have been drinking whiskey. It is no good to preach to me because it will only aggravate me. I was born with the devil in me." I said, "You should be born again, and with the

devil OUT this time." What would you say to that man if you could not say that to him? He said, "It is no good. It is in me. It has got me by the throat. I would give both arms to be delivered, but it is no good." I said, "Oh, yes, you can be a new creature in Christ Jesus." What would you say, you modern man, to a case like that? You are absolutely defeated. You have no message for that man. You have no right to get your living by preaching if you are not loyal to the gospel of the Son of God. I cast my eye about to look for a place where I could pray with that poor drunkard.

If you want to break a sinner's heart you must pray with him. WITH him, not AT him. I have heard people in prayer meeting on one side of the house begin telling God about the people on the other side of the house. I rushed him into the drug store. I said, "Good morning, Mr. Smith, I want a little corner where I can kneel down and pray with a poor sinner. Where can we kneel?" And we went into the little office at the back. And I tried to feel the thirst in my throat for liquor, that I might know how to pray for him. But it was hard work, because I have never tasted the accursed stuff. There is no taint of alcohol in my blood. No disease in it. Jesus got me when it was pure, when I was a child, Glory to God. And I tried to feel the grip of the throat for whiskey, that I might pray for that poor creature. It was hard work, and I remembered that wonderful passage, Dr. Morgan, which you know so well, in the 53rd of Isaiah, and it helped me a little just there. It was this passage: "He made intercession for the transgressors" and "He bare the sins of many." He made intercession because he was under the burden, and you only pray when you bear the burdens of others, when you are underneath the weight of others' cares. And I tried to pray for him, and he was hanging on to me. It takes some of you all the grace you have got to believe, with your religious environments on both sides. There are times when you feel you will jump over the traces and have your fling; and if you feel like that, in God's name have pity on the poor fellow who never had a chance. Somebody must be Jesus to that man, so he could hang on until he could find Jesus. I said, "You pray now for yourself." And he said, "I have not prayed since I was a boy at my mother's knee." "Did you pray then?" "Yes." "Do you remember it?" "Yes." Then I said, "Say that prayer." He got on both knees like a little boy would, and put his hands together, and he commenced, "Jesus, tender shepherd hear me. Bless—" and when he got there he whispered to me to say it for him and he would say "Amen" to it. God heard that childish cradle faith and saved him. He got up from his knees and

I said, "What are you going to do? It is not all over. The fight will begin now. As soon as I leave you the whiskey will come at you." He said, "I do not know." "If you saw a lion coming and you had no gun what would you do?" "I would make tracks." "When you see the devil coming MAKE TRACKS. Will you be at the meeting to-night?" and he said, "I will." When the meeting began there were 4,000, or 5,000 people present. I scanned that mighty audience for my man, and I could not find him. I have a very sharp eye. My children have thought so. One or two of them think I could see things that were not there. I could not find my man that night, and I could not preach until I took the audience into my confidence and told them as much as I thought it safe to tell them. I said, "I want you to pray for that man. I have looked for him and my heart aches because I cannot see him." And a man jumped up, he was on the front row. He said, "I am near enough." I positively did not know him, he was so absolutely changed. He was clothed, he was shaved. He looked fifteen years younger. I looked at him in amazement, and said, "You are not the man I spoke to this morning, and he said, "No, I am the NEW man." And then he held up three letters, "one for my mother, one for my wife, and one for my little boy, and I have told them I shall never drink again; and I have told them it is done, the great transaction's done." The old gospel held out. It only wants the chance. God help you to preach it.

I could stay in South Africa for an hour or two, but I want to take you to Paris. I was invited to Paris so many times before I saw my way to go, feeling all along that I had to go, and honestly trying to get out of it every time because I knew it was a difficult situation. If I had your language, your thirteen languages, Brother Crawford, with your power to translate, I would make my way in the world. I would bore in, and I would bore out. And they came and said, "You must come to Paris." Between 30 and 40 of the strongest Christian people in Paris signed a sort of memorial inviting me, and then they were not satisfied with that, they sent a deputation to London to see me, they said, "you must come to Paris." "Well," I said, "I want you to keep in mind my limitations." They wanted me to preach the gospel in Paris. I looked at that little deputation and I said, "Do you want me to preach in French?" "Oh, yes," they said. And I said, "That would not agree with my constitution." Do not try to impress the people with what you know. "I may as well be frank with you. I do not speak French." They said, "We will give you a translator, somebody who will interpret." I said, "That is all right for a political speech, that is all right for an essay, that

is all right for literature, but it would not be all right for me, because every time I stand up and speak I want a verdict, every time I stand up I want somebody brought into contact with Jesus Christ." I would not allow an angel to do that unless I saw his wings. I said, "I cannot do it. It is no use. I feel I ought to go to Paris, but I cannot go under those conditions," "But," I said, "I tell you what," (an idea struck me, and I believe it was of the Lord). I said, "The elite of Paris, the rich people of Paris, the cultured of Paris, they were brought up with an English governess in the home, just as our best families in England are brought up with an English governess in the home, and the children learn to speak French and English," and so forth and so on. "Very well," I said, "You go back to Paris. Get together, circularize the rich people, the cultured classes of Paris, and if you will do that I will come, though I only have six to preach to." I frightened that little deputation straight off. They said "that cannot be." But one man said, "It can be done." If the Lord has a big contract on hand faith gets the job. The Lord trusts the man that has a bit of faith. This man says, "We can do it." But they said, "But you cannot do it, that means money. There are only two English speaking churches in Paris, the American Church and the Methodist church. The American is the stronger of the two, but it can aid us very little. The Methodist church is weak. Nobody there rich enough to give money. Where are you going to get money from?" And they said they would appeal to the friends of Gipsy Smith in Paris.

They fixed the dates, and said, "Where shall we have the meetings?" For we could not go to the little Methodist church or to the American church, for the French people were absolutely disgusted with colorless religion, and they were also absolutely disgusted with organized, professional religion, so that the Governor had forbidden the name of God to be used in any kind of a public building. In France the name of God has been obliterated. So it was no good to invite those people into either of these little churches. If you business men conducted your business as you conduct your church affairs you would be bankrupt in three months. If you would conduct your soul work as you conduct your business work spiritually you would be millionaires. Well these men finally decided to secure a centrally located auditorium, a beautiful building seating 1,500 people, that was used for high class musical concerts. They went and found that they could get it for ten days sometimes in the afternoon and other times at night, for the sum of a thousand dollars. They dared not call it a mission, that would shy the people off. "What shall we call it?" was the question. So they decided

to call it a "Conference." They called the night meeting a conference and the afternoon a Matinee. I had been called all sorts of things, but that was the first time I had been called a Matinee. I said to my wife, "Annie, I will take you to Paris." We had never been to Paris, we had been too busy. I have never been anywhere yet for sight-seeing. I have been preaching Christ for thirty-five years, but I have had no time for sight-seeing. I said, "We will do Paris. You know we are going, but really and truly it is a venture. I do not expect anything will happen for me, I do not expect I shall touch anybody, but I have got to obey orders." And we went to Paris and we have not seen Paris yet. I was busy with my work. Saturday night we got into the first little meeting for prayer. There were twenty-five people, humble, sweet, hungry souls, and I am bound to tell you it did not look very promising; and I wondered how it was coming out.

Sunday morning I preached to just the ordinary congregation, and then night came and they came to take me to that beautiful building they had secured. They put me in the green room, the artist's room, the room where they put the finishing touches on. I walked up and down that little floor, to still my jumping heart, which was crying out like a lost bird in the wood. I was in a strange land. How could I sing the songs of Zion in a strange land. I stood in my little ante-chamber, and I said, "O, God, it is for thee, and thou hast never forsaken me yet" and in rushed a young Frenchman and he said, "We have the elite of Paris." "How do you know it?" "Oh, we know them all. The place is full." Then it was time to go on the platform, and they put up their opera glasses to look at me, and then I did what they did not expect me to do. I dropped on my knees to pray, and those aristocratic, beautiful people were well bred enough instantly to be quiet and reverent. It is beautiful to see reverence. It is beautiful to be reverent. Will you let me say just one word, there is just a danger of the American people losing their sense of reverence. I saw some women here the other day while Dr. Campbell Morgan was preaching, who were knitting and crocheting, doing needle work. I could not help but feel that it was a sacrilege. You would not go and sit at a play and do your work, you would watch that, and you cannot get all there is out of a service like this and do needle work. You cannot worship God with a divided heart. Forgive me for saying that, but you see I have said it. Those beautiful heathen, when I was on my knees, those lovely heathen, they were responsive and reverent. Then we got some hymn books scattered over the audience, and I announced a number, and that American singer, Oscar Seegal, who was then in Paris, offered to

lead the singing for me, and he did it splendidly. But it was a solo and the audience did not sing. They looked at the books and at one another and wondered what was going on. And they laughed, and I could see on their faces this very thing, "What a huge joke." I said, "we will sing this." We tried, but I never heard such poor singing in my life. We struggled through the first. I was wise enough not to try another song as a congregational song. Then I prayed and read a few verses from the Scripture. And then I said, "I will sing you a little message, a little sermon set to music." I began slowly, choosing my words, acting like a little child, trembling, fearful lest they would not understand my English. I sang my song. They began to listen, trembling, touched, and then I saw the tear, and then I saw just the first little flickering flame of interest, and I drifted out of the song into a little talk, lovingly.

When I got through my little talk, which lasted about fifteen minutes, I said, "I am a praying man, and I love the people who pray and sometimes I feel my need of prayer, and I ask the people to pray for me." Sometimes I spoil things absolutely, and God knows I have made a mess of a lot of things, but I turned to those people and asked them to pray for me; and I said, "I wonder if any of you feel like that. It may be that my words somehow have reached you, and you would like me to tell Jesus about you. If you would, and would like to be a better man or woman, if you will just rise that will indicate your desire, and I will pray for you." And, will you believe me, two-thirds of that audience of 1500 people rose instantly. My faith was rebuked. I said to the preacher by my side, "These people have not understood my meaning. They have certainly misunderstood." I felt convinced of this and I said, "I know you have misunderstood me." Then I repeated my message, and said, "If you have misunderstood me sit down." But instead of sitting down others stood up. Then I dismissed them, for there was no room to invite them to. If there had been a big room at the side I could not have used it either, because that room instantly would have conveyed the idea to them of the confessional, and they would have been disgusted with that. So I prayed for them and dismissed them, and I stood there and watched that lovely crowd slowly move away. There was no talk, no conversation.

Quietly they went. And then I returned to the little room for my hat to go out, and I said, "Annie, we will go," and when we got to the hotel, the Hotel Continental, I could not sleep. I never slept a wink that night. I lived it all over again. I carried those people on my heart, and at three o'clock in the morning I was a bit restless, and my wife said, "Are you sleeping?" and I said, "No, I cannot

sleep, I am thinking of those people. I wish they could understand me. But I will find out to-morrow night, if they come back. I will find out if they understand me. I will find out." "Well," she said, "I do not know how you are going to do that." I said, "I will tell them a story about my gipsy boy days, with a bit of fun in it, and if they laugh I will know they understand me." And I did not sleep. I was up early, and I lived through that day with those people on my heart.

That night I went to the green room, and they were there, with others crowded in, and if you had been there you would have known Paris was represented. They were decked as though they were just out of the fashion plate. They tried to sing. There was an atmosphere that helped me to pray. You know that people can make an atmosphere that makes it easy to preach. Then I read a Psalm. And then I said "Before I speak to you I am going to tell you a little story." I began my story, and before I got to the humor they began to laugh, they saw it coming. When that service was over the whole house rose for prayer. Some of the women kissed my fingers, and one lady said, "Gipsy Smith, we understand you. You do not appeal to our prejudices. You are not English. You have the French temperament, you talk with your hands and feet. You talk all over." I said, "No, you are gypsies." And I got them. Now then, I said to myself, it is not enough to get them to stand up. I must anchor them. So I said to my workers, "Let us have a little creed printed." I do not use creeds as a rule, I do not use creeds in this particular way, but the circumstances forced me to this. This is what the creed said: "Believing Jesus Christ to be the only Saviour for sinners I do here and now accept Him as my Saviour and my Lord, and I promise by His grace to love Him and to follow Him. ..... Name, ... Address .....Nationality." And when it came to the cards that night, I said, "My friends are coming down these aisles, they will have these cards. They will not offer you one. If you think you have got to the place where you can honestly sign this card because you want to give yourself to Christ, you stand up as he passes you and take a card, put your name and address and nationality on it and hand it back to him, and he will bring it to me. We will pray over it here together before we separate, and that will be a bond between you and me." That night 118 cards were signed, 53 French, thirteen other nationalities. In the first batch, to show we had got the cultured people of France, were a princess, a duchess, a baroness, and a count. When I went back for the second campaign all four were on my committee, and the count was the chairman. They had stood

the test of the year. There were two young ladies from the leading families. The next night these two girls brought another young lady. She could not understand a word of English, not a syllable. But when the cards were brought around she said to her friend, "Get me a card." She had been told what the cards were. They said, "You do not understand," and she said, "But you have got something I want, and if signing my name to that card will help to bring me what I want my name is going on the card," and it went down. These meetings grew so that I had to talk in French, had to do it. Talk about thinking black, I had to think French. The French churches would not open the doors to me when I started, because they are all Unitarian, Rationalistic. They would not have me at all the first time, but when they saw what was going on, one big church did open its doors for a few meetings, in which I would be interpreted to the French masses. I got close to the priest and I saw the tears rolling down his cheeks while I was talking. I talked French you see before I was through. I would be a fool for Christ's sake if I could only help somebody to Jesus Christ.

There was a little French woman converted. Her husband was mayor of a French city. Their home was in Paris. Her father was a member of the cabinet. She was thirty-five. Gloriously converted. When the mission was there she sent letters to her lady friends, and she said, "I want you to come and see me." She told them the story of her conversion, and she said, "I am going to have a prayer meeting the first Tuesday of every month," and for three years she has conducted a prayer meeting, and she has never had less than twelve women at that meeting. If you women would stand true to Jesus Christ some of you could do more good than the churches. She writes me regularly. She addresses me "Dear prophet Ours." In England they do not call me "Mr. Smith." They call me "Our Gipsy," and that is the endearing title for which I thank God. Christ has helped me to win it. She said, "I want you to come to lunch the first day of your stay in Paris because I am going to invite twenty-five of the French Protestants to meet you at lunch. I will have them the first day." I said, "They will not meet me." She said, "If I give them the invitation they dare not refuse it lest they do not get another." She said, "I will use my social standing for Jesus Christ." And she used it. I went. I was never at a more swell little function in my life, and I know how to conduct myself too. If you want to test me, invite me. I went, and after lunch she got a little Frenchman who understood English, and he stood there and began to ask me questions in English and he repeated it in French, and interpreted to twenty-five pastors, and they had a theological

examination about the cross, what the cross stood for in my preaching, and in my life, and in my ministry, and, my brethren, you may be sure I was loyal. When I go back to Paris again I am going to the churches, for they will open their doors to me with open arms.

When my wife and I left the last time, a duchess came to see us to say good-bye, and she got hold of my wife's hand with one of her hands, and mine with the other, and the tears fell, and she said, "Oh, Mrs. Smith," and she kissed my hand, and I said, "Don't, you embarrass me. I cannot stand it. Don't." And she said, "Oh, Mrs. Smith, before this blessed man came to me I wanted to be wicked all the time, it was in my heart, and it would not go. The priest told me my sins were forgiven, but my heart never discovered it, never knew it. But when this blessed man came and brought me to Jesus and He told me my sins were forgiven, my heart knew it. Now," she says, "I want to be good all the time." Is not that beautiful? All the time. Played out! The old gospel! Oh, my brother, go back and live it more than ever, and love it more than ever, and preach it more than ever; and your Christ shall still see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

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Right Relationship With Jesus Christ

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D. D.

I am going to read one or two brief passages of Scripture that have a bearing on our meditation this morning. Let us hear the Word of God found in the first chapter of Matthew's gospel, beginning at verse 18:

> The birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When His mother Mary had been betrothed to Joseph, before they came together she was found with child of the Holy Ghost. And Joseph, her husband, being a righteous man, and not being willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily. But when he thought on these things, behold, an angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son; and thou shalt call his name Jesus; for it is He that shall save his people from their sins.

In Paul's letter to the Philippians, chapter 2—the first part of that chapter, you have the wonderful paragraph describing the kenosis or self-emptying of God, the Son, leading up to these words in verse 9:

> Wherefore also God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Now to the paragraph for our meditation! In the 18th chapter of this gospel according to Matthew I read verses 18, 19, and 20:

> Verily I say unto you, What things soever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and what things soever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. Again I

say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father who is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.

Every student of the New Testament is conscious of the important crisis at Caesarea Philippi by the confession of Peter. Each of the synoptists call attention to the fact that there was a breaking at that point between the earlier ministry of our Lord and the later. It is sufficient for me now to say that as the result of that confession our Lord spoke to His disciples for the first time explicitly of three of the great central verities of the faith—of the church, of the cross, of His own second advent. In the record of the ministry of Jesus there is absolutely no account of His ever having explicitly referred to either of these things until after the great confession of Peter. That is not our theme this morning; I refer to it to create an atmosphere for our consideration of the particular paragraph in the 18th chapter.

It is a singularly notable thing that from the uttering of that confession to the end our Lord gave Himself largely to His own disciples rather than to the multitudes. Do not misunderstand me! He did not turn entirely from the multitudes for hundreds came to Him and He always responded, but from Caesarea Philippi where the light and glory of the great confession drew from Him the great beatitude, "Blessed art thou Simon Bar-jona," from that moment until Calvary He gave Himself very largely, and evidently with great care, to the instruction of His disciples in view of the coming cross and of all that should succeed the cross. In our study of the records of our Lord's doings and teachings from Caesarea Philippi He addressed His disciples over and over again in a new way, speaking to them in their corporate capacity rather than as individuals. It was at Caesarea Philippi He first mentioned His ecclesia, His church; and He always seems to have been looking upon His disciples from that time as those who were to constitute His church in the beginning, and through whom the church was to be built up for which He had wrought, and which church was in His economy and teaching to be the instrument for the revelation of the kingdom and the establishment of the kingdom in the world.

The paragraph in the 18th of Matthew constitutes an interpolation upon a very definite and specific teaching; I am not going to take it away from its context. Remember, our Lord was dealing

with His disciples on the question of the forgiveness of sin, not divine forgiveness but man's forgiveness of his brother's sin; and He is giving them instruction as to how they are to deal with a brother who sins, a member of that new entity, that new corporate body, the church. The temptation is to stay with that instruction: I wish you would study it; it is the things we know best that we know least of all. The church is suffering to-day from an absence of discipline, and, secondly, from a wrong spirit where discipline is exercised. The purpose of discipline is always that of bringing the brother back again into the church and not let him go out. If thy brother sins against you see him: what for? to gain him, to bring him back. If he won't hear thee take two: what for? to gain him. If he won't hear two, what then? tell it to the ecclesia, the church. If he will not hear the church, what then? let him be unto thee as a heathen man, a publican? no, Christ never said that: what, then, did Christ say? Some one says, "It is there!" No, that is not there. What is there? something like this—I could give that other interpretation far better than the true one—it is something like this, "If he will not hear thee let him be to thee a heathen man and a publican." If you had heard Jesus say it you would have understood it. Who is the heathen man and publican? the man for whom Christ dies, and the man whom the church has to deal with is not the man cut off, but the man for whom the church is willing to cut itself off and die in order to bring him back.

Having said so remarkable a thing concerning the authority and power of the church our Lord breaks in and utters this most wonderful paragraph which I have read. I will detain you, first of all, to ask you to observe the structure of the paragraph; as we do so, by that process we shall be impressed with the fact of the importance of what Christ said. You observe he aroused their attention by this formula, "Verily I say unto you," most evidently intending to compel their attention. When He had uttered that formula He said something; and when He had said it He adopted this formula, "Again I say unto you," and He said something else; and when He had said the second thing He said yet a third united to the second and the first, introduced by the word in our translation for. I do no violence to the text to substitute the word because for for. And He said the last thing. I am quite aware that this is very technical, but we will get the frame-work and then drop it. "Verily I say unto you" and the first thing was said. "Again I say unto you," and the second thing was said. "Because," and the third thing was said without which the two first have no meaning or value.

We move in the paragraph from something of importance to something of yet profounder importance, and to that which is of supreme importance. Forget those little phrases that mark the method and start back, and mark the wording. What is the first thing Jesus said? "What things soever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: what things soever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." What was the second? "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask it shall be done for them of my Father who is in heaven." What was the third thing? "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them." In that great declaration our Lord was leading His disciples and His church through them for all time to the understanding of two matters of supreme importance concerning the church's responsibility and resource. He was declaring first a power vested in the church, "What things soever ye bind on earth are bound in heaven; and what things soever ye loose on earth are loosed in heaven."

In the second place He spoke of another power vested in the church, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything they shall ask it shall be done for them of my Father in heaven." And then He declared the secret of both these powers, the thing apart from which the church has no power, the thing in the realization of which the church has both of these powers, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them." The first power He describes is ethical, binding and loosing in the midst of the affairs of the world; that ethical authority is vested in the Christian church. The second power He described is spiritual, resident only within the church, to agree in desire, and agreeing in desire to ask things, and in answer to the agreement or desire (which expresses itself in the answer) the doing of what is desired and asked. But the church has no ethical authority and no spiritual authority of that kind apart from the presence in the midst of the living Lord. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them."

You will observe still further by way of introduction the ideas that run through these linking the whole together. In the first He said, "What you bind on earth is bound in heaven." In the second He said, "What you agree on on earth is done of my Father in heaven." In the last He said, "Where two or three are gathered together"—evidently on earth—"there am I"—who also am of heaven—"in the midst." It is the great paragraph that shows relationship to the world and to heaven—to the world because it is of heaven; to heaven because it is of the world; and at the center

of the life of the church, creating that life, creating her moral authority, creating her spiritual resources, is seen the Lord of Glory Himself!" "Where two or three are gathered together there am I in the midst." So we will take the paragraph connected and divide the meditation into two parts: the powers of the church; the presence in the church creating the powers of the church.

First, in regard to the powers; and all I can ask you to do is to go back to the old familiar words, in broader line, I hope, in order to have a more patient consideration in hours of meditation and loneliness. What is the first power? "What things soever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; what things soever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Be patient with me! In order to understand the verse it is necessary to free our minds from all prejudice, that we should attempt to escape from the last remains of medievalism. It is almost an impertinence to suggest that anybody in this audience can be influenced by medieval thinking, but it is a marvelous thing how much we are in danger of being influenced. You find constantly these words quoted as if they had the power to remit or retain sins: there is such a power in the Christian church but there is no reference to it here. Binding and loosing has no reference to the retaining or the remission of sins.

There are passages in the teaching of our Lord in which He has made it manifest that He has conferred upon the church the power to remit and retain, of course upon conditions, and every real preacher of the gospel knows what it is to have that power. If we had heard Jesus say it we would have understood Him because they were common phrases, used constantly in connection with the work of the scribes. The scribes were the interpreters of the law—that is the men who decided what the law meant in individual and social and civic cases. We have to take time and get back to understand that, for I am certain the church should understand this thing anew. When at Caesarea Philippi—I would like to have begun there—go back again. Jesus said, "Thou art Peter, on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hades cannot prevail against it, and I will give you the keys of the kingdom of heaven"—not the keys of the church, "the keys of the kingdom of heaven: whatsoever thou shalt bind is bound, whatsoever thou shalt loose is loosed," "the keys of the kingdom" constituting the insignia not of the priestly office but the office of the moral teacher.

The men who heard it understood it perfectly; they knew His church was to constitute the new order of scribes, that their business henceforth was to be that of interpreting the Word of God, to

erect the moral standards, to stand in the world for the revelation of God's morality. That is what the keys meant, and all that the word in the declaration of Jesus at that particular point meant. You remember He once incidentally, but none the less importantly, called His disciples scribes. Go back to the 13th of Matthew; there is an eighth parable beyond the seven dealing with kingdom processes: in the eighth He said, "Have you understood all these things?" They said, "Yea, Lord." I am always surprised when I read that answer. He took them at that valuation and He said, "Therefore every scribe instructed to the kingdom of heaven is like a householder who bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old," all of which meant if you are to make scribes instructed to the kingdom of heaven and understand it your responsibility is to be that of bringing out things new and old—the revelation of the eternal principles, the old: the application of them to the varying circumstances, the new. And He conferred upon His church in that way the right and authority and power to erect moral standards in the life of the nations of the world. That is all He is referring to in these particular words. Bear with me while I remind you of how wonderfully the church has realized that great power, and at the same time how constantly the church has failed to realize it. I admit her failures though I am a little tired of hearing the church abused inside the church. All the great moral ideals that have made for the making of truly great civilizations have come from the Christian church: do not forget it! When you become a little restless and a little impatient because great moral matters are outside the church and the church seems to be sometimes unequal to deal with them, remember the very ideals that move you for the establishment of the true order in the world were born inside the Christian church, and the Christian church has stood for two millenniums for the morality of heaven in the life of men, for the application of the laws of the kingdom of God to the things of the earth life.

Sometimes the simplest illustrations are the best; forgive me for taking my illustration from London. There is one point where London's traffic surges and beats and roars through all the early hours of the morning until late in the night; by the Mansion-house and Bank of England the traffic throbs and rushes. I have seen there with my own eyes what many have seen and what the artist has painted. Suddenly as I go to cross the road there I am impressed by the fact that the horses are held back on their haunches, and the motor cars grind and suddenly stop and all the traffic halts, what for? a man in the center has put his hand up; what for? a tiny child has wandered out into the middle of the road, and all

the traffic of Great Britain's capital must halt for that child to be taken safely across. Where did England learn that? from Him who took a little child and putting that little child in the midst said, "To you who go back for your character and life to the seat of the child-nature the kingdom of God is come." The church of God is in the world to insist upon heaven's morality, don't let us forget it when we get back home; our business is not merely to save the individual man but to enunciate the ethics of God in the city where we live. You say that municipal politics are so bad you cannot touch them—that is the reason you should touch them, that is the reason you should salt your salt. What is the good of salt unless you rub it in? In your municipal and national life the voice of the church ought to proclaim with no uncertain sound the morality of God; she will never do it until she cuts herself free from party politics; and when she does that she will return to what her Lord intended her to be, His voice.

Has the church that power to-day? is the church exercising it? Are the nations which call themselves Christian nations really listening to know what the church has to say on any great moral question? Suffer me to say this, I sometimes am afraid we have almost lost that power. There are moments when I confess—I am not committing this platform to this—I am sadly troubled by the fact that the world in these great questions is not at all interested to know what we think; the world patronizes us, and endows us oftentimes with her gifts, alas! and alas! and is amused when we say anything on the morality of a city or a government, or on capital and labor, or on any of the great questions of humanity that we ought to understand and be uttering the words of God concerning. I will at this point suggest a test and I am not affirming if the church has power the world will always obey it. I am not affirming if the church speaks with real authority the nation will obey; but I say when the church speaks the word of God with supreme authority on matters of morality the world will either obey her or will persecute her, one of the two. I say if she speaks with the voice of authority she is either producing obedience or bringing persecution upon her own head. The trouble to-day is that there is so little persecution, it is so terrifically, damnably easy to be a Christian. And I am not hungry for the old days of fiery persecution, but I am free to affirm this that unless I misinterpret the history of the Christian church I am correct in saying that the church persecuted on account of purity is powerful, that the church patronized because she is simply a voice for purity is paralyzed and unable to do anything. Let us consider the fact that Christ said that we are in the world to bind and to loose, to erect

standards and proclaim the laws of the kingdom of God for the government of the affairs of men.

Jesus said, "Again I say unto you" and He passed from that declaration concerning the church's moral authority, that which is external and manifest—follow this carefully. He passes from that to speak of something that is within her own borders, a spiritual power apart from which she never has had nor can have moral authority: and if it be true—I will not affirm it—if it be true that to-day the church of God has in a measure lost her moral authority it is because she has lost that inward spiritual power referred to in the next statement of Jesus: so, attempting to link that to what has preceded, hear these words: "If two of you"—I know those words, and so do you; I wonder if I believe them! I wonder if I have ever dared honestly to ponder them! Listen! "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask of my Father it shall be done for them by my Father which is in heaven." I am not criticizing the translation but I venture to say we have so often read it we are in danger of missing its power. Be patient with me while I take it apart! "If two of you agree": that is a great word "agree"—Professor Excell will understand it better than anyone else—**symphonize**—"If two of you shall symphonize, shall sound together." Remember that all this verse says is not for one man; it says "two." It is not the subject for individual prayer. Thank God! there are wonderful things for the man who prays alone, more for him than when praying with his fellow, but this is a matter of getting together for prayer. "If two of you shall symphonize on earth as touching anything"—I like that translation, don't spoil it! Here is another of the perpetually misquoted passages: in hundreds of prayer-meetings in England I have heard people say, as though it were in the promise, "If we agree to anything concerning thy kingdom!" Those words "concerning thy kingdom" are not there. You say, "They are understood": yes, if your interpolation does not narrow your text because when a man slips that in he is thinking of the church and the things of the kingdom; but it is not the church alone, it is everything, as touching everything—you remember the Greek phrase "peri pantos pragmatos, as touching anything they shall ask. What is this Greek word aiteo? that they shall "demand as their due," not the word that tells us that we shall come as a pauper—"anything they shall demand as their due of my Father, it shall be done." Done! take your Greek word! "It shall be generated for them." A more tremendously superlative thing never fell from the lips of Jesus Christ about prayer than that. "If two of you agree on earth"—

"on earth," in the midst of the dangers, the sorrows, the sighs, the perplexities, just where you live and have to serve and witness to the ethic and evangel of Jesus: "on earth," clamoring for the light of the kingdom did it but know it, asking plaintively by its wounds and weariness for the gospel of the kingdom did it but know it. "On earth," any two agreeing, symphonizing, desiring to get it and asking Him, my Father who is in heaven—when you recite it do not point up, heaven is not up alone, it is down also if you will take these words without finite dimensions in your thinking. "Our Father, who art in heaven," that is the prayer? no, "Our Father who art in the heavens," all of them: it is the doctrine of the nearness of God as well as the distance of God. It is two of you on earth in the midst of limitations but it is your Father who is there who has no limitations, Who is in the spiritual realm, the eternal things, your Father in the heavens; you two agree and ask, and your Father does: He generates.

Let me simply gather up what I see in that verse and say this: that is our Lord's doctrine of prayer; He says it—two of us agreeing and asking, and God doing. My dear sir, whether that be scientific or no I postpone the discussion for a century or two when science will know more than to-day. I do not waste any time in discussing the philosophy of prayer: that is Christ's philosophy of prayer, whether it squares with your philosophy I do not care because the philosophy of to-day is mainly occupied in correcting the philosophy of yesterday. There are matters that are super-scientific, using the word scientific in the present limitations of your understanding. Don't you allow a child of man to make Him a child of His age: He is the Logos, speaking the eternal wisdom, and He says, if two creatures of earth symphonize their desire and ask, God will do; and I reverently say that does not mean that they may obtain by their asking, but they create a chance for God to do something that He cannot do in any other way. How do you explain it? I do not explain it. God has limited Himself within His own economy, and although I cannot see quite why, yet I am perfectly sure there is eternal wisdom underneath that self-limitation, and He has declared that there are things He can do when men pray that He cannot do when men do not pray. You may use your philosophy in the realm of that and try to understand it, and I think philosophy will help you if you follow it far enough, but I think that is the great fact. When Jesus has spoken of the church's moral authority He does not proceed to tell her that in order to exercise it she has to call a council or a convention together of her wise men to discuss morality, but in order to exercise her moral authority she has to get together

to pray: that is the Christ revelation to His church of the way all things are to be done. Do not say, I am going to do something for God, but say, rather, I am going to pray and so give God a chance to do something He cannot do apart from my praying. In proportion as the church does this there will be direct objective power of prayer operating because by that God comes into the realm in which He can act, and there will be subjective power of prayer operating for men, conditioned by that attitude of fellowship with each other in prayer, who are prepared to go out from the secret places into the world with voices vibrant which will either compel the world to listen or to attempt to crucify the messengers. O, the neglect by the church is that of prayer, prayer together; and, in this connection, may God Almighty deliver us from a passion for large prayer-meetings. I am not against prayer-meetings provided they are truly prayer-meetings. You have a terrible expression in America, you call them "mid-week prayer-meetings"—I am not criticizing your meeting but I want you to get rid of your name. You meet together and sing praises; one or two are asked to lead in prayer if they are inclined; then the pastor gives a little exposition, principally little! That is not a prayer-meeting. There is no more important work waiting for those of us who are pastors, and no more difficult work than that of training our people to pray and to pray in fellowship. May God help us to do it, to get our people to understand what this means, this symphonizing of desire expressing itself Godward, and that immediately creates conditions or an atmosphere in which God can operate. That is what we need, and supremely, in this hour.

Now the ultimate for a few moments. If I were preaching I would say what the Puritans did, "So much for the introduction!" That is an introduction—at least all that is untrue unless you have the third thing, "Because where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst," and unless He be there and unless they are gathered so He will be there then they may symphonize what they will, they will get nothing, and if they attempt to formulate a moral code there will be no power in it. That which creates power in prayer and that which creates power in moral interpretation and authority is the presence of the Lord. So we may come back to this most familiar verse of the whole Testament for a rapid survey, not a careful examination, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them." First observe the place of meeting, then consider the conditions of the meeting in order finally to remember the result of the fulfilment of those conditions in the presence in the midst.

Where is this assembly to meet? "where," "there," "where two or three are gathered together in my name." I glory in those words: could you not set them to music, Professor Excell, and sing "where-there" somehow? They are words of exclusion and words of inclusion; they are words which exclude all places which are merely official—no longer in Jerusalem, no longer on Mt. Gerizim, not merely in the sanctuary on the Sabbath—"where-there." When He died the veil of the temple was rent in twain from top to bottom, but when that veil was rent the holy of holies was not discarded, all the world was consecrated; when that veil was rent the priesthood was not destroyed but all approaching and believing souls were made priests. "Where-there!"

I will take no time to illustrate—you illustrate for yourselves. If I do illustrate let me do so in the simplest way I know. My mind travels back over at least thirty-six years of preaching to when I was a mere lad, beginning to preach. I think of those days in this way: I remember one a little older than myself with whom I started; I remember beginning on the hills of my native Gloucestershire: I remember the two lads together who with burning heart dreamed dreams and started sermons, thinking of Jesus, desiring to be His messengers; and then one day when we got far enough away from any house we halted at the roadside, at the stile, and leaned upon it, and over it were the fields of beautiful daisies and behind it the dusty highway—no church, no altar there, but two lads thinking of their ambitions, and suddenly they ceased to talk to each other and with sweet naturalness began to ask for something: where two were gathered in His name there was the Lord in the midst; there was the temple and the altar and the sacrifice and the priests;

> Heaven came down our souls to greet,
> And glory crowned the mercy-seat.

Where? right in your office when in the midst of the day some fellow believer unconsciously desiring the same thing drops in and you turn the key and symphonize; right in your home, sister, when two or three afternoon callers have come of like mind, and in the quiet and seclusion of your own drawing-room, having given orders not to be disturbed, two or three of you gather in His name there is the Lord in the midst, and there is generated a center of the church's power. Where? there. Mark the conditions! "Two or three"; two, not one. Do not hurry over anything Jesus said. You see it has to do with the assembly, the **ecclesia.** You cannot have a meeting of one, you must have two if there is to be a meeting. You cannot have a church of one: I know some men who would like to and

think they are it. You must have two or three—glorious indefiniteness! units, tens, hundreds, thousands—numbers matter nothing, but there must be fellowship. What else? "Gathered in my name." Is it to be gathered in the name to say so? no, not necessarily; or to claim that you only use the name of Christ and have discarded all other denominational names? no, that does not mean that you are really gathered in the name. What does it mean? I read a great passage in Matthew and another in Philippians, and I take out of them these two things, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus because He shall save His people from their sins"; God gave him a name, and the name stands for salvation from sin, the name stands for full and final authority; now I am gathered in the name when I am appropriating His salvation and know His power over sin in my life; I am gathered in the name when I make surrender to His lordship and have no territory wholly exempt. So the importance of the prayer-meeting is that it has at its entrance the flaming sword demanding purity and submission. Blessed be God! it is the Christ creating purity and persuading to submission.

Again a simple illustration. I remember when seventeen years of age one day I was going to prayer-meeting. I was down and depressed, I don't know why; I remember looking at my mother and saying, "I am going to prayer-meeting, I feel all down in the dumps and I think probably I shall get a blessing." I shall never forget how my mother—Gipsy knew her—she was a little woman, she had to reach up to me, but I can see her coming to me and looking up with those wonderful eyes as she said, "You ought not to go to prayer-meeting like that." "Why not?" "You ought not to go to prayer-meeting merely to get a blessing, you should never go to prayer-meeting except to take a blessing with you; you better get ready before you go." That is why our prayer-meetings are not what they should be, we do not take anything to them. Take purity! take loyal hearts to Jesus! surrender all to His lordship! "Where two or three are gathered"—I do not care where from, the east, the west, the north or the south, a black one, a white one, a yellow one—"gathered in my name"—there you have the conditions.

The last word! "There am I." Who is He? It is all in the neighborhood of Caesarea Philippi. As He came there He asked, "Who do men say that I the son of man am?" Peter said, "The Son of God." Two titles there! This is son of man, this is Son of God: therefore, as son of man he is of the nature of the two; as Son of God He is of the being of the Father; and in that little gathering on the hillside, in the cottage, or the coal mine, or in the

cathedral, or in the auditorium, anywhere, when the two are gathered and He is there, He links the two to God, and God to the two, since He is very man Himself and very God. Now working our way back, "If two of you shall symphonize in desire, I am there and I belong to you; I know all your limitations, and it shall be done of my Father for I am one with the Father, and cooperate with Him in all He does. Back once more! What you bind on earth is bound in heaven for I am with you, understanding the need of earth, and I am of the Father providing for earth the laws that earth requires.

My brethren, this rapid survey of one of the greatest teachings of Jesus Christ leads me to conclude, What is my responsibility? to go out and proclaim morality? no, not the first: to attend prayer-meeting? no, not the first: what then? to see to it that I am in such right relationship with Jesus Christ that I am fit for the prayer-meeting, the readjustment of the individual life to the Lord for the creation of fellowship and power within the church that the church may be His instrument in the doing of His will.

Address

By REV. DAN CRAWFORD, D. D.

You have probably never noted that the first case of **individual** conversion in the Acts of the Apostles is that of a black man. I think that is a great and gracious point for the Central African missionary. Would you like to conjecture with me the reason why? I mean why the black is first in the Acts? Well, I think the obvious and only answer is that it is because he was last. But why, when and where "last?" you ask. Listen! You remember that when our Lord Jesus Christ was staggering along the Via Dolorosa under His cruel cross they grabbed at a black man, one Simon Cyrene, that he might bear the cross after Jesus. The eastern church canonized him as St. Simon, The Black One. Yes! his was the high and holy honor of bearing for the weary Christ His cross of shame and pain. Our Lord Jesus Christ was not very long in the black man's debt; (He never is) and three hours afterwards He paid it back in kind. For did He not bear for the African all his weary burdens on the very cross that the African had borne for Him? Alas! the dear old darky has been carrying loads ever since that dark Golgotha day. He made a grand start then. (And now let me drag **you** into this business.) Hearken to these words from the Acts of the Apostles: "And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip saying, Arise, go down towards the South unto the way that leadeth to the black man's land." Moral: Do not call your friend an angel for don't you see the pathos, the tragedy of what an angel cannot do? Wonder of wonders, the angel was forced to come to a bit of blood-bought dust and said, "Philip, **you** do the job. I'm only an angel, I can't." Yes, there is sardonic sarcasm here for "Angel" in Greek means messenger. Here is an angel who cannot deliver the goods. Saith he, "My job is messenger, but I cannot carry the message." Oh! yes there is thrill in the thought that the angel of the Lord was forced to say to a bit of blood-bought dust, "Go down to the black man's land and give him the gospel."

The other day in Central Africa after having done my fifteen miles in the forest, when I got to the end I felt very jaded and

dumped myself down into the forest on what we call our forest deck chair—an old tree felled in the grass fire. I did not see anything—you never do see anything in the grass so imagine my surprise when a native at my left elbow growled out, "You are angry." "O," I said, dissolving in smiles, "you seem to know: tell me all about it!" That rather nonplussed him and he said, "In our tribe we all say that a **silent** man is an angry man." Sniffing philosophy I said to myself, "O here is a philosopher," and I turned round to draw the enemy's fire a bit. "What do you mean?" I quizzed. O, dear friends, he metaphorically stabbed my soul. "That is the reason," he retorted, "why we **know** God is angry." "Why?" "**God is silent.**" I saw it all, saw the piercing pathos of the centuries? God is angry for He is silent! "O," moaned I, "What a wireless call reaching across America!" That should set America on fire. I whipped out my revolver (my little pocket Bible I mean) and I read rousingly and royally, Hebrews I:1: "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath **in these last days** spoken unto us by His Son." I thought I had whipped the enemy, horse, foot and dragoons; but the African is not easily beaten and here he is coming for me with the light of metaphorical battle in his eyes. What is he going to do? can't you guess? Don't you see he is going to knock me down with the butt end of my own revolver—I mean that "these last days" phrase? With awful artifice he takes hold of my text at the opposite end and begins to toy with me (if I may muddle metaphors?) as a cat plays with a mouse. With a purring politeness he rubs it in, "**In these last days**" —don't you see what is coming? hasn't it got a sort of "last Wednesday" look about it? He said ingratiatingly, "Last week, sir, you mean?" Then I began to temporize, to trim and to hedge for I did not want to give smug America away. O, there is such a thing as being smugly religious. Some of you are so spiritually fat you can scarcely waddle. (There is tragedy at Winona in gorging ourselves with spiritual food.) So I had to face my man and give you all away! Yes! brutally and blattantly I had to tell tragically of the long neglect of centuries since the Lord Jesus Christ commissioned His church saying, "Go ye into all the world." And I told him these days were denominated "the **times** of the **gentiles.**" (two plurals please) and all the gentiles are going to have their day. When I heard President Russell yesterday I was delighted, I hope you heard that shout he uttered on the coming of the Lord. What is this conspiracy of silence, the not talking about the Lord's coming back again? Thank God, President Russell got his word in and I would like to give away a thousand copies of his little brown booklet on the coming of the Lord. Our Lord is coming back again and the

young African church in the wilds of Africa sings hymns about His coming back again. He is the one, whom having not seen they love, in whom though now they see him not yet believing they rejoice with a joy unspeakable and full of glory." They believe they are going to see Him soon. Some of the best gospelers believe that, (this is for my Methodist brethren who think that a pre-millenialist is not a good gospeler) and I tell you that Hudson Taylor and Guinness and many out on the front rank believe that our Lord is coming back very soon to right the wrong.

I have been asked, "How do you find those natives in the wilds, far off on the lonely frontiers of the world? In what state of mind do you find them towards God when you get into a spot where never mortal white man with his creaking boots ever got?" Now, the grandest fact is this, that the farther you penetrate into the wilds of the interior, one delightful, one delicious fact is borne in upon you concerning these uttermost men in the uttermost parts of the earth. I mean that they believe astoundingly in the fact of one God. They never would descend or condescend with a New Yorker to argue the being of God—that is The Awful Axiom, the Preliminary Postulate with them. They would not even argue it. "How do I know there is a God?" They say, "How do I know that my goats passed along in the night? how indeed if not by their deep imprints in the mud? We all see the sun, yes and the sun sees us." I heard a young missionary giving his trial African sermon, a potential Spurgeon out there having his preliminary flutter, and he began the time-wasting process of "taking coals to Newcastle" as we say in England. ("Taking steel to Pittsburg!" I suppose is your American equivalent metaphor for talking platitudes.) Laboring The Obvious for an hour he said, "Look at the mountains, wonderful mountains; therefore, there is a God. Look at the streams flowing and glistening: ergo, there is a God." And so on and on until the dear old African chief yawned and said, "When is he going to begin?" "What do you mean?" "Why, he has given us half an hour on what all the world knows, the non-arguable, the doctrine of **no rain no mushrooms**: no God, no anything." At Winona we talk about the law of cause and effect but an African prefers the concrete to the abstract and never talks about cause and effect: he talks about "no rain, no mushrooms." I say it is glorious that far on the frontiers of the world we do not have to argue the point whether there is a God. They would never deign to stoop to argue it. And that, I say, is the genius of the Bible. Fancy Genesis 1:1 laboring the point whether in the beginning there was a God. Nay, verily it strikes off, "In the beginning God" did so and so. God is presumed. It is like

Algebra over again. For what is a—b in Algebraic formulae? Why, of course, it really means (+) a—b but of course the + is presumed; so, too, the first line in Genesis. When I went in there and felt so lonely, the devil defied me to preach the good old D. L. Moody gospel in the wilds of Africa. Fancy the feeling that comes when you find that instead of being on the sinking sands of question or conjecture you are on bedrock.

Take a second great gain. No African would ever condescend to argue the **immortality** of the soul. They say, The dead do not really die. They say, The body is the cottage of the soul. They say not that brother Jones or Smith has departed. That is a platitude. They say splendidly, he has **arrived**!

I went into a native camp where never mortal white man ever was, and worked up a meeting three days ahead. We have no bill-posters, a la America, and we do not advertise in the newspapers, which do not exist. So I ingratiated myself with the chief and he promised me an all-tribal meeting. Fancy, the whole of the tribe! But why not, is he not the big bouncing boss? On the third day the great sycamore drum began its rub-a-dub roar calling them in. He has a set of ten drums, but whenever the big sycamore drum booms warningly that means that every man will cock his ears with alacrity. They began on the third day, and they poured in, an oily, greasy mob! Here is the chief, as my chairman, sitting on an ebony throne, with a scepter, and I, Bible in hand, sit down there on a mat, and dare to guarantee on those lonely frontiers of the world that I will innovate nothing, nay, not a thing. I tried my old Socratic method and opened a note-book respectfully. There is the chief and I pop across my question, and he will answer."

I begin with a very polite little squeak' "What is your name for God?"

N. B.—I do not begin haltingly with, "Have you any notion of a God?"

He snapped it out, the name I wanted, like a pistol shot, "The Great King."

"What is, then, your tribal notion of kingship?"

"O a king has laws; the suppression of all rebellion within his kingly borders; punishments and rewards and so on."

"Oh," I said, "God, The Great King, so He has also all these"—The Great King has laws, has He? Well, here they are!" and I very respectfully produced the Bible. Oh, this means a great start.

When you get back at the end of Acts you see Paul in his very last words is only "preaching the kingdom of God." Yet here where never mortal white man was God is declared to be the Great King. What preaching leverage there is here for my proclamation of the great rebellion to be suppressed, and the great rewards and punishments to be meted out. Praise! there you have a tremendous start on the most far-off spot. Thus did I keep my pledge that I would not innovate any new fangled thing.

Somebody has put in a question as to the natives' conception of the death of Christ. Let me tell you a wonderful thing in this connection. I went in to preach before some wild 'uns,' one of them named Malemba, a splendid man, and a great ex-cannibal. I am writing a book and may call it "Malemba's Book," such brainy witticisms and criticisms he utters! Flowing like a tide I addressed these men on the only subject that is worth talking about, to-wit, the death of Christ, and how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures. I preached, and I trust that a sob stole into my voice, and my eyes glistened a bit. And then? Then comes a curious custom, for the audience, after you finish, puts up a man to hit back. A custom which would be a good enough innovation over here! The platform has been hitting, but now they are going to hit back! So they put up their best man, Malemba. He said, "Sir," very politely—Oh. bye the bye, it is all "sir" over there. Fancy little boys talking for hours and always saying "sir" or "gentlemen" with obsequious politeness. "Sir," he said, "I am afraid that I have mistaken you, and I do not want to respond until I verify that I am right; please repeat it." So I repeated it. "I am asked," he said, "to reply for the town in connection with the death of Christ at Calvary: and now, oh! now we know that you white people are really the worst brand of humans that ever trod the planet. For you have dared unblushingly to tell us that you killed the very best man, Jesus Christ, who ever trod this earth, but not content with that (and not ashamed of it!) you have crossed the sea 2,000 miles to tell us that you did it." Figure how my heart contracted with a wild spasm. But they are all waiting and I have to give my answer, which is very meek and mild. "You asked me," said I, "to repeat The Story twice, and yet you grabbed it at one end. Why blink my main point? Why dodge the best bit of all that He the murdered One forgave us, His murderers, and I out of sheer joy have crossed the sea to tell you that He has forgiven and will forgive." And then I drove the attack home. Told them they were His murderers too—yes, even they. "Yesterday," said I, "in your camp you were all at the bad old blacksmith trade of making

new nails to nail Him with. Yes, you were making a spear to stab His bleeding side. You crucify the Son of God afresh and put Him to an open shame once again!" We had a great time. That is the first hint I give you of the brainy type of native who must be met.

Now take their conception of the Cross. A most wonderful phrase has been coined by the African church in connection with the death of Christ. I thought incredulously it was a mere passing phrase of a passing phase. But not at all, "The victory of Golgotha" is negro copyright. "Here," thought I, "is an insolent paradox. How can the death of the Son of God, who died the abject death of a felon on The Tree, how, oh how can it be to this mob of might-is-right people the **victory** of Golgotha?" Note this: they have not taken up the word "Calvary," but all across the march they say "Golgotha." There is a moaning in it; they have copyrighted that word and it connotes to them all the dying pangs of the Son of God. So they splendidly speak of the victory of Golgotha! Fishing for more facts I asked a native the other day to explain to me The Why of this veritable victory of Golgotha. "Don't you understand," asked he, "what you are preaching?" Now, be it remarked, one of the most delightful things is for us missionaries to become the converts of our converts. Some white men in dealing with the black man make remarks more **pointed** than to the point. The result is obvious and they get nothing for all the facts and forces of the black man's life are bolted and barred to you. You won't get anything in Africa if you play the dog game of bow wow. He said, "You do not seem to understand what you preach: what you have really been preaching all these years is that specific spot where Satan did his **very very** worst there. Even there Jesus did his **very very** best. All ill—well! All bad—good! And the very worst—the very best! Aye, but where, Oh where, is all this?

> At the Cross! At the cross!
> Where I first saw the light
> And the burden of my heart rolled away.

So, even so, do they talk not about the defeat but about the victory of Calvary.

Yes! they see deeper than we do. A dear old native the other day, when he stood up to minister to my soul (fancy permitting an old warrior with a smile which would frighten a bulldog, to minister!) he read the twenty-second psalm, and he stopped at the first line of the first verse, and drawled it out, "My God, why ——!" You think this about Calvary and the other man thinks that, but

when you have said all you can only WHY? it." I asked an old native what this wondrous WHY? of Calvary was to him, and he gave me a peep into the dark room of his brain. His picture was God trapping Satan at the Cross: God forcing the enemy to show his hand. "There was," said he, "a dirty lion hiding its ugly head, and souls were being trapped into hell, and so God allowed it to unmask itself and to show its dirty face in the murder of His darling Son. Now we know what a damnable thing sin is, the thing we rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongue. Now we know what a hellish thing it is, and we will hate it. We look at the Cross and we go away with a new hatred of the sin that strangles the soul."

When I met one of these men before he was converted he had a grudge against God—aye, we are all born with a grudge against God. "The carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." When I came out of the forest he sized me up. Yes, he accepts my Bible but begins to upbraid me because I am one of the spoiled and petted children of a pampered civilization. One of the mob that has all the good things, and there they are out on the edge of the marshes, and they have nothing! Speak about The Book and they always hit back by saying, "We have no Bible, what is the good of reading it to us?" Then he winds up with the everlasting, "I-am-black—you are white kind of taunt." But this is what I want and must have, I mean the real rebellion of the real man. It is splendid tactics to give these fellows a fair chance and let them out with it. Well, after this whine, "I am black and you are white" he drives me into a tight corner for he gets hold of that most difficult subject, heredity! Then comes the old sing-song of Determinism and he shows how one man who is a tippler begets a son and he is a tippler, and so on ad nauseum et infinitum, how that tragedy perpetuated itself. Then he gushed out the handicaps of life so vividly and virulently that you would all have become Calvinists in two ticks! O yes, he is getting me into a corner. Yes, and I am allowing him to put me into the said corner because it is all tragic, tremendous truth. Why forget that we can do nothing against the Truth? How can a paltry bit of blood-bought dust hurl itself against the bosses on the Shield of Omnipotence? Yes, right you are, "Son of the Dust" (their tribal name is this!) Adam only begat a son in his own image, and some are born with incipient lunacy unto the third and fourth generation. And now for anti-climax. I opened my book to John III:16, and I showed him how God admits, abundantly admits, all that, but He is going

to wind up and equal the whole thing. Hence the glorious fiat, "You must be born again." Born high or born low, born rich or born poor ye **must** be born again and there is **a fresh start for the whole world!** It is wonderful—invigorating to preach this Gospel of the Second Chance. If you do not admit the need for it you are a juggler. Has it not been truly said that some babies are not born into the world **but damned into it?** We are all condemned to die at Calvary but in resurrection we can be born again.

Someone has asked me if I could give you a picture of where we are and what we do for God. Let me take you to our spot in Africa. Look at this paper I hold in my hand and mentalize the Map of Africa. Now look! I halve this imaginary map of Africa like this in the length thereof , then I halve in the breadth thereof, and right in the middle of the middle, in medias res. There away in those wilds we build a mud hut denominated "a mission station"—a phrase I do not like. We missionaries groan over the fact that we are forced to do a thing that is not in the Acts of the Apostles. I mean, we do not live in their towns because they are so dirty. So we go to a spot in the forest and build our select (and elect!) European or semi-European house. Between me and thee Oh! African village there is a great gulf fixed! I am not criticizing only regretting. No! alas, it is not in the Acts of the Apostles. Paul went **into** Philippi and Ephesus. Our little place is called "The City of Refuge." No doubt, at the beginning of missionary work in Africa you soon find your motto, "The soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul." Still there is the practical side too, and you are forced to have a lot to do with the tantalizing temporalities of life. I fancy I have done sixty miles of roads; no! not macadamized roads but quite as good as some roads in Indiana. The grass, remember, forces our hand and is so tall that little children are grabbed at by the lions. Hence roads to save lives. Peradventure they are coming for medicine or schooling and the lion knows the dense trail they are coming along hence we have to make great big roads. Had to make them to let the people get in. Whenever a native coins a nickname you have the real name and our station is called "The City of Refuge." Let me give you a little illustration of the truth of that title. Once I came out of my mud hut, called the mission house; went down a long avenue of palms, and came to the foot of the Plateau range that walls our mission station at the back. I climbed up the mountain staircase and came out over the brow of the range into the tall grass. Breaking my way through I had only gone about fifty yards when I heard somebody moaning in

the grass, yes, moaning and manifestly dying. I broke through. (In Central Africa we know all about death: O the dying men whom I have seen! O the open mouths that often in death would not shut!) So I leaned over my desperately dying man, giving him about seventeen minutes to live. Then he tells me his tragic tale. "O," says he, (and he is taunting me!) "you're to blame!" "What have I done?" "O," he says, "the night before in the moonlight about seventy big elephants raided our squash gardens and in one moonlight feed wiped out the squashes." Then the trouble begins for this tribe lived almost wholly on squash, so in the morning the women rush in with the challenge, "Gentlemen! we are dead without squash; the elephants have cleaned the crop out." So stung the men sprang to their "Waterloo" flint-locks—six feet of gas-pipe guns—and off they go, yes, off to revenge the stolen squash. Oh! no, they go not very far, only about two miles, and then they dip down into the river hollow and (tableau!) here they come up on the seventy rogue elephants, luxuriating in the forest. Yes, there they are digesting the stolen squash, and now the tragedy begins. For this man who is now dying lets bang with his flint-lock. And, alas, good shot all his life, he misses a hay-stack for instead of killing the elephant he bulleted mortally his dear pal and comrade of years. Accident? Do not name that blockhead word in central Africa. There is no such thing as an accident. It is an eye for an eye, tooth for tooth, blood for blood. He knows he must be killed, so off he rushes for sanctuary, heading for the City of Refuge, to wit, the little mud hut called the mission station. For he knows one thing. He knows if he only gets there the African would not dare follow him. He is tearing through the grass but, alas, "every bullet has its billet" and the gun of the man-slayer gets him in the back-bone and he is dying—yes, dying with only seventeen minutes to live. Look at him pouring out his life's blood and moaning up to me, "Why, Oh, why didn't you hurry up?" Then he utters one of what we call "the unconscious quotations"; I mean, those dozens of unconscious quotations from the Bible by the natives who never knew such a Book existed. He moans, "The City of Refuge" was too far, otherwise I would have been saved, but, said he, "**a man shall be for a refuge**" and "if you had been here in time," said he, "you would have been a refuge. Why didn't you hurry up? If you had hurried up they would not have dared to kill me with you standing by." Ah, how truly parabolic it all is of the thing **versus** the person. "A **man** shall be for a refuge," not an institution, not a big beautiful building but a **man.** Yes, a living, loving, loyal MAN! I told this story to the Archbishop

of York and he said, "That shows the cleavage of difference between the gospel and the stern old Mosaic economy. Why preach law, law, law as if Jesus Christ had never died? There in that dilemma of the dying man you have the difference between The Law and Grace pictorialized. For is it not true that under the old Mosaic dispensation it was the man who had to flee to the refuge whereas (Hallelujah!) under the gospel of the grace of God it is **the refuge that runs to the man.**" Yes, a running, royal man, not a fixed, frigid fortification. There I say you have the deadly difference between D. L Moody's gospel and the ghastly working-your-way-to-heaven kind of salvation. Now for another picture proof of what the native denominates, "The City of Refuge."

I was sitting by my mud hut door doing some translating and my eyes caught somebody coming up palm avenue. One glance tells me all and the woman does not even need to tell me one word. She is coming up and I know exactly why because there is a big tell-tale cloud of bluebottle flies around her head like a devil's halo. Somebody has cropped her ears. Yes, she is a nice good-looking slip of womanhood. The old tale of the scurvy trick of a man! An old seventy years **roue**, Mr. December, wants to marry Miss May, in the smiling summer of her life. He tried once, tried twice and she snapped "No." Tried again, and finally having failed, he diabolically said, "If thou wilt not marry me, then verily thou shalt not marry anybody else." So (avert your gaze!) he cropped her ears with a snick! What then? Of course, she turns her back on the tribe and off she comes to the City of Refuge. My clever surgeon-wife takes her in hand, pours antiseptic dressing into the wounds where the ears used to be, aye, and the balm of Gilead into her burning, bruised soul. Last phase: picture her in about three years a chaste young matron reading in the epistle to the Ephesians and seeing her title clear to a mansion in the skies.

Have you caught the idea? You see that the little mud hut in the mission field is running a kind of a curious cave of Adullam business, and while Saul is harrying the lives out of the people the City of Refuge is wide open.

I have given you two instances only and a three-fold cord is not so easily broken. The next week I was sitting at the same door, doing some translating and looking down the palm avenue I saw a man coming. Alas! yes, another of the blue bottle flies Brigade for this time, too, they are (not around his head like a devil's halo!) but around his hands. This is no case of ear-cropping but hand-lopping. I know what he is going to say—it will

be the same old sardonic sing-song—but let him speak. "What have you done?" "I stole." "Why steal?" "For hunger." "How much?" "Three cobs." "What then?" "Oh, then the rulers of the tribe said, 'Because thou hast stolen these cobs the law of the tribe ordains that thou must have thy hands lopped.'" "Lop away," said he,, and, Oh! no it was not a neat, nice amputation, but merely an ugly scrunching blow with an axe. Had he been a European he would have fainted away, but Africans don't faint. Whenever you see an African shut up his lower maxillary with an ugly snap it is all right. So there you have three old friends parted at last: a man and his two hands. Up from the ground he gets and there, yes, there are his two poor hands. And (Goodbye!) they will never meet any more. Soured with this scurvey trick he turns his back on the tribe and off he goes; you guess where; yes off to the City of Refuge like a homing pigeon for heart goes out to heart and we are not exactly heartless. He starts I say for the cave of Adullam, and the men cry after him, "Where are you going?" Yes, back he goes; he will face them. "Whither going?" says he, "I am going to the City of Refuge." "Why?" And there and then, Oh yes, he struck back, and nobly too, albeit, this man is not converted yet. "You ask me," he said, "why I'm off to the City of Refuge and I will tell you. Look at these bleeding stumps: you have cut off my hands because you say the hands steal. But well I know it is not the hand that steals, it is the **heart that steals, and I am off to the mission because they cure the heart!**"

And now to point the moral of it all. Crossing the Atlantic in the Olympic we came to the spot where the mighty Titantic sinking like a stone went down, two miles deep. That brought me back to the days when I heard Marconi at the enquiry. You remember after the colossal catastrophe happened there was much searching of heart and the government's hands were forced. They put on the best men and, of course, brought in specialists, and the Lord save me from specialists! I sat and listened wearily to them; O the inconsequential manner in which those specialists hinted but did not say that if even he had been aboard the tragedy would not have come off. Then I heard Marconi—God bless him—in an offhand way tell the tragic tale. His story was that in the first phase here was "the unsinkable ship" at an ugly angle of fifteen degrees, a big hole torn in her side, and the band playing rag-time. And tots of whiskey were going: but no rag-time and no tot of whiskey for the busy Marconi man. While they are drinking their whiskey he tingling with tragedy is throbbing and thrilling the night air with his C. Q. D. (Come Quick Danger!)

signal. "Oh! heart of mine, throbbing and thrilling through the beseeching night goes the moaning wail." That was phase one.

The next phase is a rather ugly angle of twenty-five degrees; but still that sardonic rag-time, and still tots of whiskey. But no tot of whiskey for the Marconi man. And he, brave heart, he has gone one better and heightened the key for a Marconigram is aerial music. And now the Marconigram moan is shriller for instead of the C. Q. D. there flashes out those long electric beseeching fingers "S. O. S."—Save Our Souls. Marconi, I do not suppose, is much of a mission man, or salvation man, and he did not guess what a tremendous parable he was running off the reel the whole time. For watch: the nearest ship's name began with C. (Remember, Christian begins with C.) The Carpathia is farther off than the other, and it too begins with C. Yes! the California was nearer than the Carpathia, and throbbing through the night, stream those beckoning, beseeching electric fingers, S. O. S.! S. O. S.! Thank God for the Carpathia and the captain, God bless him! He is in touch, he caught up the sobbing sounds of the S. O. S. symbol and hastened back with alacrity the answer "Hold on, I am coming!" And deathless history attests that he got there and saved souls to the tune of 800, yes, gloriously saved 800.

Then Marconi dropped into a sad falsetto, and he said, "They were nearer the California." "Why didn't she answer?" Then came the sad story of sequences. He said, "She was in the ice, and being in the ice (sequence) she has her engines stopped. And (sequence!) being stopped her fires are necessarily banked. Yes! Oh, sardonic sequences her fires were necessarily banked because the California was in the ice. Oh! glacial heart of mine how often the world's ice has done the same with your flame of love! Out of touch! yes, the Marconi operators were out of "touch," and through the night go those beseeching electric fingers sobbing out S. O. S. And there was no answer, there could be no answer. With a wail they struck the air, and souls were lost to the tune of a thousand more.

Out of touch! out of touch! The good Marconi, I suppose, is no believer in missions, but I think of that parable every time I see a mass of souls like this. I see the multitude split into a terrible two, those on the responsive Carpathia, and those on the locked-in-ice California. Get in touch! Listen to this last Marconi touch. When the band saw that rag-time would not do—in a sinking ship at an ugly angle of about seventy degrees and that something awful was going to happen—the rag-time smile vanished and the band

wailed through the night, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." But the brave Marconi man up aloft could not sing " Nearer, my God, to Thee." He, Oh, he was singing the more practical tune, **Nearer, California, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.**" God is all right, God always was all right, but we are all wrong. He has committed this gospel unto us, yes, to us has been committed the ministry of reconciliation. Therefore do I beseech you in behalf of the moaning millions far away. I am a translator of the New Testament, but what is the good of a looking-glass to a blind man? After doing all that laborious work I have awakened to the piercing realization that the people cannot and never could read. I have given a looking-glass to a blind man. Hence my now appealing to America to give me the wherewithal that those dying millions may have a chance to read the saving Word of God. When Christ went away he said, "I have given **them** thy word. As much as to say, "It is all right; thou gavest me Thy word and I have passed it on to them. Now I am no more in the world, but they, Oh, they will pass it on."

Get out of that California-ice of yours. Ship on board the good life-saving Carpathia!

The Sensitiveness of God

By BISHOP EDWIN H. HUGHES, D. D.

There are many passages in the Bible which represent that God is not indifferent. More than once it is affirmed that He was either pleased or grieved. The revelation of the Book is not that of an Infinite Iceberg but rather that of an Infinite Person, having such moods as we may properly ascribe to real personality. The Biblical Record may be called the unveiling of a yearning God. Ere we read far, we discover that there is something in the very nature of God that craves communion and fellowship with men. He is pained by neglect. He is made glad by man's loving and obedient attitude toward Himself. The broad statement of it all is that we deal evermore with a Sensitive God.

We are, of course, met at once with the theoretical objection that a God who feels the touch of pain is not infinite. Those who in haste to "save God" will rush forward with the claim that we must place God beyond the limitation of all sorrow. If we allow that care visits His heart, we shall unGod the Lord! But we should be thoughtful here lest, in our anxiety to save so-called infinitude, we lose actual personality. Besides this, the argument may be turned round about, and we may say that a God who lacked the capability of either pleasure or pain would possess a poor spirit of infinity. The goal of our worship must be something larger and better than an unfeeling God.

There is in truth a human argument for a sensitive God. If men are made in the divine image, we must allow that all legitimate moods of human nature are found in perfection in the divine nature. So far from meeting with a decrease in the power of pain and pleasure, we really meet with an increase in such capability as we mount the grades of creation. The polyp, with its crude life and its dull nerves, can know little pleasure and little pain. The oyster, with its higher development, may know more of both. The bird, in its anxiety over its fledglings, will give out its sharp note of fright, while in the gray dawn we can often hear its note of joy as it greets the day. Moving upward in the scale of being, we find increasing possibilities

of joy and sorrow. In man both possibilities become fairly exquisite. He would be deemed guilty of trying to get rid of a real endowment of his nature who would ask to be freed from the possibility of either joy or pain. Pain may sometimes be hard to endure, but pain is better than paralysis.

Therefore, if the capabilities of pain and pleasure are augmented as we move up into the grades of life, we can scarcely believe that this law of increase ceases when we approach God. We must rather think that the law still holds, and that our human joys and sorrows stand for something real and deep in the life of God Himself. We speak much of doing things for "the glory of God." We may sometimes give the impression that we are trying to save the divine reputation, or even that God is primarily concerned about His personal fame. But the name of God must represent the feeling of God as well as His repute. Our bearing toward God has to do not merely with God's fame in the world but with God's peace in His own heart. This must be the meaning of that slip of poetry sometimes quoted:

> "Can it be, O Christ in Heaven,
> That the wisest suffer most?
> That the mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain?
> That the anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of the strain?"

The Father who pitieth is the Father who feels—even the Father who feels most deeply and poignantly.

We gain insight here by reflecting that God has sought the satisfaction of His own nature in both creation and redemption. Something in Him demanded the world, and His own sense of personal satisfaction led Him to pronounce it "very good." His eternal heart of fatherhood demanded the creation of His children. He might have remained forever in the calm majesty of His own holiness, or, as our adventurous philosophers have sometimes put it, in the social life afforded within the blessed Trinity of being. But His nature expressed itself in fatherhood. Those persons who do not care for children have marred a part of the divine image and have ceased, in so far, to be like God. Because we have not wholly blurred the image of God within us, there are some things which we must do for our own sakes, if for no other reason. We must keep our gentle bearing of politeness, even though our associates do not know the finer laws of etiquette. We must pay our honest debts, even though the man to whom we owe them is worth far more than we. We must even occasionally express our conscience in the way we vote, even though some opportunist shall tell us wildly that we cannot possibly secure an election

by our suffrage and so are guilty of the heinous crime of "throwing away a vote!" If we are really made in the divine image, we can but think that the nature of God calls for such measures as make for its own peace.

And now Jesus joins our argument and proclaims a feeling God. Jesus at the feast must represent something in the life of the Father. Jesus on the Cross must represent the eternal sacrifice of God. When the Saviour spoke of His abounding joy, He did not contradict the divine life; and when Jesus shed tears over Jerusalem, He did not misrepresent the Heart of God. Christ was both the man of joys and the man of sorrows. In each aspect He must have mirrored the soul of God. When we behold the Saviour, with His moods of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, indignation and approbation, the dark vision of an indifferent God flees away, never to return.

The Teaching of Jesus confirms His Life. He revealed God as a friend. The real friend is ever pleased by fellowship, and ever grieved by estrangement. We ourselves suffer and know not peace when our friends are separated from us by shadows of misunderstanding. If the finite feels so, how must the Infinite feel?

Jesus likewise revealed God as a Father. This is the soul of His message. Seven times in the Old Testament God is named under the title of fatherhood; but in the New Testament that title is given to Him two hundred and sixty-five times. Can the Father be indifferent and unfeeling? Does earthly fatherhood have a capability of sorrow that the Heavenly Fatherhood cannot have? We who are parents know no ease of heart as long as our children are absent from us in spirit. When we have been compelled to punish them, we often kiss the sleeping faces at night because we know that this slight act of reconciliation will tend to bring slumber to our own eyes. We must all wonder at times whether we have not given the sympathy to the prodigal son when our larger sympathy should have been given to the prodigal's father. That reckless boy had many hours of coarse and careless happiness ere want drove him homeward. But in the father's house there was ever the heavy and lonely heart. In any possible construction of this gem of parables that father must represent God. His joyful welcome of His returning son, his calling of the neighbors to the feast of rejoicing, his eager kiss of reconciliation—all these must show us somewhat the heart of the Eternal Father.

It is even so with another parable in the same chapter. The good shepherd reveals God. The heedless under-shepherd may tell Him that the ninety and nine are folded safely. Yet the Shepherd

hears the cry of the one lost sheep. Well says the familiar hymn that

"None of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost."

In season the cry arose to the gates of heaven. The Good Shepherd returns with the chant of His own heart as He gathers the glad ones about Himself and says, "Rejoice with me." The sensitive Shepherd is sorrowful over the wandering; He is joyful when all His own are folded in the divine care. This is the picture of the God who feels.

The worth and power of the motive held in this conception can scarcely be overstated. We have done well to locate reasons for salvation on man's side. Man does need God. We were made for Him and we are not at rest until we come to Him. But God needs us too, and He yearns for us eagerly and tenderly. He finds rest in us, even as we find rest in Him. We need Him as the branch needs the vine; He needs us as the vine needs the branches.

We come to Jesus again to find just how true this is. What is the meaning of Paul's words about crucifying Christ afresh and putting Him to an open shame? Do we still furnish Him with Gethsemanes and Calvaries? Masefield in his "Everlasting Mercy" sends the little Quaker woman to the door of the brawling house of drunkenness and records her saying to the profane roysterer:

"Saul Kane," she said, "when next you drink
Do me the gentleness to think
That every drop of drink accurst
Makes Christ within you die of thirst;
That every dirty word you say
Is one more flint upon his way
One more mock by where He tread,
One more thorn upon His head
One more nail and one more cross;
All that you are is that Christ's loss."

These terrible lines are truer than we can think. They present the sensitiveness of that loving nature with which we all have to do. They tell us that we can send pain into the Infinite Heart. They are in keeping with the revelation that we find in the Bible, in our own natures, and in Jesus our Lord. The heart that broke on Calvary is breaking still. Beseeching arms still invite us. The yearning Spirit still persuades us. Paul wrote in another place, "God is

my record." Suppose that God is that—our record. Suppose that He is the sensitive plate of the universe! Suppose that the opening up of His Heart will show us in judgment what we have done! Suppose that the tale of our lives is written upon those infinite parchments! Would not this thought stay us in our heedlessness and turn us back from our sins?

How often have we said flippantly and carelessly, "For God's sake!" Perhaps we are profane when we use the phrase. If we could purge the words of any profanity and let them become a prayer, we should find them a restraint and a constraint. They would add a new and vigorous motive to our living. We should pass from the icy thralldom of an indifferent God to the warm kingdom of a pleading Father. Even as we have often been held back from sin and driven on toward righteousness by the thought that we would break the hearts of loving human parents, so should we now feel the lure of the higher parenthood. It would coax us onward and upward until at last we should enter the Father's House to be gathered into the closer and more joyful embrace of the gracious God.

Address

By MR. GEORGE INNES, of Philadelphia

I expect that you would be willing enough to hear why I am in this business. I am a layman and a business man; I am in the missionary business and the farming business and so on. I was raised on a farm in Iowa. I went to school for a while. I drifted into the electric business; I worked at it a while but I did not like it very well; there was no money in it for me; some fellows in Schenectady and Pittsburg had the whole thing controlled. I said, "I will get out into the common herd; I can't fight Westinghouse and the General Electric." I took a year to see how I would get out. I said, "The great Northwest country is the thing for me; I will go into the lumber business." I went into it and I am in it yet. Finally I moved to one of the cities of the Northwest. I had been in the church all the time. One night while I was lying asleep in a sleeper enroute to Great Falls, Montana, the Lord came to me in a dream. He said, "To-morrow you are going to die." I was startled. I said, "All right, I can die, I have been redeemed." "Yes," the voice said, "but you are going alone." That moment was one of the most awful in my life as in subconsciousness I seemed to face eternity and alone. I said, "This won't do; you have been in the church for fifteen years and have not declared a dividend." But I got fooled again; I got off at a little town and the platform was full of folks, and I said, "I will win some of these folks," but the devil scared me off, and I did not win a soul.

Finally, after a meeting of the directors of the bank, the dividends being good and things coming my way, I said to my wife, "I am going to the bank to-night." Said she, "What are you going there for?" I said, "I want to figure it up; we had our meeting to-day." It was all figured up, and I was going down there just to have a good time, just to look at those figures and have a good old souse in covetousness. I went down and looked at the figures—lumber so much, bank so much, hardware so much, and grain so much. "There are your four businesses," the Lord seemed to say, "What have you made out of your church business?" Not a cent. I

was an elder in the church and a teacher in the Sunday-school but I had not gone out and taken a man by the hand and said, "Won't you take the Lord Jesus Christ for your Saviour?" and then heard him say "Yes." I said, "This won't do; I will get down and thank you, Lord, for this money." I got down and got up. He said, "Yes, you thanked me for the money, but what would you say if I took it away?" I said, "I could not thank you for that." He said, "You are on dangerous ground; you better make some money in this church business; why not be as successful in the church business as in these things?"

So I made a list of the fellows in the town who were lost. The first one was a competitor in the grain business. I said, "I will go to this one first because I believe he will be the easiest." Then something said, "How about that fellow who runs the store for you? you have never asked him to come to Christ; what if this grain man should say, 'Why don't you ask him?'" I said, "That is plain enough; but I cannot go to him, he has been keeping my books too long." You business men will know about that. It is the exigencies of business before you think of trying personal work and plain sin after. I said, "I will call the preacher in and tell him to go; just say, 'Sick him' and he will go." The next day I said, "Did you ever speak to Charley and ask him to be a Christian?" "No, I never did." I just as much as said, "O shame on you—don't you think you ought to?" "Yes, I think I ought to," and something said to me, "You big coward, you know that all the preachers in the world could not pull him into the kingdom over you." I said, "I will go."

Charley was saved the next morning. That was my first taste. I moved then to a large city. I said, "I will go to that city; there are about one hundred evangelical churches there, and I am going to get into something that is not an ice-box so far as personal service to save men is concerned." I could only find two churches in that city that had men in their membership, laymen, who were willing to go down into the streets of that city and speak a word to all those people about Christ. I joined one of them, and there was scarcely a Sabbath afternoon that I was not down at a mission, and I can remember only two afternoons that men were not saved. I came from a meeting one afternoon and I was feeling good and I told my wife about it, and she turned to me and said—our little boy was five years old—she said, "Do you know what he said to me this last week?" I said, "No, what was it?" Said she, "He said, 'Why can't you and papa and I be missionaries?'" I said, "What did you say?" She said, "I could not answer him." Honestly, men what answer

could you have made? I said, "We have to face this thing," and we spent that night until midnight facing it. About midnight we said we would go. Then we prepared to start away into the heathen world.

I wrote two letters only, one to my mother and the other to my brother, that they might be witnesses of the declaration which we had made, signed with my own hand; and we started out and our purpose or promise was that if God wanted us in the foreign field we would go, or we would come back and I would go into business and since the amount of money was sufficient which God had given us not one dollar afterwards would be added to the principal. It was either that or the foreign field. I was not in the heathen land long until the whole question changed. The question was, "Are you going to stay here, or are you going to tell men who have been absolutely isolated from real contact with the program of Jesus Christ for this world, that there is a warfare on in this world and that it is time to get into the fight?" I came back with a consciousness of two things, that there are only two outstanding facts in this life—the fact of sin and the fact of Jesus Christ. That is all that is worth while. What did I see over there that did it? I saw things which I could not detail to you. We talk about Japan, and the government of China, and some of our best men are trying to hold the government up over that situation. I have a stone god taken last year from a temple in Japan which if I photographed and sent the photograph to Mr. Dickey I could be put in the penitentiary for sending it through the mail. With my wife by my side I have seen abominations right in the streets, and I have seen abominations practiced about which I would not tell you men if we were alone.

I went to Benares on the Ganges. I rode up that river; it is an awful filthy stream. The sewage pours into it above the ghats, and the people bathe in it, roll their nude bodies in the mud, and carry away as much of its filth as they can to the far parts of India. Why do they do so? that they may take away sin. The last day I was in India it was holy week. There had not been a marriage among the Hindus during the time I was there for according to the signs it was inauspicious; but that day was a feast day, and as I went down the streets of Calcutta every man had his clean white garments spotted with spots of red coloring matter as a token of the voluptuousness that was to take place that night in the homes and streets and temples of India. Did you ever hear how Calcutta gets its name? The word Calcutta is an Anglicization of the two Hindo words, Kali and Ghatta. Kali was the wife of Siva. Ghatta means the landing place or place of worship of Kali.

Her image is all over India, and in the city of Calcutta is the largest image, perhaps, that has been erected to this goddess. She was the wife of Siva and was a murderess. Tradition says that she had four arms. Two hands are outstretched: in the right hand she holds a sword, in the left she holds the head of her husband whom she slew. Her eyes are red like the eyes of a drunken man, her breast is smeared with blood, and her only jewels are dead men's bones. She stands with one foot upon the breast and the other foot upon the thigh of her husband, with hands stretched out beckoning the people of all India to come; and they come, the thugs come and whet their knives before her and ask her blessing on their deeds of murder, mothers come and press their babies' faces in the dust and bid them worship her.

One day in the city of Jerusalem they took me to the place called the Garden of Gethsemane. I tried there to enter with my Lord into the fellowship of His suffering as He suffered there, " I could have done better had I been permitted hitherto to let the people of India and the lost of China trample on my soul as they did upon His." I came home from that trip. I sent word ahead, "I am not going into business any more." I said, "It is either India or China or the trying to get somebody else out there, I don't know yet His will. I remember the first night home. I was in Iowa at my mother's. A man came to see me and told me what a good thing he had found in a business way in California. "I want you to join me," he said. I said, "I know that there is a big thing there but I have found a better thing." He said, "Surely you are not going into this missionary business." I said, "Yes, I am." Well, he felt so sorry for me. I went back to the city I lived in. When I went there first I was accredited to one of the best banks by a leading banker of the State of Iowa. They were always good to me, and in the panic of 1907 they were very faithful to me. Always when I walked into the bank I would be greeted with a smile by the cashier, and before I could get across the lobby I would get a smile from the officers in the corner. But when I came back from my missionary trip and for any reason went into the bank to get a check cashed they were awfully busy. I realized that there was a difference. I went up to one of the officers one day and said, "What is the matter here? now, I am going to be perfectly frank with you, before I went away your conduct was different from what it is now, and I have been wondering if I have offended you; if I have, tell me." He was very much embarrassed, but he was very kind about it. Before he got through he gave me to understand that they had decided that there was something wrong with a man that

would do such a thing as I had. He did not say anything unkind. I did not know but what he was right. I had been in insane asylums; I had been in an asylum in Canton, China, and they all thought I was crazy. I walked out of the bank and said, "Maybe you are a little bit off." I began to pray on the steps of the bank; I said, "Lord, I need you now; give me something to take hold of."

Then I let my memory drift back to one day in India. I had come down to the city of Allahabad, and finally one of the missionaries came to me and said, "You have seen the college and the girls' school; I have a leper asylum across the river and I want you to see that." I said, "No." I had been in several and no man who has been in one cares to go to another. He said, "I wish you would come; mine is in lots better shape than others." Now, the reason why he wanted me to go was because he was lonely. "Yes," I said, "certainly I will go." Then we went across the river, and he told me about his asylum. Instead of mud walls he had walls of brick; instead of a thatched roof of hay he had tile, instead of a dirt floor he had one of cement, and he was very proud and happy. A little girl was standing in front sweeping the doorsteps of her room. He said, "Watch her, and I will tell you about her later; look at her face and her garments and look into her room if you can." I looked at her face; she might have been a woman of forty or fifty, the disease was so in her face, but her garments were tidy. He took me into the church and told me how they served the communion wine; he said, "We are not able to supply cups, and after the bread is served and when the wine is served we pour the wine into the palms of their hands; some do not have any palms and they drink from their neighbor's palm."

Then he told me something which I did not know; he said, "If a child is taken from its leprous parents before it is three years old there are nine chances out of ten that it will not be a leper." Then he continued, "That little girl you saw first is Frances; she was raised in an orphanage kept by the Church Missionary Society of England; she was a Christian; she was engaged to be married; her garments were all prepared and arrangements made for the wedding day, but she was taken sick, and the doctor said, 'she is a leper,' and they sent her here; she did not know it when she was coming: finally when she came and recognized the leper asylum she said, 'Am I a leper?' and I thought her heart would break, and she was so despondent I thought she would take her life, so I went to her and said, 'You have a chance in life, you have had a chance to know our Lord' "—what does that mean when no less than 200 millions in that land do not know that Christ died for them—

" 'Can't you help these other women?' " She went to work, about a year after on Christmas morning he said that he asked the ladies of the compound to come down to the leper asylum and see if they could not bring a word of cheer. They went, and they said afterwards, "We have had a great time together, and little Frances unburdened herself to us: she said, 'When they brought me here a year ago they said that Christ loved me, and I said, 'It can't be so or He would not have sent me here, but in the meantime through her many of the women had been led into Christ and she said I'm just thanking God now that He laid leprosy on me that I might have been sent here to win them for Him. For the first time in my life I caught a glimpse of how your Lord and mine should be willing that the leprosy of your sin and mine should touch His pure life in order that He might win us to Himself. As I stood on the steps of that bank and thought of Frances, I said, "No, this is no mistake, the poor fellow inside does not know."

Now, a word to the missionaries over there. I do not think that the day will ever come when I will cease to long that I might have been one. In God's providence it was not to be. Not a day passes that I do not long to be in the thick of that fight. I remember one Sabbath afternoon when a boy on the farm I was just going away to school. I went to our little country church which was on the corner of the same section of land that my father's farm was in, and that afternoon at the young people's society we had a good time, and I bade good-bye to the young girl who would go to India before my first term of school would be over. I went to college. She went to India, and I went into business. She spent seventeen years in India and I spent seventeen years in business. She wrote to me; she said, "I am so glad that God has sent me." I had commiserated her. Scarcely had I read her letter when a cablegram came saying that she was dead. About a year from that time I found myself in India. I said, "I have no acquaintance with the people where she labored but I am going to the place." As my train sped through the Ganges valley to the place on my left were the snow-capped Himalayas, and between me and those mountains were the Ganges valley and the plains of India with their desolate villages, and of all desolate places it is a village in India; there is not a spear of green but a lot of mud huts, and how desolate the lives of these people are! I said, "Is this the place to which the church sent that sweet young girl that her life might be blasted in this awful land? this thing is absolutely wrong," and I revolted. At noon I got to the city. I had lunch with the missionaries, and they talked about my friend and theirs—she was much more theirs than mine because

they had suffered with her and I never had. The lady in charge of the school said, "This afternoon I will bring the little girls of the school into the room for prayers, would you not like to see them?" I said, "Yes." There were about sixty of them I think. After they were through their prayers she said, "Would you not like to speak to them?" I spoke to them and they smiled, they did not understand me, but finally I spoke the name of my friend, Susie Young, and their little faces lighted up with a smile. Said the missionary, "Would you like to know how many of these sixty girls came to Christ because of Miss Young?" I said, "Yes." She gave the invitation and thirty-three rose to their feet. I said, "Father in heaven forgive me, you have been good to me, but as good as you have been I would be glad to give everything I have for a testimony like that." Here was one year of gleaning and seventeen years of harvest.

One day in Jerusalem the guide took me to the place called Calvary. In the pavement was a piece of black marble. He said, "That is where the cross of Jesus was," and he pointed to another place and said, "That is where one cross was and there the other," but away out in the Punjab that afternoon I said, "This is Calvary, too; that same Christ walked with her here." And then I remembered the Master's words, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." The sad thing is not to die but the saddest thing in all this world is eternity alone.

The last land I visited in that trip was Korea. I went to that great church in Pyena Yang where the 1200 gather for prayer meeting; I enjoyed that, but enjoyed most of all this: one day a missionary said, "They are building a school house, come to the cornerstone service this afternoon," and I went. There are many things which we see in that land to make us blush for shame for the name of our Christian land, but I was happy when I saw the old Stars and Stripes and the flag of Korea side by side. There were literally hundreds of Christian people on the hillsides. I sat on the platform. Kil-Moxi, the pastor of the Central Presbyterian church of Pyena Yang was speaking to the people. He was talking Korean. The missionary said to me, "Have you met Kil-Moxi?" I said, "No." "Do you know anything about his life?" he asked. I said, "No." Said he, "The story of his life is wonderful. There was a time when Kil-Moxi was totally blind; the doctors said that they believed they could make him see, so they placed him in the hospital on the operating table"—it was a cataract trouble I imagine. "The operation was successful, and the doctors said, "He will be able to see but

we must bandage his eyes for awhile." During the three years of his blindness a little baby had been born into his home, and he had never seen the child, and when the time came for the bandage to be taken off his friends said, 'Our pastor has never seen the face of his little baby, would it not be a great thing when the bandage is taken off if we were to hold the little baby's face up before his eyes?" When he told me that I praised God for what I had seen in China and Korea and India.

I thought then of the saints in America who had given prayer and life, and I thought of the day when you and I will stand in the presence of the Great Physician. This mortal body will be put away then. When the Great Physician comes to take away the bandage from our eyes, I have faith to believe that then He will hold before our eyes some faces over there that we have never seen. It is a paying business and we will know it then.

Address

By REV. GEORGE R. STUART, D. D.

I am always glad to be here, but I come before you this afternoon a little handicapped by the past twenty-four hours. I was at Richmond, Indiana, last night, delivering a temperance lecture to two or three thousand people; I spoke for an hour and a half and took the mid-night train, hoping to get a little rest, but the Pullman porter forgot me, and instead of getting me out at Fort Wayne he woke me up about forty miles beyond and asked me where I was going; I told him and he said "You done been there!" (Laughter.) He wanted to know where I wanted to go next; I told him, and it took me all the rest of the night to get here. So I come before you weary and tired, but this hot afternoon I think I have common sense enough to quit when I find that I am not saying much. My position on this platform has always been so easy and so free that I feel it does not make much difference what I do or say. We have been sitting here this morning listening to one of the greatest Bible exegetes on the face of the earth, blessed and honored by God (Dr. G. Campbell Morgan), and one of the greatest world evangelists (Gipsy Smith), and one of the world's greatest archeologists (Dr. Cobern.) We had messages from two of these great men this morning and one reserved for you tonight, what should a hot afternoon be but a sort of stop and think a little? (Great laughter.) Now, it is understood that I am not an exegete, and I am not going to take a text and explain it to you; it is understood that I am just going to cover some ground in a kind of an exhortation this afternoon. If I wanted a sentence as a little place to jump off of for my talk I would take that command to the company in front of the Red Sea, the Egyptians behind them and Canaan ahead of them. God said to Moses, "go forward."

There never was a time in the history of the world when there was a better opportunity to look up to God and get the power we heard of this morning and move forward. This is distinctively a Christian age. The leaven is leavening the whole lump. Because we do not see the church filled and much accomplished in the churches we may get discouraged. I am an optimist—not like that fool one

who fell out of a window in Chicago in a four story building and on his way down saw two gentlemen sitting in the second story and smilingly said, "I am all right so far." I think the world is turning over our way; I believe the Christian spirit is in this nation and the nations of the earth today as never before since Jesus walked the hills of Judea. All these great movements about us are under the spirit of the gospel. More brotherhoods have been organized in the past fifty years than in the prior 5,000 years. These brotherhoods of locomotive engineers and firemen, carpenters, plumbers, tinners, painters, barbers and shopmen, grew out of the Christian comment, "Love the brotherhood"; they came out of the Bible. If you should take the Bible out of the great brotherhoods of the world there would not be anything left to them worth holding to. These great eleemosynary institutions which we have for the crippled conditions of humanity, are but the fruits of our blessed gospel, and so with all these onward movements. When I read yesterday of the completion at the Hague of the great peace monument of the world to which the nations of the world contributed, I said, "Thank God, for this is a movement of the Prince of Peace." William Jennings Bryan holding family prayers in the White House (Storms of laughter) I just got a few years ahead of the time. (Renewed laughter.) I meant to have said, with Mr. Wilson holding family prayers in the White House, and William Jennings Bryan holding family prayers in the home of the Secretary of State, and both of them working together to find a way by which they can help poor little Mexico to be at peace, but the spirit of the blessed Lord our Saviour in the cabinet of our Christian nation reaching out to the heathen world. (Applause.) I feel that if the whole church would get a move on in the next ten or fifteen years we may bring this world to God.

The first thing we need is prepared leaders. The preacher is the logical man to start things. I was in a hotel some time ago and saw a little card which read, "If you want to know who is boss around here, just start something." (Laughter.) What this world needs is a great aggressive and progressive movement like a prairie fire. Ministers of Jesus Christ, start something! We need preachers with four B's—I do not mean a honey-bee although he is a pretty good illustration—with wings to get there, and a sharp stinger to let the folks know that he is around, and doing his best to help gather honey for himself and others: that is a pretty good picture of a preacher. But these are not the B's I want to speak about.

The first B stands for **broad.** This is the age for the broad preacher. There is no room for the narrow preacher—one of the

kind that Sam Jones told of, "a fly could sit on the bridge of his nose and paw him in one eye and kick him in the other"—never was there such a time for breadth in preachers. There are more great instrumentalities for the broadening and the strengthening and the empowering of the minister to-day than have ever been since America was discovered, and I am not up on things ahead of that. (Laughter.) There are two fool preachers in the world: one is the one who takes nothing from anybody, and the other is the one who takes all: one is an egotist, and the other a plagiarist. There is not a preacher on earth who cannot fortify, and enlarge himself by getting everything possible from the best literature and from the greatest men. Pardon me for a little personal illustration! I was raised in the mountains of Tennessee. I had never been anywhere except to meeting and to the mill. God called me to preach. I did not have any education: I had mother in my arms and poverty on my back. I longed to preach and I felt that I had **religion**, and when you haven't anything else there is nothing to beat **that**, and whenever a fellow hasn't that he is poor. I heard of three men who were doing something, and I traveled hundreds of miles to hear Talmage, Moody and Sam Jones. Dr. Dickey and I last week stood at Moody's grave in Northfield and lifted our hearts in prayer, and I thanked God for what he had been to me. Fifteen years after hearing and studying these three men I was preaching on the Gulf of Mexico, in San Antonio, Texas, and sitting down there was a reporter, who wrote me up after this fashion: "He has the fluency of Talmage, the pathos of Moody, and the wit of Sam Jones." When I read that I took stock to see what I had stolen. Many of the preachers who come here rarely have opportunity to hear anybody but themselves, and sometimes it is distressingly poor. No wonder more people are not anxious to hear it. The great benefit of this conference is in the fact that here we have an opportunity to study men, style and method. I do not believe that any man on earth could have heard Dr. Morgan's sermon this morning and not say, "O Lord, give me a deeper insight into Thy Word and the power to unfold it." This conference broadens you, by bringing you in contact with great men and great messages.

The next **B** stands for **bravery.** False courage is a dangerous thing. A man may take something else for courage sometimes the protection of his cloth and pulpit, the emotion of his enemy, etc. but when a man has town courage enough to put in jeopardy his worldly reputation, his reputation for learning, his reputation for everything except his reputation for purity, and enters the fight of God Almighty to go down anywhere except at the point of purity,

and is willing to let the world say what the world pleases, that is courage which will make a leader worthy to lead God's hosts; but as long as a fellow has a reputation to sustain, God pity him. That is one reason why the president of a college can't do much good preaching: he has the presidency of his college to sustain. I do not mean that to be personal in any way; I really forgot that any presidents are here. But a reputation to sustain! did you ever have one? did you ever start out and try to make one and then try to take care of it? What is needed is the courage to stand square up and say, "Whatever they may say of my scholarship, whatever they may say of my oratory, whatever may be said about me except concerning my character—let it be said, I am entering into the fight to fight to a finish, to the death everything that is against the cause of Jesus Christ." (Applause.)

The next **B** stands for **balance.** If a preacher ought to pray for anything it is for balance or ballast. It is a dangerous thing to turn a machine around a curve going forty miles an hour. When a man gets tremendously in earnest it is easy for him to go to extremes. All men have bad views on some subject. How are you going to get ballast? You will get it in meetings—such as were held this morning. I was greatly interested in the meeting held in Robert Raikes hall, and in the questions which were asked. "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety." We get a splendid balance by measuring and weighing each other's thoughts and counseling with each other.

The last **B**, the biggest one and the one you cannot do without, is **baptism.** Sometimes an earnest, uneducated fellow gets the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and the whole world thinks that ignorance is power, and it is thought that scholars and great men cannot hold revivals. Let us pray for the time to come when the baptism of the Holy Ghost will be upon our great men and upon our little men until we shall all be evangelists to bring this old world to Christ. We need the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

But with a thoroughly equipped leadership we must have somebody else with us. There never was a time when we so needed the laity of the church to walk up by the side of the preacher in this battle and give his full force. I am so glad to have the privilege of speaking to the laity. I am going to speak of three C's to them, and I do not mean the ocean.

The first **C** stands for **converted.** The hardest thing I ever tried to do was to run a revival with irreligious folks. We have organized unregenerate men to run revivals: I would sooner undertake to

work unbroken steers; they balk and pull in every direction. First of all, we must have thorough and complete regeneration in the men and women of our churches before we can use them in holding a revival. I would rather have for revival work fifty people converted, regenerated, without any organization, than to have 500 unregenerate folks organized with committees on everything under the sun. We have got to get down to rock-bottom conversion. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." If a fellow is blind, what can you show him belonging to the kingdom?

The next C is **consecration**, the consecration of time, talent and money to God Almighty. Money was never doing so many things as now. There never was an age in which money was made so easily. During the first years of this century as much money was made in the United States as in the whole 150 years ahead. The development of machinery in the last twenty years has been marvelous. You can make money on a machine that does the work of a hundred men and has no mouths to feed. In my boyhood days a man would lay a plank down and plane fifteen minutes on one side, and then would turn it over and plane fifteen minutes on the other side, and then plane five minutes making a tongue and another five minutes making a groove, and in forty minutes he would have a plank planed on both sides with tongue and groove. He picks up that plank today, runs it through a machine and "Zoop!" it is planed and tongued and grooved. Christianity has got to get a "Zoop" on. (Applause.) This is the most marvelous machine age the world ever saw. There are machines to do about everything; there is hardly a thing done without a machine. I walked into a bank the other day, and there was a machine adding up figures, and I said to the banker, "Does not that make you ashamed, to let a machine beat you adding, and you have been to college and graduated?" The machine is playing music; we sing and talk by machinery; we are doing everything by machinery but eating, and some of us would have better health if we did our eating by machinery. There never was a time when we were using the waste as now. Down in my country we wasted enough for years to take care of the whole Christian work of the South. I have seen piles of cottonseed, piled up a third as big as this building. Bless your life, they have taken the cottonseed and the hull, and the inside and the outside, and worked everything up until last year the **cottonseed** amounted to seventy millions of dollars. We had been throwing it away. What would it not do for the church of God if we had it! When they run a hog through the slaughter pens in Chicago, they use every-

thing except the squeal, and they are now making arrangements with a graphophone company to use that. (Great laughter.) It is the most marvelous money-making age the world ever saw. I picked up a United States income tax schedule the other day. It said, "Men whose income is a million a year." I said, "There ain't such," like two old countrymen of my country who went to the circus, and a big giraffe was standing there, and one of them looked at it and said, "Shucks, Bill, there ain't no such animal as that." (Great laughter.) When it talked about a man's income in the United States being a million dollars a year, I said, "There ain't no such animal as that," but the schedule says there are 520 individual men and women in America whose income is from 500,000 to 1,000,000 dollars a year. I thought if I had their income for just a month I would do things. Every now and then we hear that Mr. so and so gave a hundred thousand dollars to the church: what has he done? he has not given the hull of a peanut off his place. One ex-United States senator recently completed a home which cost $7,000,000. The pictures on the wall cost $2,000,000, and the furniture cost $500,000, and he has 121 rooms in it, and a small family—what do they want to do, play "hoopy-hide" or what? (Great laughter.) We are getting so rich in this country that people hardly know what to do with their wealth. It tickles me to see the various circles running a race, the ten thousand dollar folks run a race with each other, the hundred thousand dollar and the million dollar folks run races with each other; they have all got their tongues out, and the poor fellows don't know what they are running for. How we need to teach the laity of our churches that this is the day when our increased money should be used to glorify God and build His church! The idea of an institution like this (Winona) which blesses the world, begging its way through this country! It is a burning shame in the face of the squandered millions. (Great applause.) A man out there gives 5,000 dollars, or may be 10,000, and he thinks he is liberal; God Almighty open our eyes and show us our "pugh-stilly-nimity"—(Great laughter.) I made up that word just to fit that little rascal. We get everything consecrated except a man's pocketbook. The Methodists and Presbyterians baptize on the head, and of course that does not get down to the pocketbook; when the Baptists baptize a man he changes his breeches and his pocketbook is not there at all. (Uproarious laughter.) Nobody knows where a woman's pocketbook is. I have been an evangelist for a good many years. I have seen drunkards gloriously saved and stand true; I have seen profane swearers saved, and they remained clean of speech; I have seen gamblers saved and they became honest men;

I have seen every class of sinners saved, but get an old miser saved and he will be stingy still. The church of God stands in the most ignominious place in the face of the wealth of this country, since God is the author of it all, and the church is begging its way. You had a four cylinder automobile, and then you had a six; you had a nice little house, why didn't it suit you? The whole world is running itself to death to find ways and means to spend money, but the cause of God is standing at the gate like a ragged beggar. I read in the newspaper a short time ago that a woman in New York city had paid $20,000 for a Persian cat; she had built a silver-mounted bath-room to bathe it in, had hired a maid servant, had put a golden crown on its head, pearls around its neck and a diamond in each ear, and bragged that she was the only woman in New York who had introduced diamond earrings on a cat!

A VOICE: That was a catastrophe.

DR. STUART: Yes, a catastrophe! (Great laughter.) That was not my pun. If there is anything that the preacher needs to-day it is for the great laity of the church to walk up by his side and lay their hands in his and say, "Brother, do great things, we are with you and will stay with you." With such cooperation couldn't we take this old world in a hurry! But it is so hard to get them hooked up. You get a little man hooked up with a big man and the big man gets impatient. I was going down the street of my town one day. There was a man with two mules hitched to a wagon, and a man was riding a big horse. I stopped my buggy, and my wife said, "What are you going to do?" I said, "I believe they are going to trade, and if they do we will see that horse hitched up with that mule." They traded, and he put the harness of that mule on the big horse, and then hitched him up by the side of the little mule. The man would say, "Git up!" and the big horse would pull the little mule, the wagon and all for fifty feet. I said, "He won't stand that long." The man said, "Git up!" and the big horse rushed forward another fifty feet, and then he deliberately (that big horse had blinds on) he deliberately turned his head back and looked to see what it was he was hitched with, and when he saw he turned both heels, and he kicked that little mule clear out on the sidewalk and hung his harness on the pickets of the fence. (Laughter.) He did not have anything to hitch up with him. We have a team of big men and we hitch up a stingy gang with them until we wear them out. Sam Jones had an illustration of such a team; he said, "The Methodist church trying to pull this world to God reminds me of the fellow who was going to haul sawlogs with a team, and when he came up with his team he had a mule, a billy-

goat, a skunk, and a bumble bee. The fellow looked at the team and said, "You can't haul with that." "Yes," he says, "I can, I have a kicker, a butter, a stinger, and a stinker." Jones said, "You may not recognize those animals on the start in the church but if you will study a little while you will find every one of them; and you will find the long-tongued woman stinging her neighbors; you will find the old billy-goat into whose head you can't drive a notion; you will find the old kicker at everything that comes up; and you will find the old rum soaked stinker. What the church needs is a great consecrated, baptized laity to walk up by the side of the preacher and say, "Brother, enter into this fight, we are with you to the finish; if it takes money, call upon us, we have it."

We need to preserve the institutions that have brought victory. Being a Methodist you will excuse me if I lean a little to my side. What the church needs is the reestablishment, and the rehabilitation, and the reappreciation of the altar of God, and when I say "altar" that means not the mourner's bench necessarily or the inquirer's room: it means contrition for sin, earnest prayer for the forgiveness of sin, and conscious salvation from sin, and when we get back into that field and get men contrite before God and crying for pardon, and once saved, we will equip an army to do business with. I believe in conversion. We used to say that the Presbyterians held the theory if you get it you don't know it, and if you have got it you can't lose it, and if you lose it you never had it. The Methodists hold that if you get it you know it, and if you get it you can lose it, and if you lose it you had it. (Laughter.) I do not care so much which you take if you will be sure to get religion—that is the term, regeneration is what we mean. The theologians do not like that term. We need to restore what Dr. Morgan preached about this morning, we need to restore that unity of prayer that links itself with Christ and God and gets something. O for prayer! I felt convicted when Dr. Morgan talked about the prayer-meeting. I said, "He hit us with our little prayer-meeting," and "little exposition," and asking them to "come back next Wednesday night"—come back to what?

Above all we need to restore the old-fashioned songs of Zion and get all the people to sing. I was at Nashville, Tennessee, at one Easter, and they had a little Jewess singing the resurrection hymn because she had a fine voice. It reminded me of the old story you have heard about the choir singing "I'm a pilgrim, I'm a stranger, Do not detain me," and the high soprano said that she was a "pill," and the tenor said that he was a "pill," and the alto said that she was a "pill" and the bass away down said that he was a "pill":

well, the Lord deliver the churches from pills like that! There is one scene in my life I will never forget. It was during our great campaign in the south with Sam Jones. We had a great colored folks' meeting in Charlotte, North Carolina—had an auditorium seating about 5,000 people, and they filled it full. The white preachers sat on the platform. Brother Excell had been singing with them, and brother Jones said, "Let them sing one of their old songs." An old fellow started off, and all the mouths went this way (indicating). How the melody rolled. Brother Excell had tears on his face, and the white preachers had tears on their faces. One of the preachers turned and said, "My Lord, it sounds like heaven." When we can have a great congregation march with songs like that we will tear the walls of Satan down. Let us go to the old-fashioned congregational spiritual singing; that is what the world needs. (Great applause.) I doubt very much whether it is right to show throat gymnastics on sacred songs. Think of sending a girl off to the musical "disturbatory," she comes back with a great voice, and we let her exhibit it to the crowd on some sacred gospel hymns! An old man went to church, and they put up one of those yellers, and after she finished his nephew said, "She is a finished singer." The old man said, "I am glad she's finished; I was afraid she would holler again directly." (Great laughter.)

I would like to tell a story but I hesitate; I am from the South, you are from the North, yet the war is ended: the vine's clamber over the cannon's mouth, the sword is in its sheath, the gun is rusting in the corner, and we are one great republic from one end of the country to the other: I am afraid to use this illustration for fear you will connect it wrongly, but I will take the broadness of your hearts. Down in our country we have a big reunion every year, and the boys that wore the gray and the boys that wore the blue get together, eat dinner and then go out to decorate the graves of the boys who died in the blue and the boys who died in the gray. That is the way we are doing down there, we are getting religion: and it takes a great deal for a man with an empty breeches leg to shout over a thing like that. I was talking to a boy who wore the blue, and I said, "You found the Johnnies courageous?" "O yes, they had a heap of stuff in them." I said, "What was the thing you feared most?" He said, "It was that 'rebel yell'; when we saw a company of Johnnies coming up and they gave that 'rebel yell,' we knew we had to kill the whole bunch or get out of the way, and we proceeded to do one or the other immediately: that 'yell' seemed to inspire them to go into the jaws of death." And I said, "If in our great warfare for God we could get our enthusiasm right and

start towards the enemy with one of the old triumphant songs that would give us courage, we would charge the battlements of hell and let the devil know that he had to 'git.'" We need to utilize the power of God, and may God help us do it!

Just—and the Justifier

By REV. WALTER B. HINSON, D. D.

"That God might be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." Romans III:26.

One of the most awful sentences in the writings of the Apostle Paul, is the tragical utterance that all the world is "Guilty before God." When David moaned, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according unto the multitude of Thy loving kindness," he voiced the need of Palestine a thousand years before Jesus. And when Judas spectacularly flung down the bloody coin in the court of the priests' hall, and remorsefully sobbed, "I have sinned," he voiced the experience of Palestine at the time of Christ. And when the publican stood up in the temple and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner," he voiced the soul of all the ages. Guilty before God!

You see whenever you sin against yourself, you are sinning against the property of God; against the creature of God; against the subject of God; and against the child of God. For you are at once the property, the creature, the subject and the child, of the Creator; and have no right to injure the property of God; nor to wrong the creature of God's making; nor have you the right to sin against the subject of God's kingdom, which you do, when you sin against yourself, seeing that you belong to the King. And whenever you sin against anybody else, either man, or woman, or child, you are still sinning against God's creatures, and against God's subjects, and against God's children. And you may be assured that when He maketh inquisition for blood, He will not lightly treat any sin against His subject, or His child.

But you may sin against God without sinning against anybody else in all the universe. For ingratitude Godward is no offense against society; and a heart hardened to all the loving kindness of God, while it violates no law and crosses no canon of society, may yet grossly offend the eternal Jehovah.

And this sin of man is the heart-break of God. Do you think Jesus commenced to be the Man of Sorrows when He entered upon

His earthly ministry only? And do you think Jesus ceased to be the Man of Sorrows when from Olivet He went up to the glory? I tell you nay; but the sin of man has been the grief of God from all eternity; for remember how of Christ it is affirmed, that "He is the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world." And there is grief in the heart of Christ tonight because of man's sins.

Now it put Jehovah to no test when He rolled the shining stars off the palm of His creative hand, and scooped out the channels in which the tumultuous seas unceasingly play. But when it came to saving rebellious man, then God faced that which was the very test of the Infinite. Because you see He had to be just, and yet to justify the sinner who had violated a just law. For as was said a while ago, so let us reaffirm, that it is only because the law is wrong that men exercise pardon; or else it is because the administration in regard to a righteous law was imperfect that men impart pardon. But the law of the Lord is just; and the administration of the law of God is perfect; and therefore you see God must be careful how He justifies the man who has broken that unswervingly just and perfect law. Thus we see that God is under no obligation to pardon any man. For there is nothing in the law of God concerning which Jehovah has cause to say, that because of that infirmity He must exercise clemency. For there has never been a work of God's hand since the dawn of creation that God has any reason to recall, or explain, or alter. Therefore with a world guilty before God, we still see that God is under no obligation to do ought but allow His righteous law to move on in its own righteousness, and so condemn the evil doer.

Now that man is helpless to escape the penalty goes without the saying. For from what quarter can help come to the sinner in his distress, when all the world is guilty before God? And even those who seem the holiest, have ever been those who saw their inability to help themselves the clearest. For there is Job the perfect man; but he says, "I abhor myself in the presence of the holy God: For though I wash myself in snow water, and make myself ever so clean, yet am I loathsome in the sight of God." And there is David, the sweet singer of Israel, and he cries, "Purge me with hysop, and make me clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." And there is John the Baptist, the lion-hearted and the eagle-eyed, the man who feared nothing but the frown of God, and he says to Jesus, "I have need to be baptized of Thee." And there is Peter, the Pentecostal preacher, saying, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man O Lord." O there is no help for us in man. All our help must come from God.

But how can it come from God? For will God abdicate the throne of eternity, by saying His law was unjust, and that because of its imperfections He pardons the violator of it? Then would God move into confusion! Or will God say that He erred when He attached a fixed and just penalty to a certain offense? Then has God become fickle, and imperfect, and we have lost the infinite Jehovah. Can God play fast and loose with man's sin? Then has God ceased to be the holy Arbiter of the destinies of men. God can never wreck His moral government by pardoning a man who has violated a law that is just and holy and perfect. Yet if God does not help us, then for us help there is none. For as Bishop Newman once said, "If a man violates the perfect law of God, there is for him no pardon; but suffering must be endured by him, or by an adequate substitute." But where under the stars can you find the adequate substitute? For it is not the payment of a fine with gold that will suffice. It is not the bearing of a term of imprisonment where heroism may sustain one. It is sin we are facing. It is a world sin that we confront. And it is the atoning for a whole world guilty before God that constitutes the problem. Now who is sufficient? All the waters of Abana, and Pharpar, with Jordan added, are useless here. An angel's arm is too short, for God chargeth the very angels with folly. No, the penalty must be borne by the sinner, or by an adequate substitute.

But the only adequate substitute is Jesus. The Jesus who was pre-figured by ever flowing streams of red sacrificial blood; who was foreshadowed by millions of offerings slain on countless altars; and foretold by prophets since the world began. The Jesus upon whom in the fullness of time John the Baptist looked, and saw how all the sacrifices, and all the altars, and all the prophecies culminated, and met, and ended in the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. For Christ bore our sins in His own body on the tree. The infinite sacrifice was offered, that enabled God to remit the penalty of guilt to all believers. I heard last week of a man who illustrated it thus: He took a ten dollar gold piece, and showed it to a child who had a thousand pennies, and he told how the thousand pennies were only worth as much as the piece of gold, and that so the one in value was equal to the many. There was a world guilty before God, and an infinite sacrifice on the cross atoned for the many for whom Christ died. In a deaf and dumb school a woman had told the story of the Cross, and then asked if anybody among the audience understood it. And a little fellow speaking from his fingertips, told her he thought he did. So she gave him the privilege of explaining it. And he walked out from the school room, and came in with all

the faded leaves of the autumn that he could carry, and put them down on a table. And then smiling up into her face, he approached her and took a diamond ring from her finger, and walking back put it down on the table opposite the dead leaves and on his finger tips said, "One diamond worth many leaves." Jesus is infinite, and by the sacrifice of Himself could redeem as many fallen worlds as God has stars in His heaven. For the infinite merit of the Son of God, atones for the sins of the whole world.

But He had to pay the price. Ah, never can we afford to get away from the cross. All the deeds that I can do avail naught to give my soul peace, when I lose sight of Calvary. And the nerve of all my preaching is cut when I forget the cross. Do you remember how Plato and Socrates talked under the sunny skies of old Greece about the great problem of sin? And turning to Socrates, Plato said, "God may forgive a deliberate sin, but I do not know how He can do it." Yet John the beloved, wrote down in his epistle, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." He knew what Plato had failed to discover. Let us say it again, Christ bore our sins in His own body on the tree. I remember how old Rowland Hill the last time he ever preached, remained in the church at the close of the service until all had gone but the caretaker, who stood watching the old weakened preacher as he walked up and down the aisle of the empty church, and slowly repeated to himself—

> "This I shall find, For such is His mind—
> He won't be in glory, And leave me behind."

Why did Rowland Hill know that? Because he had learned another verse of that same hymn—

> "He bore on the tree, the burden for me;
> And now both the sinner and surety are free."

He saw the infinite atonement of Jesus opening a door wide enough to let a guilty world go out into the sunshine of the satisfied justice; and into the light of the reconciled countenance of God.

They tell me this is old fashioned preaching. And I believe they are right. For it is older than they think. Three thousand years ago a man anticipated Calvary in prophetic vision and said of Jesus, "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." Isaiah saw it. And if you ask the Apostle Peter how the lie and the oath can be removed from his soul, he will answer, "Christ, the just for the unjust, suffered for sin"; and if you ask Paul how all his sins can be forgiven by God,

he will reply, "The Son of God loved me, and gave Himself for me." But it remains for me to accept this substitutionary work of Jesus. That is all. But that is a great deal. The Chief Justice of the New York Court of Appeal once said, "A pardon has to be delivered to the one pardoned. And the delivery is not legal until it has been accepted." There is the abundant reason for the pardon, in the crucified Christ of God, who made an atonement sufficient for the sin of the whole world. So that now no one needs to go to hell. For He tasted death for every man. "But a pardon must be delivered, and it is never legally delivered until it has been accepted," we are told. Now comes the division. For some of us take with rejoicing from Jesus the salvation He provides and offers; and some of us say we do not receive the gift of God which is eternal life through Jesus, and so we remain in our sins just as though Christ had never died. And in God's sight at this moment, there are only two persons present in this church: the one to whom the pardon has been offered and who accepted it; and the one to whom the pardon has been offered, and it has been rejected. There are not hundreds upon hundreds in this Auditorium tonight, but only these two; and you are one or the other of them! And if God were to split the sky tonight; and if this moment all other sounds were drowned in the noise of His appearing; and if the skies commenced to crackle with the awful heat of the judgment; and if the mountains from off their firm bases began to dance to their doom; there would only be the two present still: the man who has accepted the pardon, and the man to whom the pardon has been offered in vain. For God respects the choice of the will, and never compels it.

In the days of His flesh, Jesus said, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest," if you come! But He never seized the soul and dragged it into the kingdom, because He could not do so. He said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink," but He never in spite of that man's wish and will, poured the water of life down his throat unwilling, that he might thus have thrust upon him salvation; for He respects the choice of His will, and therefore in the very last book of the Bible He says, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." And He still respects the choice of the will, and as in the olden time, so now He says, "Wilt thou be made whole?" And I can say, "Yes," and be cured; or I can say "No," and thwart God. For you remember how He said, "I would have gathered you as a hen gathereth her brood under her wing—I would." But it all hinges on your acceptance. You can sit in that pew, as I now close this sermon, and you can open your heart to the Christ of God, and go from this church saved in the sight of Jehovah. Or you can sit in

that pew, and shut your life against Christ, and though He may stand and knock at the door of your heart, yet open it He cannot, and into that heart He will never enter until you throw the heart's door widely open, and say, "Come in, and be the Lord of my life." This is how we are saved. Not through feeling saved; not through any works of the law; not through any of our achievements; but by grace, by the free sovereign grace of God. For unto "Him who hath loved us, and loosed us from our sins in His blood," do they in heaven sing the eternal praise and glory. Will you take it? Will you take it now?

I remember reading of a governor of a state who went to a penitentiary, and he especially wanted to see a certain man. And he saw him, and sat in the cell, and talked with the prisoner, but concealed his identity until the interview had ended. And then one of the guards said to that man, "Do you know that the Governor of the state was just talking to you?" "Oh my God!" said the man, "had I known that, how on bended knee I would have pleaded with him for pardon." Ah, the Saviour of sinners has come into this church to-night, and He cannot conceal His identity, for He has a scar in His palms, and His brow bears the trace of the thorns, and He offers you a pardon written in His own blood and He says, "Take it from me. Accept it from me." O sinner put out your hand, and take it; take it now, now, now, for "Now is the day of salvation."

Rest

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D. D.

(Meeting for Ministers Only)

My brethren, I first of all confess to you a sense of difficulty, a reluctance I always have in conducting these meetings, not because it is difficult to do so, for I know no more sympathetic congregation than my brethren, but because I never could know the right line to take. I never like to lecture ministers because I resent being lectured by a minister. I do not believe in it.

I was saying that I always feel that kind of reluctance to speak to ministers, and after seeking for some word I am constrained to speak to you this morning on the subject of "Rest," with special application of what I may say to those of us, and we are all in that position, who are engaged in the work of the regular ministry. By regular I mean continuous work at one point. You understand my use of the word "regular." I take it that I am speaking to men who, like myself, are doing the work of the ministry at some given center, and as we are gathered here this morning our hearts are going back to our own people, to our own churches, and in proportion as we ourselves are living in true relationship with Christ, when we are conscious of our own churches we are conscious of our neighbor churches. I speak with a sense of difficulty here because I do not know familiarly the conditions in this section of the country which you represent. I do not know the conditions obtaining in the life of the churches of this country at all intimately. I know it in the majority. It has been my privelege to spend a good portion of the last sixteen years in this country, as most of you know, and yet I never had a charge in this country. Consequently I cannot know of the problems that confront my brethren who are in the settled parts of this great country.

In my own country I am sometimes depressed by reason of the prevailing tendency to fear and to panic. I find scores of my brethren in England, men undoubtedly called of God and qualified by God, governed by God, living in true relationship with Christ, who nevertheless seem to be strangely depressed. I believe personally that

whenever that enters into the life of a minister it paralyzes his power, and I feel that what I need supremely, and I am going to talk with you rather than to you, I feel that what we supremely need is to find our way to the place of rest, not indifference, but of perfect poise and restfulness, a poise in the midst of circumstances which are calculated to disturb that poise.

Let me read you first a paragraph that we could recite together, so well do we know it, and I pray you hear it this morning. It is a great paragraph, having application to all human life. As I read it here take it in its application to our lives as ministers of Jesus Christ. (The first seven verses of the 37th Psalm.) I want to halt this morning upon the last note of the music, and as I read these verses you will notice that they describe conditions which we are confronting. "Fret not thyself because of evil doers." Now let me try and center your thought with my own upon that final note in the play. The last part of the seven verses, those old and most familiar words, a text that most of us under some circumstances have preached from in the course of our ministry. Let us think of it for ourselves. "Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him."

The reading of the text suggests the great number from the Oratorio of Elijah "Oh rest in the Lord." It brings back to us the music. Whatever place Mendelssohn may occupy in the firmament of composers, it is certain that no single number of the oratorios has made a greater impression upon humanity than that perfectly poised air, "Oh rest in the Lord." It is due to the fact that Mendelssohn understood the theme supremely when he wrote that music.

I was deeply interested a little while ago to discover the circumstances under which that music was written. Some one had suggested to Mendelssohn in 1838 the theme of Elijah for an oratorio. He commenced to work upon it in 1846. Nine years later it was produced in Birmingham, England, for the first time, on August 26th. When it was produced Mendelssohn was 37 years old. He had been nine years at work on this oratorio, in spare moments when it was possible to snatch them. He was broken in health. He returned home from the production of Elijah to die in a little less than a year, being only thirty-eight years of age. Remember that great oratorio was produced during those years of physical weakness, financial care, and domestic trouble; it was produced out of a veritable hurricane of experience. We listen first to the clash of music, when the clamor of Jezebel is heard. This is followed by that picture of Elijah under the juniper tree. We ministers sometimes are under the juniper tree. We have all been there. The man who had

stood in the presence of the terrific anger of the king ran away when he heard a woman begin to swear. That was Jezebel. It is under the heat of experience that we are most liable to get down into the depths. And when Mendelssohn composed his music he borrowed from the 37th Psalm the words to put into the mouth of the angel who ministered to Elijah under the juniper tree. Don't you think all that shows how greatly Mendelssohn understood the words and entered into the spirit when he wrote that great song? And these are the words of the song, "Oh rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him." You are yourselves preachers of the word, expositors of the word I have no doubt. Therefore you will be patient with me if I ask you first of all very carefully to consider with me what these words really mean.

"Rest in the Lord." "Wait patiently for Him." I want to inquire, is it possible to obey that command, and on what ground is it possible for us to be obedient to that command? What does this mean? "Rest in the Lord." Observe the harmonies of those seven verses. You know Ps. 37, well. You remember that the first seven verses contain the music and what follows is the illustration. The first expression is this: "Fret not thyself." All that lies between is an argument in favor of that. I suppose we should catch the meaning in a safe way if we said "Do not worry." Ministers are never killed by work, they are killed by worry. I will defy you to find me any man who has been worn out by work. You will find a good many worn out by not working and by worry of one kind or another. "Fret not thyself." That is a high level. The psalmist is looking out upon the prosperity of evil. Get the social picture. Evil seems to be prosperous, the evil man seems to be the successful man. It looks for the moment as though the things for which we stand are in jeopardy, as though the very foundations were gone. It looks as though all things for which we stand are not fastened securely, but are trembling towards destruction. Now comes the voice of the Psalmist "Fret not thyself." You will notice these two words the boundaries of the Psalm, I mean the seven verses of the Psalm, the first movement in the Psalm, beginning and closing as perfect music on the same note. You will notice that these two are bound together by these words of advice, and they give us the secret of not fretting. "Trust in the Lord," "Delight thyself in the Lord," "Commit thy way unto the Lord" and then our text, "Rest in the Lord." The "Rest in the Lord" completes the octave in the music. Trust in the Lord is the fundamental thing, and then you move up and make the perfect chord. Trust in the Lord. Delight thyself in the Lord. Commit thy way unto the Lord. Rest in the Lord. Really if we

dare do it we could sing it here. The simplest of all chords, one section taking the first, another taking the second, a third the third, and the last the fourth; and it would be found that the last was on the same note as the first but an octave higher. Perfect music. Fret not thyself. The challenge of the Psalmist of the soul when we are seized with panic in the presence of things which seems as though faith and spiritual things were threatened.

How shall we correct fretfulness? Trust in the Lord. Delight in the Lord. Rest in the Lord. Wait patiently for Him. And the final one is only possible as we have entered into the experience of the first three. I take the first three for granted. The energy and prosperity of evil causes fretfulness. Jezebel is strong in spite of Carmel. War threatens in spite of all our attempts at arbitration. If the foundations be destroyed what shall the righteous do? Under these circumstances hear the words "Rest in the Lord." All that is preliminary.

When I sat down before this solemn command a minute and tried to understand it, when I was indeed under the Juniper tree on account of my work, on account of the sins that did follow my soul, then I took these words and determined I would listen to them and see what they meant. The Hebrew word here rendered 'rest' means dumbness. Be silent. Rest in the Lord—that is, be silent before the Lord. Be still. Say nothing. Be quiet. That is the meaning of rest. Rest there has no thought in it of sleep, no thought in it of the repose that means the abandonment of all thought. Quietness. Silence. That sounds like fatalism—no, it is faith. There is rashness in fatalism, that is bold and loves to speak: there is a silence of faith that has nothing to say concerning the situation, and therefore says nothing, and says nothing in the presence of God. Rest. Be silent—in the Lord.

But that only becomes explained as I take the next word, which to me is one of the most restful and strengthening that I know, when one really begins to look at it. Wait patiently for Him. Wait patiently. Two words—one word really in the Hebrew. I want to know what attitude of mind that really describes, because I think as we look at it carefully we shall discover here is what we really want. Wait patiently. The Hebrew word is an almost startling one. I turn from the translations and look at the Hebrew word and it startles me. The Hebrew word, some of you are very familiar with it, you will remember that its root signification is—something that spins, something that whirls, something that goes round with terrific velocity. It means a rapid movement. Not one place, but round and round.

That is the root signification of the word. The idea is rapid movement. I turn from the root and feel my way after the word itself, observing how it is used, what its signification was as to use. I am not going to trouble you with the list I made, but I shall venture to give you the result of that examination.

It is this that word suggests; that rapid movement which is moving toward a consummation, and without which the consummation can never be. I may now say quite frankly it is the word for travail. It is the word that suggests the terrific organized activity that marks a new beginning. It is the common word for travail. Rest patiently. It does not mean that we are to sit down and fold our hands. It means first of all that we are to be in acutest sympathy with that travail that makes the good, but it means that we are to recognize through all the period of the travail that it is the travail that does make the good. Wait patiently. Sensitiveness to the pain, inspired and encouraged by the sensitiveness to the issue of the pain. All that is in the word and in the common use of it.

Let me tell you. I made this sermon and attempted to preach it to my own people after I had been under the Juniper tree. I well remember the Saturday afternoon when preparing to preach on this text on the following Sunday morning. I had sketched a sermon on waiting patiently, but I did not comprehend the full meaning of the subject until I got down to business and found what the word really means. It is a word not of cessation, but of tremendous activity. It is a word that suggests not idleness, but the keenest sensibility. Wait paitently. When I got to that point I looked out through my study window. It was an English autumn day in September. The wind was rushing through the trees, the leaves were driven everywhere, and the last rose of summer was blossoming in my garden. Everything spoke of autumn and death. It sort of saddened me anew. Summer gone and autumn coming. Death creeping slowly on. By a strange co-incidence I picked up the Westminster Gazette and saw a poem, and it said "Two Visions of Autumn" written by a girl named S. Gertrude Ford. I read it because it quite illuminated the thought of my text.

TWO VISIONS OF AUTUMN

I.

Leaves flaming and then fading; pomp of mists
  That wreathe, at dusk and dawn, the mountain's brow
With pride of opals and of amethysts;
  The nest bare on the bough;
The swallow on the wing; the reign of flowers

Whose beauty breathes a wail of "Ichabod,"
Chrysanthemums that crown autumnal hours,
Asters and golden-rod;
The last crops garnered and the last ripe fruits
Gathered; a sound of sighing in the air;
A sigh, too, in the tune the robin flutes,
And Autumn everywhere!

II.

Autumn! the sleep that brings the waking nigh;
The scattering of the seed, not sown in vain,
That needs must fall into the ground and die
If it would live again;
The building of the throne where Spring shall sit,
Girt round with all her lovely pageantry;
Such death, and only such, as holds in it
The birth that is to be—
This now, and Winter later; then, O then,
The violet's breath, the cuckoo's call, the fair
New life that leaps in birds and beasts and men,
And Spring-time everywhere!

The woman who wrote that poem knew what it was to wait patiently for Him. In that simple illustration you have first of all the sense of death in autumn, but the sense that at the heart of death is the life that is to be. Is anything more beautiful than that? One suggestion of the little poem is that in autumn the throne of spring is being built. It is waiting patiently for God.

Keen sensitiveness to the wrong about us, and the terrific forces of evil against us, and yet all the while keenly sensitive to it, agonizing in the midst of it, not knowing that these things are a part of the birth throes of that which is to be. Waiting patiently in the heart of the darkest day, the heart garrisoned in the hopes of God, the soul fast in the face of the Most High.

It is not easy, but every day I feel it more and more accutely, that if there is one thing we need it is not the false optimism that shuts our eyes to the evil about us, but the great strong courage that accepts the hurt. You remember that Joshua said "Be strong and of good courage." You remember what the people said to him "We will do all thy commandments, only be strong and of good courage." God and the people are saying the same thing to us. We all need to be delivered from the panic that characterizes the age through which we live. The whole age throbs and pulsates. It is in the

city and village, and hamlet, and it is for you and me to know that the very pulsating throbbing of the age is part of the birth pains. God is moving and nothing can hinder Him.

Let me inquire again as I inquired that day about a year ago now. Is it possible, can I really rest in that sense in the Lord? Can I so wait patiently for Him? Here again is a thing that seems as though it is necessary to say to you—that depends entirely upon what our conception of God really is. I remember speaking with Lyman Abbott on one occasion on the West Coast, and we had a remarkable discussion about theology and religion. Religion is the love of God in the soul of man. Theology is what a man thinks about God. Religion is supreme emotion. Theology does not relate to the emotions at all. I am arguing for the merits of theology, I am not thinking of any school of theology. I am taking the word in its simplest meaning. Your conception of God. In your own inner heart, what is God to you? What is He to me? It depends upon that as to whether I can rest in Him or not. No need for me to begin to define God here and now in this assembly. You want to go deeper than any figure that was ever used. All figures may take color from some misunderstanding of the figure. We must go beyond figures. I mean by that, you think of God as king. What do you mean by king? He may be a despot. You say He is a shepherd. What do you mean by that? I know shepherds who are in the business for the fleece. I go further. You say God is Father. What do you mean by Father? I know some men that if you told them that God is like their father you would turn them away from God. We must be careful about our figures. We want to correct our conception of king, shepherd, father, by what God really is. What is God to you, and what is God to me? When I answer that I can discover whether I can rest in Him. I am going to try to answer it. It will be along the simplest lines, the things that come to me.

I remember Him first as a God of knowledge. I am not surprised you look at me with astonishment, it is such a common place thing to say. God is a God of knowledge. Think of it. The next time your heart is harassed by the way in which you live, or the circum stances in which you are—He knoweth me. He knoweth my down-sitting, and my going out, and my coming in. He understands my thought afar off, He understands the thought in the mental processes that hold and crystalize them. God is there before I know it. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me, the knowledge of God and of myself. That is one of the first foundations for perfect trust. The knowledge of God. I know it is commonplace, but, my brethren, you and I need

to be brought back to the commonplace faith, re-baptized with power and re-illumined with light.

Again, He is a God of Wisdom. That is much more than knowledge. Knowledge is a perfect acquaintance with the fact. Wisdom is the ability to deal with the facts, the knowledge of how to deal with them. He is a God of Wisdom.

He is a God of Holiness. Do not let us drop that out of our figure. He is a God of Light. He is a God of Patience. He is Love. I always quarrel with the theologians when they tell me love is an attribute. Love is not an attribute—love is essence. You will find the attributes if you analyze love. You gather all the attributes into one and become conscious of the lump result. That is love. As are the attributes of man to his character, so are the attributes of God to His love. I want to see these things. I want to understand them. They are too vast even for you and me. When we are in gripes with the agony of the hour we want some one near. We have it. "He pitched His tent among us. We beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth."

The farther I go in my Christian life and ministry the more I feel this, I can only come to God through Christ, that is the interpretation of God. He is too vast, too marvelous for this finite piece of me to understand. But when I know Him in Christ, and the proportion in which I know Him in Christ, is the proportion in which I feel, I can indeed rest and wait patiently.

There are some inevitable questions that address themselves to the soul. Am I at rest? Can I wait? The problems are potent, and the only man I am afraid of is the man who does not see the problems that confront him. Only the callous are unconscious of it. Think of the real need of your parish, not your flock merely. Think of your problems. Sometimes it is well to illustrate by the simplest means. Perhaps you are familiar with Thomas Blake. Blake had a keener sense for suffering than Wordsworth. Read Blake's poem on "The Anguish of the Innocence." In that poem

> "A robin redbreast in a cage
> Puts all heaven in a rage.
>
> A dog strife at his master's gate
> Predicts the ruin of a state.
>
> A skylark wounded on the wing
> Doth make a princess cease to sing."

It is the language of a man who felt the agony in the midst of

which he lived, just as Mrs. Browning felt when she sang of the dead Sea-Mew, pulsating with her conscionsness of pain.

"Our human touch did on him pass,
And, with our touch, our agony."

One day when Carlisle was talking about the conditions in the East end of London some one said to him, "God is in His heaven," and Carlisle said, "Yes, but God is doing nothing." Do not criticize him until you have looked into the agony of things he did.

What shall I do when I come to that hour? Rest in the Lord and wait patiently? I feel my needs and do nothing but wait patiently, keenly sensitive to the agony, and you are all the while listening to the song that tells me of the birth, of the new beginning, the thing that is to be. Paul understood all this when he wrote his Roman letter. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain." We also groan within ourselves. The Spirit "maketh intercession with groanings that cannot be uttered." Thus when you and I are sensitive enough to the light and life of God as to be keenly sensitive to the agony and sorrow of the world, then we have come to the very place to wait patiently. Patient waiting amidst the pain, in the absolute assurance that beyond the process is the consummation. Rest in the Lord. What precedes it? Trust Him; delight in Him. Commit thy way to Him. And these things being done, then rest in Him. And in that rest you and I will have found the place of the supreme activity, which is the activity of fellowship in the suffering that makes the Kingdom of God.

I pray that God may give to you and me, my brothers in this ministry this close fellowship with Him in the things of our own life which will keep our hearts firm and steady and poised, so that leading others as God has called us to do, we shall never be guilty of panic.

"Quit you like men. Be strong."

Ministerial Balance

By BISHOP EDWIN H. HUGHES, D.D.

An Address to Ministers

You are asked to consider this morning the claim that the comprehensive demand of the ministry is for balance. The chief value of what shall be said will not lie in the direct utterance of the hour, but rather in the fact that the address will furnish a working principle by which we can test ourselves long after this particular speech is forgotten. The problem of balance runs into all lines of ministerial working. Unless you are estopped by what I now prophesy, some of you are certain to approach the speaker at the close of this hour and ask him why he did not make other applications of his theme. You have this reply in advance: The subject has such utter application to the ministry that it would be impossible in one hour, or even in several hours, to show how the call for symmetry waits for the ministry at every door and by every path of life. The hope is that we may so see the need of balance that we shall ourselves submit our work to the test of the principle and allow it to guide our labors.

We find the requirement even when we study the form with which we deliver truth to men. The hand, the eye, the face must be made fitly to express our thought and our mood. If we are in real earnestness, our body must communicate that earnestness to those who hear us. There is, of course, a large difference between elocution and "yellocution." The precise trouble with the man who yells is that he allows his physical intensity to go beyond either the worth of his thought or the depth of his feeling. On the other hand it is easy to overdo what we call the conversational method of speech. For years the didactic form of delivery has been a habit with many, and this not always to the advantage of the pulpit. Intensity with some smacks of vulgarity. They prefer dulcet tones in a minister, though they will allow a renowned singer to sweep them into furious feeling by a wonderful burst of song!

But spiritual earnestness will pay small heed to the dilettante. The conversational tone is undoubtedly the basis of effective speak-

ing. Yet we know well that the pulpit masters of the century, Brooks, Beecher, Storrs, Simpson, were by no means zephyr-like in their delivery. The fiery spirit captured the body and made it express the spiritual feeling. A great judge said recently that if the clergymen were really engaged in dealing with eternal things, the lifeless speech seemed illy fitted to their business. Even the great conversational speakers, like Wendell Phillips, came directly to the stage where the eye flashed and the voice became a vibrant quiver. The intensity was there even though it was not given forth in mere loudness. No one of us will ever really succeed in preaching unless directly our bodies express the proportion of intellectual and spiritual feeling that command us in our ministrations. There will be times when the Ambassador of God will gently whisper of comfort. There will be other times when he will cry aloud and spare not. Blessed is the minister whose voice and gesture have become the faithful servants of his own inner life. He has solved the problem of a balanced relation between his mind and heart, and his body.

The same call for balance meets the minister in the traditional departments of his working. He may become all Pastor, or all Preacher, or all Administrator, or all Financier. In the average parish the clergyman must touch all these lines of service. His aptitude may draw him almost unconsciously into one of them, to the neglect of the others. His social nature may send him too much from house to house; his intellectual ambition may lead him to remain too long in his study; his executive trend may smother him with details; while his financial keenness may make of him a church banker. The problem again is a problem of symmetry. He must do all of these things; only he must do them in their own time and measure. Two of the departments cannot well be delegated. It may be possible to find some one who will organize and finance the Church. But preaching will become academic unless it gets the human note from close contact with needy and struggling hearts. while pastoral labor will become a vain exercise unless those whom it draws to the public service are fed and stimulated by genuine preaching. It is time for a minister to become uneasy when he hears men, in estimating his work, speak often of but one line. A hearty adjective is sometimes really an accusation.

When one approaches the preparation of sermons, the call is still for balance. If a sermon is all logical, it will inevitably become cold; if all descriptive, it will cloy from its own sweetness; if all narrative, it will become superficial: if all expositional, it will miss those topics that can be found only in the life of today. There

should likewise be the portion in season for the various types of hearers. When a preacher writes his sermons, he should see the faces of his people and should get the message of their need. Nor should he fail to see the little faces. We have no right to expect children in our audiences if our discourses are prepared only for adults. The problem is still one of symmetry. Sermons, like men, may become lop-sided, and they may limp their way without steadiness and uprightness.

When the minister's work turns squarely toward society, there is the like call for balance. The exclusive sociologist is always a failure in the pulpit, while the exclusive individualist always neglects a part of his duty. Examples of the first lack of balance are many in recent years. Direct the clerical sociologist hammers an abstract society and loses his message for the lonely man. He discounts worship and too often he gives too much fellowship to the good Samaritan who has bad personal morals. On the other hand a minister may become so strictly an individualist as to fail in serving the "present age." The grafters in the big city are always free in advice to the clergymen to attend to their own business and to "preach the gospel." No one can long study the ministry of Jesus without noting the perfect balance that He gave to the social and the personal message. He insisted on right conditions of life, and He also insisted on the new heart and the right purpose in the individual. He who follows in the steps of the Great Teacher will not fail of a symmetrical message. He will cleanse the temple of liars and thieves, and he will likewise meet Nicodemus with the demand for personal regeneration.

It is, once more, easy to lose balance in what may be called the moods of preaching. Too often we make our appeal to but a part of the man. Experience will show that nothing is more futile than the effort to reach men solely through their intellects. Experience will show equally that the appeal that is exclusively laughing or tearful will not secure the right moral reaction. Experience will show again that the attempt to pass from the intellectual to the volitional will surely fail. Truth, to be effective, must reach the mind, pass on to the sensibilities, and thence lay its power upon the will. He who trifles with the sacredness of tears is a pulpit montebank, while he who seeks continual laughter as a tribute to his public speech will become a public buffoon. Yet he who is an enemy to wholesome tears or wholesome smiles loses balance in his approach to the human heart. Tears and smiles are of God's appointing, and he who meets them after God's plan does not need to apologize to those whose self-control has become personal iciness!

We all agree that balance is supremely needed when we come to dealing with the various aspects of Christian truth. Whatever may be a man's personal doctrine of hell, his preaching will lose power unless it carries the proper note of penalty. Men still need to be told that God cannot look upon sin with any allowance. He hates it with an infinite hatred. Even when He forgives, penalties abide. He seems utterly unwilling that men should hold any flabby idea of sin. God is not mocked. The harvest still comes from the seed. The real prophet is never the mere teller of soft things. His voice often becomes strident and his gestures stern and imperious. Nor, on the other hand, should we lose from our preaching the vision of heaven. Weary men and women need that vision. It helps them upward. It's towers lure their falling spirits. They long for the beloved who have gone on before them. They find solace in the doctrine of the better world; and that world with it's just rewards for goodness answers to their sense of justice. Still let the minister who preaches of hell keep his feet on the earth, and let him who sees the gates of pearl and the walls of jasper avoid that other-wordliness that loses sight of the life that now is. To balance earth and hell and heaven in one's preaching is a task worthy of supreme conscience and high power.

Much the same may be said concerning specific doctrines. He who directly makes all his preaching focus in a theory of our Lord's second coming becomes unbalanced. He who trounces his audiences each Sunday with a theory of second-blessing holiness will slur some other needed notes of the evangel. The phrase "biblical proportion" may be suggestive here. No man is likely to go wrong who follows the law of scriptural balance. Give to any doctrine of the second coming or the second blessing such proportionate emphasis as the New Testament gives, and you will be saved from unbalanced preaching.

There are many applications that might be made—the balance between the meditative and active, between the ethical and spiritual, between the public and the private. The Bible has more than one sentence that recognizes the problem. It talks of zeal and knowledge, of faith and works, of prayer and deed, as if men were ever prone to go to one extreme or the other. The Old Testament sometimes gives the prayer about coming in and going out, as if indeed the problem were to make and keep the balance between the life of worship and the life of work. The priest's garment was adorned with a bell and a pomegranate in regular order, signifying doubtless the proper profession and the proper fruitfulness. In His written Word God seems to be trying to keep His servants

in the symmetry of living. The word "holiness" originally meant "wholeness." So does God seek to draw men on toward completeness of nature and work. Even as He holds within Himself all the attributes in perfect balance, so does He call us to a ministry that shall be square and level and full.

Inasmuch as preaching points in four directions, the message of the hour may be stated thus:

Our work should express the man, the whole man and nothing but the man. It should declare the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It should proclaim the Christ, the whole Christ, and nothing but the Christ. It should reach the people, all the people, and only the people. If it does all this, we may be sure that it will please the only God who is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

And Destroy Jesus

By REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

Before I read my text I would be very glad indeed if you would listen carefully to two or three verses of scripture. The 27th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, beginning with the 19th verse.

May God bless to us this portion of His own Word.

In order that you may pray intelligently in this service, permit me to say that it is my hope before we reach the close of the service that many of you who have been living unsatisfactory Christian lives, some of you who realize that possibly you have lost the power that once was yours, perhaps a few who know in their heart of hearts that they have been losing the old time vision and have lost the power that always goes with the vision of His face, it is my sincere and earnest desire, my purpose as I preach to so work as the Spirit of God may lead me that at the close of this service there may be those of you who would be willing to say August 28th, 1913, I dedicated myself anew to Christ. August 28th, 1913, I gave myself to Him as never before. Therefore may I ask you to pray as I preach, that God may bring this to pass for His glory.

My text is to me the most startling and striking. I have already read it in your hearing. The 27th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, a part of the 20th verse: "And destroy Jesus."

I read of a boy the other day who killed his mother. I remember what the editor of the newspaper said about that boy, and I remember how I shuddered as I read the awful story. But the text of this evening takes hold of me in a more remarkable way. "And destroy Jesus."

I read of a young man in one of the southern cities who struck his father in the face. The father fell upon the street, was picked up and carried into a near-by building and all but died of a broken heart, and as I read the story I said to myself, "What an awful thing to strike the father who really brought him into the world,

made his existence possible; but when I read the story I had no such feeling as I had the other evening when I was reading this 27th chapter of St. Matthew and suddenly came upon this sentence, "And destroy Jesus." Only three words. And yet if these three words had been realized we would have had no such service as this this evening, we would have had no such singing as we have had in this auditorium, we would have had no such prayer as fell from Dr. Morgan's lips, when as he prayed we could all but hear him calling and pleading with the Spirit of God that we should turn to Christ and dedicate our lives anew to Him. We would not have the comforts of our home. We would not have the sanctity of friendship. "And destroy Jesus." We would lose the highest ideal for living. To me the text is simply dreadful. "And destroy Jesus."

There are so many dark nights pictured in the Bible, the Old Testament and the New. For example that night when Jacob wrestled with the angel of the Lord, and struggled to be free, and finally when the angel of the Lord touched the hollow of his thigh and the thigh is out of joint, he limps away from the angel's embrace, and comes into the light of the glorious victory. And that other dark night in the New Testament, when Jesus was alone in the wilderness, save for the angels' company and the presence of His father, and endured it all for you and for me. And that other dark night in His history, when in the Garden of Gethsemane He sweat as it were great drops of blood, and He cried, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me." And then that dark night in the history of the disciples of Jesus, when He gazes into the face of Judas and says, "What thou doest do quickly." And Judas rises from the table and passes out. And as you see Him standing there alone in the midnight darkness you have a picture of the man in the New Testament who was really and truly forsaken of God, and when you see Him put the rope around His neck, swing himself out from the base, and the rope breaks, and his body falls away, and his body breaks as it falls, and his bowels gush out, you have the illustration of that text which declares that the wages of sin is death. Judas is the perfect illustration. And then that darkness upon the cross, when the sun cannot pierce the clouds, and when through the darkness we hear Him saying, "Eloi, Eloi, la-ma sa-bach-tha-ni." "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

But all these nights are as nothing compared with the night which would be yours and mine were the text true. "And destroy Jesus." And they thought they had destroyed Him. So did that great noted infidel when he prophesied the failure of religion, and said the Bible would be an obsolete book in twenty-five

years, and almost exactly where he made the prophecy the Young Men's Christian Association stands to-day. So do the unchristian critics of the Bible think they have destroyed it when they announce that these prophecies are false, that the stories are meaningless, that this cross is but an incident in His life. But while they say the Bible is gone the Bible Associations were never so busy printing Bibles as during the past year, and they will be busier in the year to come, and the Old Book is to-day the best loved, the most hated, and the most widely read book ever produced since reading first began.

They scourged Him until you could not put your fingers down on a spot on His back that was not bleeding. They nailed Him to His cross. They passed by and saw Him suffering. They sneered when He said "I thirst." They heard Him cry, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" They heard Him say, "It is finished." Then they hurried away to the city to say, "He is dead." Is He? Go around the world and see. Stop in Rescue Missions and see. Visit churches and see. Go down into the slums where He has gone before you and see. Go into Bible Conferences like Northfield and Winona and see. IS HE? There never has been a time in all the world's history when Jesus Christ was so truly alive as this day. They thought they had destroyed Him.

There are two classes of people in this audience this evening. You may choose the flesh, and if not you choose the spirit. You may choose the pure, and if not you will take the impure. You may choose the good, and if not you will take the evil. You may choose God, and if not you will take His great adversary. So I put the question to you this evening, where are you standing? And I ask you to look deep down in your heart and answer this question, are you with Jesus Christ, or are you against Him?

As I go along in my message there is one man in this story that you must remember and think about, and that is the man whom we know as Pilate: He had a wonderful opportunity. Of all the men of his day he had the greatest opportunity. He could have stood for Jesus when the mob was against him. He could have stood by His side when the whole world seemed to have forsaken Him. He could have gone himself to the cross to be crucified, and had he done so we would have spoken his name to-night with pathos, and as I had spoken it to you you would have all but impressed into the church which he was almost a disciple of. But I think he represents a spirit which we find in our land, and in all lands to-day. First, a spirit that affects friendship. Pilate said, "What shall I

do with Jesus?" As if he would befriend Him, and yet was not willing to stand for Him in the presence of the multitude. Like many men to-day who say kind things about the church and kind things about the cross, but say them with their lips and not with their hearts. He represents that spirit that would compromise, as for example when he says, "What evil hath He done?" Like the man who says to-day that the church is great, that the Bible is the only Book, and Jesus Christ was a great man. He represents that spirit that transfers responsibility, as he stoops down and washes his hands but said, "Take ye Him and crucify Him, for I find no fault in Him." Like the man of to-day who says it is a great thing to be a Christian but it is not for him. If it is right for his wife and children why should he shift the responsibility? And Pilate is still washing his hands.

You remember that great book which came across the sea from Germany, bearing an introduction by George McDonald, "Letters from Hell"; and in that strange German book there is a picture of Pilate. He is in the lost world, stooping down by what seems to be a running stream, he is dipping his hands in, until at last some one touches him on the shoulder and says, "What are you doing?" and he cries out, "Will they never be clean? Will they never be clean?" Listen. They never can, they never will. And so will it be with the man who compromises and does not cry for mercy, who fails to bow in penitence before the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour.

Have you ever noticed the progress of unbelief as you studied the New Testament, especially in its relationship with Jesus? First they were indifferent to him. They took no notice of Him as they passed by. Secondly, they ridiculed Him. They said, "Is not this the carpenter's son?" Thirdly, they were angry with Him. They took up stones with which to stone Him. And then in quick succession we have the betraying of Jesus, the arrest of the Master, the false trial, the crucifixion, and we have their shouts of satisfaction. They thought they had destroyed Jesus. And as unbelief progressed in the New Testament, in the story of Jesus and His relation to man, so it does to individuals in these modern days. First, men are indifferent. I do not see how they can be indifferent.

I was greatly interested in the Hillside Service this evening. Jones took hold of my heart. I have preached about Jesus Christ a long time myself, but somehow it seemed to me as if yonder in the deepening shadows I saw Him again as never before.

How could you be indifferent to Him when He left all the

glories of heaven for the shame of earth? When He comes to bring peace and power, life and joy, strength in the place of weakness? But men always begin with indifference. Then follows criticism, and from criticism they go to agnosticism, and from agnosticism to violent unbelief, and from violent unbelief to the darkness of despair.

If you have been indifferent to Him, if you have arrested Him, if you have turned from Him, if to-night your heart is hardened, oh, hear me when I say, "To-day if ye will hear His voice," if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart and destroy Jesus.

Would not unbelief have a hard time to destroy Jesus? Would it not be a great task? How it would have to go to all art and literature, and into many homes, and millions of hearts. But how many there would be arise to defend the Son of God. Think of the men who have been saved. How Hadley would have gone to His defense. Think of your old father and your beautiful mother; think of the people who have passed through sorrow, when their hearts were breaking and their tears were falling so that they could not see who was standing a foot away from them. He was near, saying, "I will never leave thee," "I will never forsake thee."

When I was in Western Australia one of the Methodist ministers said to me, "There came into our western city a young farmer who appeared to be prosperous. He had scarcely begun his career when he was stricken down with paralysis. At last he could only move one finger, and his eyes the least bit, and by means of the one finger and the expression of his eyes, and the use of a little tin plate with letters around it he could make his wishes known to his friends. He died last week, and when the doctor came to say he was going, his old mother, who had been by his side through all the years of disappointment, leaned over to him and whispered this in his ear. She said, "Edward, your mother's heart is breaking. She wants you to tell her this for her comfort, 'Is Jesus near you?' and tell her this, 'Are you afraid?'" By the motion of his eyes she knew that he wanted that simple little tin plate. She put it down where he could put his finger upon it, and then with tremendous efort he moved the finger about the letters. This is what he said, "I am not" and then he went on to spell, "I am not afraid," "He is by my side," and then he slipped away. There are thousands like that old mother by whose side Jesus Christ has stood when the sun has seemed to stop its shining, when the stars have seemed to be hid, when no friend on earth seemed to be near. Could they try to destroy Him?

You may remember how some little time ago in Germany a certain theological professor made the statement that Jesus was a myth, and you may remember how the people in Germany arose to assert their faith. How in the city of Berlin they went into a wonderful theatre holding 5,000 or 6,000 people, how ministers appeared and spoke, and the people cheered, and how the twenty thousand people outside the building made their way across the city to the Cathedral. And when the Cathedral service in the afternoon had closed they insisted upon passing into the building, and they passed in, and a religious representative of the company preached a great sermon, and then the people inside the Cathedral and ten thousand people outside the Cathedral sang "A mighty fortress is our God." No, they cannot destroy Jesus, my Saviour, who abides in my heart, and lives in my home, and dwells in the church, and stoops to lift up the fallen, and bends down to wipe away the tears of the suffering.

"Jesus, sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus."

You cannot destroy Him by attacking Him. I will tell you why. He has a strange way of answering people. He came to His own and they rejected Him. He said, "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often have I gathered you." He came to the world and it rejected Him, and yet He stood outside the city of Jerusalem and watched the crowds of people coming through the fields and halted men bowing beneath heavy burdens, women old before their time, children working beyond their strength, and to the world that hated Him he stretched forth His hands and said, with infinite pathos, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

You cannot destroy Him by crucifying Him. Nail Him to the cross, fasten him to the implement of torture, and hear Him say: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." They nailed Him to the cross, but they never destroyed Him. They nailed Him to the cross, but by the way of Calvary the lost and ruined may go home.

And they cannot destroy Him by placing Him in the tomb. I tried to imagine the other day in my home what those three days were like. From the time when they placed Him in the manger cradle until on Calvary's cross He said it was finished. The Lord was really wonderful. The lame saw Him and leaped like the hart.

People brought their sick and deformed, and He rebuked the devils, and sent them back to their homes rejoicing. What a wonderful picture of Jesus. I wonder what those three days were like; just as I wonder what that expression means in Rev. 8:1, "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour." What was it like? And suddenly the three days are up. There is a commotion in the air, the stone is moving, all the enemies of Jesus Christ in the world could not have kept it back.

I heard Dr. Gordon say once at Northfield, we sang a hymn "Lo, in the grave He lay," and then the other verse, "He tore the bars away, Jesus my Lord." Dr. Gordon said: "He did nothing of the sort. Put a man in prison, let him tear the bars away and escape and the law can put its hand upon him and put him back. Let him stay in prison until he has fulfilled all the penalties of the law and no law can put him back on the old charge." And the time was up for Jesus, and He came forth, and He lives. And, you know, I think the sweetest text in the Bible is this—there are those in this audience who ought to hear it—I know it by the look of your eye: "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

You cannot destroy Him, but you can hinder Him. As they did in the olden days, He could do no mighty works because of their unbelief. You can hurt Him. They stoned Him with stones. Then there is a text which says they took up stones again with which to stone Him. You can hurt Him by your inconsistency, by your worldliness, by your impatience, by your insincerity. I can hurt Him in the pulpit if I sound a false note concerning the cross on Calvary and the deity of my Saviour. Listen a moment. There has never been a time when men should ring true to Jesus Christ as there is to-day. And if we ring true to Him the work we could do would be marvelous. Let me tell you something. You can defend Him by the life you live and the work you do. There have been some wonderful experiences here at Winona. I remember going the first time to the Indian Mound with George McGregor. I can hear that sainted man speak now, calling us to surrender and I can see hundreds of men upon their knees. Those were wonderful times. I can see F. B. Meyer leading us into the depths of consecrated Christian living. But to-night might be more wonderful. We can defend Him by the lives we live, and the works we do.

On the 17th of May, in the City of New York we had a great street demonstration. Twelve thousand people marched. The most

remarkable thing about the whole marching procession was this: there were about three sight seeing motor cars packed full of men and women and children. One of them was the Judge of the Court of Appeals. The last one was a ragged street boy, and on the side of the motor cars stretched this writing, "These people have all been saved from burning buildings by firemen of the City of New York," and then back of these sight seeing cars marched the men who had saved them, with medals upon them, and as they came down hundreds of thousands of people saw them and cheered them. It was marvelous. But I know something better. For us to walk with Him in these days and realize that with Him we are helping to save the lost, that with Him we are helping to lift up the fallen, that with Him we are struggling with those who cannot struggle back by themselves, leading them away from the awful vortex that has drawn them from their best manhood, and assisting them to regain character and true nobility. This is indeed a most exalted privilege.

We can defend Him by the lives we live and the work we do (I do not want to appeal to your emotions, I try to do very little of that in these days) and by the death you die you could defend Him, but you will die as you live.

Now listen a moment. In one of the western cities an old sea captain who had crossed the Pacific Ocean at least fifty times resigned his position, and being an earnest Christian he devoted all of his time to helping other people. He strove to lead them to Christ, and especially gave his efforts to help sailors. He came into the hospital one day and the matron in charge said, "Captain, at the last cot yonder is an old sailor, and he is not long for this world," and he marched down between the cots, and as he came nearer he saw around the cot a number of little flags, as if the sailor had gone back to the days of his childhood and had decorated his cot with the flags of many colors. He found the old sailor had served under him in the old days, and he said, "Man, what do these mean?" And the sailor said: "Captain, have you forgotten how to use the signals? Don't you know how to read flags?" "I am a bit rusty," replied the captain, "if I had the book I could read." "Well, Captain, if you have forgotten I will tell you what the flags say. They say this: 'The ship is all ready to sail' and 'She is waiting for orders.' Captain," said he, "I know Christ, one day He will come for me." Listen to me this evening. I offer you Jesus Christ. Some of you have never known Him. I plead with you to-night—take Him. Take Him because He will bring into your life what sin has taken out, and more. Take Him because He will put His arms around about you and hold you so that you cannot slip. Only take Him. I plead with you, take

Him now. I may never ask you again to come to Christ. Take Him now.

I close my message by doing what I said in the beginning I would do. I make a plea with all the strength that God has given me; and with all the pathos that He can put into anybody's voice. I make this plea. If you have lost your vision, if you are shorn of power, if you have got a smiling face but an aching heart, if you are going through the service in a formal way without effect—Listen! If your life is not right I plead with you to make a full surrender. I do not preach to men who are older than myself. I do not give my message to ministers at whose feet I might well sit and learn. But I speak to the young ministers who are just starting their ministerial career, I speak to you. August 28th, 1913, yield to Him. "Not my will but thine be done." Remember it is said that when you yield you cannot take the gift back, and remember this, as you bow your hearts you can give everything. Everything. There is not a minister in this audience this evening but what if God controlled all his life the man would be wonderful, not because of any personal strength, but because of Christ. Take Him and take Him now. I plead with you, take Him now.

You cannot destroy Jesus but you can hinder Him, and you can hurt Him. But you can also bind Him up. God help you to do this to-night.

I want to ask you to bow your heads in prayer, everybody in the building bow your heads a moment in prayer. I am going to ask Gipsy Smith to offer prayer. I want to ask you this. Every one of you in this building this evening who would like to say, "I want my life from August 28th, 1913, to count for God as never before, to count for Christ as it never has in the past, and so far as I know my own heart I yield myself to Christ for service, for sacrifice, for anything that would please Him,and I will put this down in my Bible, 'August 28th, 1913, dear Lord, I give myself to thee" and sign your name. Our heads are bowed, men are not looking at us, but God is, and if you would like to say it this night, that 'He shall have my life as never before' you can rise and sit right down again.

While our heads are bowed (and we will keep our heads bowed for a moment) I will ask Dr. Dickey and Dr. Biederwolf if I may do a thing that I know will help somebody in this audience this evening. I want every minister in this audience who can say deep down in his heart, "I will yield myself to Christ for service as never before; I will ask Him to use me as never before; and so far as I know my own heart and life I take my hands off as never before;

and although I may have had a hundred consecrations, this night shall be special, August 28th, 1913," and I will be the first one to kneel on that. And I want to ask every minister in this audience who feels that it would help him, and bless him, and strengthen him, while our heads are bowed, just rise. Do not do it unless the spirit of God lays it on your heart. Every minister in this building who wants to say, "I want that, with all my heart, I want it."

Note: Several hundred ministers rose at the invitation, and came down to the front. Gypsy Smith stepped down to a reporter's table and clasped the hand of a brother on each side of him, and the ministers each clasped the hand of the brother minister next to him, and they all stood thus with bowed heads while Gypsy Smith led in a wonderful prayer of consecration.

Recent Discoveries in Bible Lands

By PROFESSOR CAMDEN M. COBERN, D. D., LITT. D.

I have just had passed through the audience pieces of papyrus, to show you the way our Bible was written. The manuscripts of the Greek testament were all written on papyrus. This is in small pieces; I did not dare to send the large pieces through the audience. These are papyri which I got in the Fayoum in Egypt this last winter.

Yesterday I was not able to finish up my Kadesh-barnea experience as I wanted to. There were certain things found there which throw considerable light upon the Bible. I have a question, however, which I must first answer. It is in relation to preachers preaching these new things to their congregations, and I will stop long enough to say that I want to urge upon our ministers to preach the truth. I will never believe that God Almighty is better pleased with error than with truth. I believe the Christian church is built on the truth. I believe the laymen are hungry to get the new truth: they know something has happened and they want to know what it is. I believe if a person has the spirit of evangelism in his soul he can preach any truth without hurting his folk, and the greatest hurt, I believe, does not come from teaching new truth about the Bible but the greatest hurt comes when we parents and pastors so teach the Bible to the children that it has to be unlearned when they go to the college or the Theological Seminary and find what the truth is. God's word is complete and is His true Word. Truth is going to be as eternal as the stars.

We have been talking about Arab life. These Arabs are near relatives of the Hebrews and the only ones in existence, and that ought to make us glad to get in touch with them. There are one or two incidents I want to tell you about. Every night almost we would exchange stories. I will never forget the night when I told these people the story of Jael and Sisera. They never dreamt it was out of the Bible. Then the question came up after I had told them that there was a family of Bedouin Arabs in the distant past that had become allied to the Hebrew nation, and when these He-

brew people came into Palestine they got to fighting their enemies, and one day the husband of Jael and perhaps her sons were off in the army fighting Sisera and the enemies of Israel, and they defeated them, but Sisera fled and as he came exhausted and almost ready to die in sight of this black goat-hair tent where this family lived on the borders of Israel, she, the woman, called to him and said, "Come in" and when he came in she gave him sour milk and she took care of him so far as food was concerned, and when he lay down to sleep she took the tent-pin and the hammer and nailed it into his temple and killed him. I said, "Was it right?" I will never forget the argument that sprang up among them. It ran something like this. One young fellow said, "Right! of course it was not right: the law of hospitality was violated; it was an awful thing, after having given food to that man, then to kill him." Then an older man spoke and said, "It was all right for the woman but it would have been wrong for a man: she was doing it for her husband, she thought perhaps her husband and sons would be killed, if she did not slay the chief. She could not kill him with the spear because she was not a man, so she took the only weapon a woman has, her tongue, and brought him in and killed him; it was all right for the woman but would have been wrong for a man." Then the older man finally spoke and said, "I think it would have been right for either woman or man. There are two laws, the law of hospitality and the law of blood alliance and when you have sworn blood fealty then the law of hospitality must fall before this higher duty." Was that not well said?

I told them the story of the good Samaritan. Remember, these Arabs had never heard it. Remember they are away off in the desert and never heard the precious wonderful story as it came from Jesus. O, you people who sometimes say you doubt whether this Book is a revelation from God! I tell you it is a revelation NOW of truth never dreamed of by the human soul whenever you get outside of the current where Christianity has made the great story known. So when I told that story you should have seen the looks on their faces. They said, "This is good to our ears." Once in another place when it was told, a white bearded Arab rose up upon his staff, with his white beard sweeping down upon his breast, and he looked at the speaker and said, "Once I was young and now I am old but the like of a story such as that I never heard before in my life; I will never question this Book again for only God would ever think of treating an enemy like that." So much for the stories of the Arabs.

I have helped you now into the very heart of the Arab so that you might get their thought and feeling, and remember they need

Jesus and they are ready to take the gospel when the gospel is preached to them so they can understand it. A sweet thing happened that has a bearing on the Oriental spirit, which I must relate to you. I had with me the Rev. Mr. Lane, one of my students in college. He was treating his camel boy very beautifully; he always divided up his sandwiches and oranges with him. The camel boy never heard of such a thing. He grew to love this dear young brother. I told you about the heat we met down at Kadesh-barnea. In the middle of the day we would try to get our heads under a rock so we might lie for thirty minutes without this awful heat burning down upon us. This day we had managed to find a rock and we were all lying down in the middle of the day with our heads in that shade. Mr. Lane had gone to sleep a little after he had done some kind act for the camel boy. When he awakened he saw the camel boy was making a little pile of stones on the desert sands, and he said, "What are you doing?" and the little boy showed him that underneath this pile of stones which he had built there was the covering that had been around the orange that he had given him, and on this cover he had made a mark for the name of this man, James Lane, and he was building a monument to him on the sand. I would rather have a monument of love built of pebbles and stones on the desert of Mt. Sinai with my name under it and representing human benevolence and Christian sympathy than the biggest monument that could be put up in Greenwood cemetery. These Arabs appreciate kindness. They want to know the truth as it is in Christ, and they will be brought to Christ when men like that, who show the Christ spirit, go to them.

And now we come once more to Kadesh-barnea. In the first place we ought to get the relation between Kadesh-barnea and Edom. You remember when the children of Israel came to these springs that they sent word to the king of Edom saying, "Let us go through your country," and he said, "You shall not come not even if you pay for your passage." Did you realize that just north of Kadesh-barnea there is a great mass of mountains and only one pass through it and that is a natural gateway which could be defended by 500 men against 5,000? The king of Edom said, "You cannot pass through and you shall not do it," and they did not do it. In the second place, have you it in your minds perfectly clear concerning these springs at Kadesh-barnea? there are no other springs like them in all these 10,000 square miles of the Sinai peninsula, excepting only those at Wady Feiran, the springs won by the Israelites at the battle of Rephidim. Here are these three springs at Kadesh-barnea. One has gone dry, the spring from which I suppose the Israelites

took water until there came a time when the water gave out, and then they cried out because of their thirst, and then Jehovah said to Moses, "Strike the rock and you shall have the water," and he struck the rock twice. He struck it twice because, I suppose, in his judgment once was not enough—that is, I suppose to strike it once meant one spring and twice two springs; and those two springs are there, and the only ones, except this Wady Feiran, where you can bathe, and we bathed there, and it was only after the battle of Rephidim that the Israelites were told to wash their clothes, it was the only place they could do it except this place where they camped for the thirty-seven years. There are signs of artificial construction around these springs, and when Henry Clay Trumbull went there forty years ago he found limestone sarcophagi or troughs close up to those springs. Now they are gone. What does that mean? the modern Arabs do not make artificial constructions like that, and they broke up even the ones that had been there. That means, I suppose, that those springs were cared for anciently by a people better civilized than the modern Bedouin. We found that around these springs were great plains that had been used for agriculture in the ancient time. You can find the boundary lines still there, and traces of that ancient agriculture. It means that there could have been crops there in the days when Israel stayed at Kadesh-barnea, and the law on Mt. Sinai concerning agriculture might have been enforced first of all at Kadesh-barnea.

Finally, this explains a text that has not been explained before. In 1896 Dr. Petrie found at Karnak, Egypt, a text written by Menephtah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus. The Pharaoh of the Exodus did not die in the Red Sea: remember, the prose narrative does not say he died. It is in a Psalm where it says, "Pharaoh and his army perished in the sea." That is poetic license just as we should say, "Queen Victoria and her army were defeated by the Boers." This Pharaoh of the Exodus did not perish in the Red Sea. Afterwards he made this text in which he tells how he raided Palestine, pacified the Hittite country and destroyed Canaan, that he captured Ashkalon and moved to the east and captured Gezer, and then it says, "Israel is lost, its crops are destroyed." That is the only place where Israel is mentioned in the old text. At Kadesh-barnea we actually found the place where the old caravan route came down from Palestine through Edom through this one natural gateway, down through Kadesh-barnea fields towards Egypt. It is the old caravan route, and those Egyptians could not have gotten home by that route without going over the crops of Israel around this spring. It says, "Israel is lost." I told you that only three or

four parties in 800 years had been able to find this oasis. It is down in the desert. You cannot see it at five minutes distance. This Egyptian raiding party of Menephtah surely did not find it, or finding it, they learned that the Israelites had scattered through the mountains, and was "lost." However, the Egyptians did pass through the crops and destroyed them. So much for that, and I close that part of the discussion by saying that when you get to Mt. Sinai and examine the route, it is just as Dr. Hoskins says, that the Bible narrative fits the facts "as a key fits its own lock." The narrative and the "route" cannot be duplicated any place else in the world because all of that country has been surveyed accurately, and day by day we noticed the Bible narrative was exactly according to the facts as we found them on the journey itself.

One other point! The Israelites were not outside altogether of the scheme of civilization or out of touch with it while in the Sinaitic peninsula. You can see Egypt from Mt. Sinai. One day's journey from the port of Tor on a swift dromedary brings you to Mt. Sinai itself. They might have gone by quick caravan in thirty days from the land of Goshen into the Land of Promise, but they were not prepared for it, and when after a year of training they still showed their lack of faith and preparation then for nearly forty years they wandered in this awful desert being made a people, being made over, typical of new birth that must come to every nation that becomes a new nation, and to every heart that becomes a new heart—they had to wander until a new people could go out into the land. Here is the old caravan route. There are the turquoise mines that the Bedouin men still work, that the Egyptians worked, within 100 years of the time of the Exodus. The Israel route passes right by an old temple dedicated to Hathor—that is the Egyptian name for the goddess of Palestine, corresponding to the goddess Astarte that we hear so much of in the Bible. What is the symbol representing this goddess Hathor in the wilderness? It is a calf. Naville, who was at the head of this Egyptian Fund, actually found this goddess in her own sanctuary unmutilated. You know the calf was not Apis, it was not an Egyptian god but an old Semitic god. The god of their ancestors had been imaged by this symbol of nourishment, or by the bull which was the symbol of abundant and creative life; so the golden calf was but the image of Jehovah unto these peoples. So Jeroboam when he split off from Solomon's son and went to the north, put up two calves; it was not the heathen worship or Elijah would have rebelled; not heathen or they would not have held feasts to Jehovah; they were images to Jehovah. What does that mean? It means that Moses, this tremendous person-

ality standing out in the ages like a mighty colossus, because of the breath of the Almighty in him was able to teach these people what their fathers did not know, that there was one absolute pure God who was imageless, and there could be no image to represent Him.

I pass in the next few minutes to what we found in Egypt. We dug up these pre-dynastic graves. The greatest excitement that ever came to my life, and will ever come to it probably, was when I came to that pre-dynastic grave which I discovered and was all alone, and then found beautiful things absolutely perfect; they had never been cracked, broken or nicked. I found this wonderful beautiful bowl that dropped down into my hands, reaching back 5,500 years or more. It had never been seen for over 5,000 years until my eyes looked upon it. The earliest men ever found in Egypt show the same heart power and religious instinct that they do to-day. What do we learn from these pre-dynastic graves? In the first place they had fire already. We found some kilns there; they were used for the drying of grain; they did not simply have fire but wheat which they cultivated, and some woman away back in that far distant day discovered the art of baking bread: what an advance to civilization that was! It seems to me a monument to her ought to be erected on some great mountain top of the earth's surface, to the woman whose name we do not know who advanced civilization by making the first loaf of bread. We found tools and bones of domestic animals, works of art, and this beautiful bowl which could go upon the table to-day as a center piece. Why did they put that bowl in that grave? It was a religious instinct. They wanted this dead man to take the best they had. It was just the same as if you should put all the treasure you have into the tomb with your wife or child or father: the most precious thing they had ever seen they put there. It meant that this one was going into the other world. They did believe in God and they did believe in immortality, and although they had never heard a word of the Bible they did believe there was some one who would care for them. When we came to the fourth dynasty, the dynasty of the pyramids, we opened many tombs, and we found when they buried the dead they buried them with the knees doubled up toward the north, lying on the left side; the body was doubled somewhat as a child is doubled as it comes into the earth. I suppose it also expressed a hope they had in the future. When we came down to the twelfth dynasty, in one of those graves we found an amethyst necklace, the amethysts as beautifully cut as Tiffany of New York cuts them, and this belonged to the wife of a chancellor of that period. It was four feet long. Beautiful things they found and things that speak of quick

developing power in that ancient era, where we can see a beautiful climax of art, and see this power of religion in full bloom.

The best thing I did myself was to dig in the jackal cemetery. There were hundreds of thousands of jackals buried there. One day I went in alone with simply one Arab to hold a candle, and here were great tunnels full of jackals, four feet deep and above them only about two or three feet of space in which you could crawl, and examining these sacred skeletons buried so religiously by the ancient heathen. Then we uncovered that sacred Ibis cemetery, where we found the symbol; Ibis, the most sacred bird of ancient time. In this cemetery they were mumified and covered with as beautiful garments as any princess ever wore, with needlework as fine as upon any garment here. The hieroglyphic "Ibis" means "soul" and has to do with the future life and resurrection. The jackal was the sacred animal of Anubis, the path-finder of the soul in its journey to the Future World. In that same country if you find the track of the jackal in the desert you can get home by following it and so they believed they could get safely into the future life and immortality if Anubis, the jackal god, carried them.

Now, get this last point! All the religious teaching of that day was in pictorial language, and that is true of the Bible. When the writer talks of God's walking and talking, He does not have any feet or lips; when he speaks of His writing, He is pure spirit and does not have any fingers; and when he speaks of His making man out of the dust he also says that every baby is created out of dust: this is pictorial language, and, thank God! it is just as true as any writing by some philosopher in abstract language. There we found the frog goddess connected with the resurrection, and one day I obtained a Christian lamp with a frog on it and under the frog written in Greek, "I am the resurrection." Read the Bible with open mind to get the exact meaning which it had through the Holy Spirit in the minds of the men who spoke it with Oriental lips, and in the ears of the people who listened with Oriental ears, and you will never get away from its true meaning; whether the language be pictorial or literary the teaching was new to the people who heard it, it was true to them and it is to-day and will be so forever. When the stars fall like rotten figs it will still remain eternally true.

The Atonement

By REV. WILLIAM E. BIEDERWOLF, D. D.

(Preached at the Hillside)

(Copyright by William E. Biederwolf)

"Once in the end of the age hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." Hebrew 9:26.

I'm going to talk to you to-night about the atonement of Jesus Christ the central doctrine of the Christian faith, the temple of God's religion whose foundation is laid in the eternal purpose of the Father and whose pinnacle flashes in the light of uncreated glory.

The latest attempt to discredit the Christian faith and to explode the whole system of Christian doctrine has just been made in Germany. They can hatch out more deviltry along this line over there than in most all the rest of the civilized world together. This time one of them starts out to prove that no such person as Jesus ever existed. Well, it takes a pretty brave man to fly in the face of what we know like that. But it only goes to show that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." He might as well try to argue the sun out of the sky.

A historian is mighty careful to tell the truth; that's his business. Tacitus lived right after Christ, and a long paragraph passage he tells about Him and says He was put to death by a decree of Pontius Pilate. The infidels and atheists and godless unbelievers of later time worked their gray matter into brain storms trying to prove this celebrated passage unauthentic. But Edward Gibbon, one of their own number, the great scholar of the Roman empire, said, "Boys, it's no use; the passage stands every test; it's as genuine as any passage ever penned."

Publius Lentulus in a letter to the Roman Senate describes Jesus as "a man of stature somewhat tall, his hair, the color of a chestnut fully ripe, plain to the ears, whence downward it is more orient, curling and waving about the shoulders; his forehead plain and very delicate; his beard thick; in color like his hair, his eyes, gray, quick and clear."

Two thousand years ago they led this man out to die. His death warrant was found by the French Army, written on brass plate and signed by John Zorobabel, Raphael Robani, Daniel Roboni and Capet.

This is the man of whom the text says, "Once in the end He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifices of Himself." That sentence at once surrounds the death of Christ with a peculiar and distinctive significance.

Other men have laid down their lives for the truth; other men have been stoned and beaten and crucified by the Godless gang, but never has been said and never could be said of any other that he put away sin by the death he died.

Paul says, that He who knew no sin was made to be sin, or as the original puts it—made to be a sin offering—an offering for sin—in our behalf.

The death of Christ has some relation to sin such as no other death ever had.

A fellow told John Newton he couldn't see the atonement in the scriptures and Newton told him he didn't want to see it. Some birds shut their eyes whenever the light shines, and some men are just like them.

> "The owlet, atheism
> Sailing on obscene wings across the noon
> Drops his blue fringed lids and shuts them close,
> And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
> Cries out, 'Where is it?'"

Now it's mighty important that you be right on this subject; if you are not it means to be lost forever. I don't mean to say that any human mind can fully grasp it, but if you'll lift your eyelids of prejudice and false teaching, you'll see enough light to bring you into right relations with God through the cross where Christ put away your sin by the sacrifice of Himself.

WHAT ATONEMENT MEANS

Now what do we mean by the atonement?

What does atonement mean? It's a very ancient word, and means "at-one-ment"; it means the reconciliation of those who have been separated. So Shakespeare in "Richard III" makes Buckingham say to the Queen:

"Aye, madame; he desires to make atonement between the Duke of Gloster and your brother."

And so the atonement of Jesus Christ was God's plan to bring about a reconciliation between Himself and the sinners of the world. You've got to begin with sin. Make light of that and the cross comes a tragedy, and the word of God from Genesis to Revelation a mess of meaningless jargon.

Mrs. Eddy says, "Man is incapable of sin"—Yes, she does; she says it on page 471 of the 164th edition. But John says, "If we say we have not sinned we make God a liar." And so of course Christian Science is without an atonement.

When man denies the Atonement do you know what he does? He does four things.

MEN WHO DENY ATONEMENT

1. He flies in the face of the written word of Almighty God. From Genesis to Revelation, the Atonement runs through like the scarlet thread through all the cordage of the British navy. Take the Atonement out of the Blessed Book, and as a resolution of the problem of life it's of no more value than a last year's almanac.

2. He denies the testimony of the world's history. You try to write the history and leave out Jesus Christ as the atoning son of God and see where you come out. Hume tried to and so did Gibbon, and they couldn't account for the world's mighty strides of civilization.

3. He controverts the testimony of the universal instinct of the human soul. Expiation through vicarious sacrifice runs like a golden cord through all history, all poetry, all prose and song; you can see it in Thor's hammer, in Brahma's wounded foot, in the cry of Promethus bound, and everywhere.

4. He flies in the face of all reason and sense.

Now let me say this, I know the infidel arguments that are put up against the doctrine of the atonement. I've read them all, and I have yet to find the first argument of common sense and reason.

I say, Mr. Infidel, what are your objections to the atonement?

ATONEMENT NECESSARY

1. "Well," he says, "it wasn't necessary. What's the need of Christ suffering? If God is love and full of goodness, why can't a man just confess his wrong and be forgiven, just as an earthly father forgives his child without demanding satisfaction as the payment of a penalty?"

"God," he says, "ought to be as merciful as man." Well you talk nonsense when you talk like that.

Now listen to me. Some of the great Christian writers on the Atonement hesitate to say that God couldn't have devised another way to save us. I don't. God says it was necessary for Jesus to die and that settles it for me. "Christ must needs have suffered," the Bible says; and I don't believe God would ever have allowed Him to suffer so, I don't believe He ever would have let the Godless gang spit in His face and the howling mob smite Him; He never would have allowed His blessed Son to stagger along the Via Dolorosa underneath the weight of the mighty cross they tied upon His bleeding back fresh from the scourging of the Roman Governor until tired and exhausted he stumbled and fell, and they cursed Him and smote Him and cried, "Ha, ha," and when they came to the place where they hurried Him down on the cross and I can see the spikes as they go into the flesh, one into His right hand and another into His left, and a third through both His feet and I don't believe God would ever have let them do it if He could have saved the world by a method less costly. It was necessary.

Why can't God forgive like an earthly parent? For three reasons:

1. If He were nothing more than a father, He's got a mighty big family and He must deal with each member of it in a way to protect them all.

2. He's more than a Father. He's a moral governor and He's got to have concern for the rectitude of His government. The interest of the universe is at stake.

Suppose you set up an earthly court on that principle and all hell would turn loose on the state.

3. God is a righteous and a holy being as well as a loving one. And He's got to act in harmony with ALL the essential attributes of His divine character. And the Atonement instead of belittling the mercy of God magnifies it, because what in His righteousness and justice He exacts, in His fatherly love He provides. You've got to keep the whole character of God in mind in dealing with these questions.

2. "Well," but says the old infidel again, "I can't see how the suffering of Christ can expiate guilty man's sin, so God can let him go free. I don't believe in substitution."

Yes, you say you don't believe in it, and yet it don't offend your sense of justice very much when you see it take place in human affairs. I might tell you it's God's business and not yours, but I won't.

Now listen to me, and I'll help you to see if you've got anything to see it with. But don't flaunt your little persimmon intellect in the face of God, because there are divine depths that human plummets can not sound.

When a rebellious sinner shakes his puny fist in the face of God and goes about in his sin, smashing the divine law right and left, he brings God up against a serious problem. God could annihilate you in a second if He wanted to but He doesn't. He loves you. And so love searched the depths of infinite wisdom for some plan by which four things could come to pass.

First. That the guilty sinner might be spared.

Second. That he might have his heart broken and become good.

Third. That the principle of justice in God's essential nature should be honored.

Fourth. That His holy law should be vindicated and His moral government honored and upheld. This plan love found in the Atonement, and up in the skies, God the Father, and God the Son, talked it over, and God said, "Oh, Christ, will you help me do it? It's going to mean an awful thing for you, will you come and help me save them?" And Jesus said, "Lo, I come to do thy will, Oh God," and in that mystery of mysteries, the Incarnation, the Son of God became man, and in both His human nature and divine He went up to Calvary's cross and gave His life a ransom for us all.

Oh, you say Jesus couldn't have suffered a penalty equal to what was due for all our sins. No, of course He couldn't, and no one ever said He did. It was not a commercial transaction; it was a moral satisfaction, and His divine nature gave a costliness to His sacrifice and a value to it when accomplished which it pleased God to accept as in eternal harmony with the demands of the situation. And you have the audacity to sit down there and say that God didn't know as much about what was right and consistent with the moral order of the universe as you do.

Now notice one other thing.

God so honored the moral law of His government that He couldn't let Jesus Christ come into humanity without sharing the consequences of humanity's sins.

And Christ not only came into humanity and into all that sin had brought upon it, but He identified Himself with it and both in His life and in His death, He called humanity into such a union with

Him as made Him the real representative and federal head of His people. Humanity became identified with Him. And we hear Paul saying, even while he marvels at the wonders of atoning grace, "If one died for all, then all died." The atonement throbs with reason if you've got a mind to see it. An infidel, the other day, flaunting his judgment in defiance to God's plan said, "I don't believe in your slaughterhouse religion." Well I tell you now, if you are ever saved and kept out of hell, it's going to be by this very same plan which came out of God's superior judgment and out of His great heart of love and upon which you pour contempt. There's no other way. If you are ever redeemed it won't be by corruptive things such as silver and gold, but by the precious blood of Jesus Christ. "When Jesus died on Calvary, He made it possible for you to come and be saved. And I should think instead of stabbing the Son of God with your heartless sneers, it would break your heart and bring you to the foot of the cross in tears.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

It ought to break your heart, and this is the other great glory of God's marvelous plan. Wherever it is heard it touches the heart and makes men good as no other thing could do. You talk about punishment being reformatory. It usually leaves a man worse than he was before. You can pound some men to death and never reform them. But there's a better way.

A BETTER PLAN

Have you ever heard of Bronson Alcott, the Concord philosopher, who maintained the discipline of his school by suffering punishment himself for his disobedient pupils? It worked every time. It touched the boy's heart and made him good.

I read one time the story of Kazainak, the robber chieftain, of Greenland. He came to a hut where a missionary was translating the Gospel of John. He wanted to know what he was doing, and the missionary told him he was making letters and that with letters words were made, and by the use of these words the book before him could speak. Kazainak thought that was very wonderful and asked that the book might speak to him. The missionary read the story of Christ's sufferings and His death on the cross and immediately the robber chieftain said, "What has this man done? Has He robbed anybody? Has He murdered anybody?" "No," was the

reply, "He has robbed no one, murdered no one, He has done nothing wrong." "Then why does He suffer; why does He die?" "Listen," said the missionary and then he told him the story of the cross, the story of the Atonement and the meaning of the sufferings of Jesus, and when he had finished the robber whose hands were stained with his brother's blood, wept like a child.

A TOUCHING APPEAL

Men and women, it is the salvation that I preach to you. Without it you are lost.

Don't say because Christ died for all, therefore all will be saved whether you repent and believe or not. Suppose this congregation was full of sick people and I offered a remedy to every one who was able to walk down this aisle to get it, and if you were one of them, and didn't have enough faith in my word, and no gratitude in your heart to come, you could lie back there and rot in your disease before you would be saved.

Jesus paid the price for everybody, but God says if you don't repent and believe and accept Him, you'll be damned and that's all there is to it. The atonement is sufficient for every one, and it is offered to every one. But just because Christ made atonement for you, don't think you can live like the devil and sin as much as you please, and then walk up and demand the benefits of the Atonement as your rights, and expect intelligent people to have any respect for you.

I read of a man who had a dream that if he did enough good deeds every deed would be a rung in a ladder by which he could climb up into heaven. Every time he did a good deed, when he gave anything to the preacher's salary; when he went to church; when he gave a coin to a beggar; every time he added a rung to the ladder. Bye and bye he had only two more rungs to fill out before heaven's gates would swing open, and when at last he was ready to enter the gate rolled back and Jesus looked out upon him, and shook His finger at him and said, "I am the door; he that entereth not by the door, but cometh up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

Climb up by your morality if you think you can do it; you're a thief and a robber! If you'd begin today and be absolutely perfect the rest of your life, you might have a right to enter in, if your past record wasn't there to appear against you.

Some people preach what they call the moral influence theory of the Atonement. They find the full meaning of the Atonement in

the beautiful example Christ gave us as an inspiration to holiness and character building. But is that enough? If that is all, then both God and the Son of God would be guilty of mocking our infirmity for there isn't an earnest man in the world, not even the best Christian that lives who doesn't kneel down by the side of his bed after each day of effort to imitate Christ, and say, "Have mercy upon me, Oh God, for I have this day come short of the glory of God." No sir, your morality alone will never do, and nothing else will ever do except Faith in what Jesus Christ has done for you, and then a life that's on the square with God and man.

You can climb up by your morality, your culture and your respectability and all you've got on God's earth, but you're a thief and a robber if you turn away from Christ and expect to climb into heaven without Him.

Christ wants to save you and has done the best He can do, but you are like the young man whose Godless dissipation and sin had broken his mother's heart and sent her to her grave. The first night after the funeral, you know what an awful night it is, after the hearse has backed up and the coffin has been carried away and you sit dumb with grief in the old home from which all the light seems to have gone out. You feel as though you would die. That night the old father sat broken-hearted by the fireside and his dissipated Godless son came down stairs and picked up his hat.

The father said, "Where are you going?"

"I am going down town."

"Oh, my boy," he said, "don't go; this is the first night mother has been out of the house and I am so lonesome; sit there where mother used to sit and stay with me tonight."

But he said, "No, I've got an engagement," and as the old man plead with him, he said, "Step aside, for I am going out," and the old man threw himself on the floor before the door and said, "My son, if you pass out of this house tonight you will have to go over my body to do it."

And with a curse the boy trampled his father's body beneath his feet, opened the door and went out into another night of sin.

And so I say to you tonight, if you go to hell, you will have to go over every prayer that has been offered for you, over every tear that's ever been shed for you, over every sermon you've ever heard, over your mother's grave and over your baby's coffin, some of you, and more than all this you'll have to go over the body of the crucified Christ who throws himself before the door of hell and begs you to stay back.

Partakers Through Christ

By REV. GIPSY SMITH, D. D.

Scripture reading, II Peter, 1st chapter

Oh, if I could emphasize before you preachers and evangelists how much it would mean if the preacher would never say or hint an unkind thing about the evangelist, and if the evangelist would never say or hint an unkind thing about the preacher. And if there is anything I want to thank God for on this platform to-night it is that in my ministry of thirty years I have never allowed myself to disparage my brethren. I dare not. It is not Christ-like, and whoever does it is not like his Master.

Love! It is a wonderful word. I pause that you may take it in. "For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. For he that lacketh these things is blind, seeing only what is near," having forgotten the cleansing from his old sins. Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall: For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Wherefore I will not be negligent to put you always in remembrance of these things, though ye know them, and be established in the present truth. I think it right as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance, knowing that the putting off of my tabernacle cometh swiftly, even as our Lord Jesus Christ signified unto me." There is the note of authority. My brother, if you want to be sure of all things get alone with God in the mount. You will hear Him. If you will only take it and get alone with Him He will talk to you. Listen to Him. Incline thine ear. Give God a chance. This voice we heard when we were with Him in the holy mount, and we have the word of prophecy made more sure.

PRAYER

Oh, God, our Father, wilt thou not move us to-night. Thou art

the same, the very same, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Move these hearts of ours as we sit at thy feet. Let thy spirit, for Jesus' sake, take of the things of God and reveal them unto us. Holy Spirit, thou executive of the God-head, thou heavenly paraclete, thou third person in the Trinity, thou who art the ascension gift of Jesus to the believer, move these hearts anew. We can do nothing without thee. We dare not try, unless thou art here, Holy Spirit, and unless thou art near we might as well go home, and better. But if thou art here something will happen, something will take place, we shall never be the same men and women again if we only are led by thee, O Holy Spirit, to see Jesus, something will happen within us. Show us Jesus. Show us Jesus. Oh may some power come into us this night that shall transform us and make us outstanding as never before. We have been too ordinary and we have attracted no attention, and nobody has ever discovered Jesus in us. Oh, if thou dost shine in us the world will know it. Holy Spirit take possession of me, and of this multitude, and when we leave this house this night may it be with joy that we have to say, "I have seen the Lord." Help us when we try to speak thy message. Oh God, may no word be said that should not. Give us courage that we say all that ought to be said, and may it be said in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Song—"I would Be Like Jesus."

Now this is the text, a part of three verses, three portions. The first is in the chapter I read, the Second Epistle of Peter, the first chapter, verse four: "Partakers of the divine nature." The second portion is in the First Epistle of Peter, the fourth chapter and the thirteenth verse: "Partakers of His sufferings." The third portion is in the First Epistle of Peter, fifth chapter and the first verse: "Partakers of His glory."

"Partakers of the Divine nature." "Partakers of His sufferings." "Partakers of His glory."

Last night I tried to show you in a very imperfect way something about Bible repentance, and remember I did not invent the doctrine, and therefore I am not here to defend it. Jesus commanded repentance, and repentance is required of all who come to Him. It is where we come in in order to receive what God wants to give. But somebody has not faith; the hand that takes the gift that God offers seems so far away. But repentance gives the feet which brings the hand near enough to take the gift. Do not forget it. I want to come a little nearer, if God will help me to-night. If you will read this Epistle, and there is only a little of it, if you will read

it for a month, nothing else, intelligently and prayerfully for a month, when you have read it for a month if you are a sane man you will come to the conclusion that New Testament Christianity is a far better thing than the average Twentieth Century professor of it seems to realize. May I repeat that? Do I make myself understood there? Listen. If you will read that Epistle of Peter carefully for a month, prayerfully for a month, intelligently for a month, let it soak into you, let it grip you, let it waken and burn you, you will come to the conclusion I say, if you are a sane man, that New Testament Christianity is a far bigger thing than the average Twentieth Century church member seems to realize. Why, when I came to Christ (and it seems but yesterday, and yet it is a long time ago) it was a tremendous thing to be a Christian. My, how those preachers preached about sin! How they thundered about sin! How their eyes flashed with fire as they talked about sin. And how they prayed that the people might be brought under deep conviction for sin! It was a tremendous thing to be a Christian when I came to Christ. It was a REAL thing. Some of you remember the same experience. And when a person was under deep conviction (some of you old timers remember these things) how the people used to make inquiry about this one and that one, and they used to say, "Has he got through?" And going through was the process. It meant something had passed between God and the soul, and God knew it and the soul knew it. There was another beautiful phrase. Listen! Of such a one we used to say "Has he got liberty?" You remember it? Liberty. Liberty. From what? From the guilt, from the bondage of sin. There was another lovely phrase we often used asking about the person who was under deep conviction. We used to say, "Has he found peace?" And there was still another we used to say: "Have they got conscious experience in the Beloved?" And there was still another, "The Witness of the Spirit." Oh, it was a real thing to be a Christian when I was converted, for I was converted under the old Act. Listen! It costs multitudes of people nothing now to get into the church. They get in easy, they get out easy. They come in as though they had been greased all over. They slip through and they slip out. You tell them they can be saved without knowing it. If they can, they can lose their religion and never miss it. You say that a man can be born again when he is asleep? If he can be brought to God when he is asleep and not know it he can lose all that when he is asleep and not know it. It means more than that, believe me. There was a text in the Bible when I came to Christ which said, "Come out." "Out." "Out from amongst them and be ye separate." "Separate." You know the rest. There was another text that spoke about cutting

off the right arm—sin; plucking out the right eye—sin. Losing a limb, if necessary, for Christ's sake. It meant something. To be a Christian was a warfare, a conflict. It meant to be ostracised It meant to be unpopular. It meant to be hated, slandered, and abused, for Christ's sake. And I want to say this to you, the Bible is not changed. The conditions of the New Testament, the unalterable conditions of God for taking people into His heart and into fellowship with Him, are still there. But we have lowered the standard. We have lowered it to our shame. Don't you foreclose your Christian life by saying all things are done when you have not begun. To become a Christian means something. Nowadays we cheapen things; we vulgarize them; we prostitute them. We have gotten so that now it is "Come up here and shake hands with me and I will make you a member of the church"; and to tens of thousands it means no more than that. It is a picnic. It is a social. It is an entertainment. And if you want to test the truth of my challenge announce a prayer meeting next week in your church and announce the following night you will have a semi-dramatic performance, and see which will be the most crowded with your church members. You can fill your school rooms with your membership for an ice cream supper. You ask them to come and meet you to talk about definite aggressive Christian work and see how many you will get. My brethren, answer me, are these things so? Whose fault is it? Oh, for a Finney, or for a John the Baptist in America, who would be prepared to lose his head for Christ's sake and the church's sake. My brethren, listen. I could shake hands with you at the altar. I could write your names down in some old musty book, and put it in some old musty report. I could sprinkle or immerse you, I could confirm you, for I submit respectfully there is as much in these human hands as in any human hands under the sun, for God has set His seal on these hands on five continents, to the salvation of hundreds of thousands. I could do that. But it takes the Holy Ghost to make you a child of God.

What is it then, to be a Christian? Hear me. It is to be a partaker of the divine nature. And you have no right, I do not care who you are, I do not care where you sit, you have no right to the title "Christian" until you are Christ's man, until you are Christ's woman until you have become identified with Him, until you are IN Him, until you have eaten His flesh and drank His blood, until you are rooted and grounded in Him, until you have absorbed Him, until you are a new creature, until old things have passed away, until you have put off the old man and have put on the new. "I am the vine, ye are the branches." That

means that I must have my roots in God if I am to consistently call myself a "Christian." If you have God there you need not wear a bonnet, you need not wear a badge, you need not go on parade. We shall know it—it will shine in your face, it will pulsate in your voice, it will flash in your eye, it will throb in your touch, it will grace your step, it will glorify your life, and it will transform your speech, because you will be Christ's man, Christ's woman. He will be in you and you will be in Him. Oh, this wonderful mystery. Oh, this mystical life, this contact with Deity.

"Life immortal, heaven descending,
Will my heart thy spirit shrine:
God and man in one is blending,
Of what fellowship divine.

Walking thus in heaven's own light,
Far above the world and sin,
I shall dwell with garments white,
Christ shall be enthroned within."

To partake of the divine nature. It is a tremendous thing, it is not yielding superficially. It is no surface work. This gets down to the roots of life itself. It grips you by the heart. It revolutionizes your being. Oh the mystery, oh the joy, oh the blessing, oh the victory, oh the eternity of it. To be a partaker of the divine nature.

Listen. Listen to Paul, will you? Paul said, "Christ died for me." It is beautiful. That is the gospel—a part of it. "Christ died for me." That is the music of the ages. That is all the songs ever written compressed into a line, sung by all the churches of the New Jerusalem. That is the magnificent picture for which this vast universe is but the mere setting. That is all the diamonds crystalized into one gem. That is all the flowers that ever bloomed on all continents in one boquet. That is all the summers in one glad day. "He died for me." Yes. And Paul gave you that. And I wonder what an upheaval went through him. Soul quake. I wonder what exquisite anguish went through his being before he was able to say, "I am crucified with Christ. I die daily that God may be all in all, for He must reign." I tell you it is a tremendous thing to call yourself a "Christian." It is no child's play. It is no trick. This thing was not done in a corner. "I am crucified with Christ."

Hear him again. Paul has got further yet, and he says, "I live" and there is the spring of the hind about him, and the glory of

the mountain peaks, and the ripple of the copious springs in his voice as he says: "I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me." It is a tremendous thing to be a Christian. It is to partake of the divine nature. You are not a hanger on, you are in, you are a part of Him, you are one of His members. You belong to Him. You are part of His being, and He is all in all to you if you love Him.

I said just now, I want to go back to that thought, that when you have got Christ in you, when you have put on the divine, and taken in the divine, and become lost in God, you will know it. There is no hiding it. I have gone through the lanes in the old country in the spring, I have walked across the green up to my knees, and I have seen buttercups, daisies, blue bells, everywhere. The hawthorne and the black thorne in bloom. Color. Color. I used to think God had broken up a rainbow into a million atoms and scattered its beauties at our feet, and the music of the birds, the song of the angels wrapped up in feathers, and the very air wafted as by the wing of an angel. You would have said, "What is the matter?" When God casts your life into heaven's own spring you will not need to tell us, we shall know. You cannot have that experience without shining. You will make somebody think of Jesus. "Be Like Jesus," that is my song. That is christianity crystalized.

How did you come down stairs this morning, my friend? How did you act at the hotel to-day, at the hotel when you could not get your dinner as quickly as you wanted? Did you smile like a Christian, or did you scold that poor girl who was waiting on you? If you were impatient God forgive you. Did you come down like a brute, or was there in your voice and about your presence the aroma of the hedge row and the songs of birds? Because if Christ be in you we shall know it. We shall know it. You cannot hide Him. We shall know it.

When I got as far as that in this sermon, in its preparation, I began to ask myself the question, "But what about me?" "What about you?" I said to myself, I wonder sometimes if I make people think of Jesus. God knows every time I stand up to preach I want somebody to see Jesus. I do not want you to go away and say I am smart, because I am more concerned about saying the saving thing than the smart thing. God save us from being smart and the Holy Ghost does not get a chance with us. When I look at these singers I sometimes want to say, "Do I make any of you think of Jesus?" Because if I do not, I fail. I know my limitations, and I am not ashamed to confess them. I say before God, and with all the honesty of my soul, if I do not before I am through make some of you long to

be a little more like Jesus then I have not reached my goal. God help me. And I said, "What about my wife?" For if a man cannot preach on his own door step he ought not to preach at all. If you cannot live Jesus before that little girl and that son, you do not live for Him anywhere. I said to myself, "I will find out, I will go to my wife; I will make a little speech"; and I will say, "Annie!" God bless her, quiet, saintly Annie! I shall never know in this world what she has been to me, and when God gives out the laurels, if there are any to give away for my work she will get her share; for out of twenty years I have been away from her fifteen, and she has never put a straw in my way and never said, "You cannot go." I said, "Annie, you have lived with me, you have seen me in my weakness, you have seen me in my strength, in my victories and my failures, (and God knows they have been many), you have seen me strong and well, and sick unto death as we thought; you have seen me in the heart of the family, shut up alone, and in the multitude. Annie! Have I ever made you see Jesus? You have lived with me closer than anybody. Have you ever seen Him in me until you wanted to be like Him?" But I tell you honestly I did not have the courage to ask the question lest the answer would break my heart. Yet I led that woman to Christ, and I led my children to Christ, and I want to say to you—if your wife does not see Jesus in you He is not there. "Partakers of the divine nature." It is a big thing. And my brethren, we have got to come back to the lofty note. I had rather keep the standard up, though I never reach it. I would lose my soul from the keeping of the standard up rather than lose my soul lowering the standard. God help us to keep it up.

That is not all. "Partakers of His sufferings." Who wants that among Christian people of today? With the majority of people I meet the popular idea is to have a good time. Is not that right? Pleasant Sunday afternoon idea; a happy evening; a pleasant time. Sickly, sentimental, sanctimonious! And we call it religion. Religion is to walk beneath the weights of a doomed world, and help to lift it back to God. Do you know anything about that? Listen to Paul now. Paul is my master—after Jesus. I love Paul. First of all listen to His master, "I will show him what great things he shall suffer for my name's sake." I will show him. And the measure of your suffering, and your willingness to suffer, for Christ's sake, is the measure of your love for Christ. Paul said, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Can you say that, my brother? Where are your works? Where is the brand of the cross? Where is the offense of the cross? Where is the shame of the cross?

"Oh love, thou bottomless abyss,

My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
No sign of guilt appears on me.
Through Jesus' blood my pardon came.
Oh, let me worship at His feet;
And bathe and wash them with my tears,
The sorrow of His life repeat."

Bear a little of His burden. Share a little of His sorrow. Shed a few tears for Him. "I bear in my body," I fill up what is left of the suffering Christ. Then He says, and He had a right to, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Do you know anything about the sufferings of Christ? I tell you honestly to me to be a Christian means sometimes a little bit of Gethsemane; and I sometimes fancy, do I hear correctly too, I sometimes fancy I hear my Master as He looks down on His church, and I hear Him say, "Could you not watch with me one hour?" Just one hour? Do you know what it is to bear a burden, a burden of a soul that is unconverted, so that you cannot sleep? I am talking to men on this platform who know that experience, and I tell you that sometimes I have been in such a condition that I could not sleep, too tired, worn out, jaded, nervous, all unstrung, and I have said, "Lord Jesus, I had rather have this exhaustion and the passion to help somebody out of darkness into light than to forever live in ease and miss the privilege of service." Yes, friends, I would rather have the heartbreak of the Christ than to live without it! Do you know what it means? I tell you when the church gets back to that we shall save it, for Jesus Christ shall see of the travail of His soul. Do you know anything about it?

When I was a very young preacher I saw a beautiful, cultured girl converted. She was a girl born well, reared in a sheltered home, and she was saved out and out. One night in the testimony meeting, when men were telling what God had done for them, telling of wonderful deliverances from all sorts of outrageous things, this sweet girl got up and said, "God has done great things for you, but He has done more for me. He saved me from an easy arm chair." It takes a big salvation to save anybody from laziness. Do you know what it means? I tell you, you people who are taking things easy, need a bigger Saviour than the drunkard. It will take more of the Almighty omnipotence to get you out of your lazy self than it will to save a man like Mel Trotter. What about you men who are retiring at fifty from church work. You do not retire from money-making. You do not retire from your pleasures. You do

not give up your motoring. You do not give up your golf, but you are retiring from the work of the church at fifty. Listen. "Occupy until I come." Give up money-making if you will, give up pleasures if you will, give up your socials if you will, but God have mercy on the professing Christian who retires from Christian service until He comes. I saw that beautiful girl, that high born girl, I saw her put on the Salvation Army bonnet, and she toiled in the slums of the city for six years. She gave her sweet beautiful life to Jesus. After six years of toil she broke down, and the doctor said, "We must have a specialist and hold a consultation."' Both doctors agreed in the case and told her, "If you will give up this Army business, if you will give up everything absolutely and do just as we tell you, in one year you will become like your old self." And she said, "Doctor, what if I do not give up the Army work." "Then," he said, "you will die in a year." And she said, "Doctor, let me work for Jesus just one more year and I will be content to die." That is the spirit of Christianity. Have you got it? If you are a Christian you have. To be a partaker of the divine nature is to be a partaker of His sufferings.

I must touch the last. The first two experiences will make the third possible, you will partake of His glory. I tell you I think that glory, you know Dr. Morgan, is a bit of the glory that was just hinted at this morning, the glory that is coming to him some day when he will say, "These are they. I died for them. I went down there and saved them. I lifted them": and the men and women who stand by him in the fight, these are the people who are going to share His glory. I am in for the business. I have been told to-day there are ten young men in Chicago that were led to Christ in my campaign there. That is the joy I am talking about. Do you know the luxury of looking into a face, have you seen the light of love break over a human face? We shall enter into His glory. A lady came to me at the close of one of my services just about a year ago, and said, "Oh, Brother Smith, what a starry crown you will have"; and I said, "Madam, what would be the use of a crown to me, when I come to think of it, and what would be the use of a mansion to me, or a golden stair; or a jasper wall; or a palm of victory. That is not my idea of heaven." I tell you, men and women, that would not make heaven for me, if I did not get my Jesus' approval. It would not be a mansion that would suit me if He did not say to me some day, 'Thou hast been faithful in a few things.' If He does not say that to me I shall want a madhouse, not a mansion. Jasper walls cannot make up for His smile if it is absent. But if God will only help me so to live that some day I may

see His smile, and if He will only give me my mother and my old Gipsy tent, that will be heaven; but I must have God and His approval. I cannot bear the thought of creeping into heaven by the skin of my teeth. I must take somebody with me. Oh, God! If I could only take you. Just you. If there is a broken heart listening to me now the glory that I would enter into just now is the glory of looking into your face and saying, "My brother, my sister, He can save you too." God help you to believe it.

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The Minister's Gifts

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D. D.

(A Sermon to Ministers)

I am afraid you will think that I am a very careless sort of a man to address a ministers' meeting when I tell you that I have come almost without conviction of what I ought to do or say. I have been asked several times whether I would answer questions; I do not know whether that would be the most profitable way to spend this hour. I never promise to answer questions until I know what they are. I am prepared to hear them. As I understand it, the purpose of the hour is that we should help each other so far as we can in the work of our ministry. If any experience I have had may be helpful to my brethren it is at their disposal. I am always thankful, looking back over my life, that God has given me experiences in different ways in connection with the work of the Christian ministry.

I was never trained technically for the work of the Christian ministry. At the present time I am president of a college for training men for the ministry. I believe that God has many ways of training men. I was trained for teaching. You have read brother Jowett's book, "Fishers of Men": God never said to me, "Follow Me and I will make you a fisherman"—He said that to fishermen. I am no fisherman. I shall never be arrested for fishing in Indiana without a license. The Master came to my desk and said, "Follow me and I will make you a teacher of men." I went straight from my desk into evangelistic work and in my work for four years was doing the work of an evangelist here and there. Then I was called to supply a pastorate in a country town. I went from there to a smaller church to have more time for reading and meditation. Then I went to Birmingham, to a provincial church, and then to London to a suburban church; then came across to this country for the Northfield extension movement for four years; then went to Westminster where I have been nine years. I mention these things to show God has given me varied experience. I know the village church and its work, the suburban church and its difficulties, I know

the down-town church and its problems. I thank God for all these varied opportunities of coming into sympathy with my brethren.

The thing on my heart this morning was to say something more of rest in the ministry, but I would like to say some things without definite preparation, although I have thought about them, as to the whole subject of the Christian ministry. In our rebound—I speak of the Protestant churches as a whole—from sacerdotalism we are in danger of forgetting what the work of the Christian ministry is. We are in danger in these days, and forgive me for reiterating this, I think we are a little in danger of forgetting the sacredness of the ministerial office. I am no sacerdotalist; I do not believe that any peculiar priestly function belongs to the Christian which does not belong equally to all believers in Christ Jesus, although most certainly we have priestly functions of the most definite kind. It is ours to be the very ministers of grace to the world. I do not think we have priestly functions which our fellow members have not, but we have certain responsibilities which our fellow members have not.

I would remind you again of the teaching of the New Testament on the subject of the Christian ministry, most concisely set forth in that one epistle, in Paul's Ephesian letter. Remember, after the first three chapters in which he had been dealing with the fundamental doctrines of the church—for that is the crowning Pauline letter concerning the church, taken in conjunction with Colossians—in chapter four we read, "I, therefore, the prisoner in the Lord, beseech you to walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called," and so on; he proceeds to describe the unity of the church, and he urges us as the first responsibility of our churchmanship to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace, to keep in view the unity of the Spirit—the word does not mean really to fight for unity nor that we are to create unity but keep it in view: our Latin word in English which most carefully carries the idea is OBSERVE THE UNITY; he calls us to observe the unity of the Spirit—not the uniformity of the body nor unanimity of the mind but the underlying unity of the Spirit. He proceeds then to speak of the church and comes to that last passage concerning the ministry in which he declared that when our Lord ascended on high He received gifts, and he describes the gifts, "And He gave some apostles; and some prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers"—four distinct orders, apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers—"for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry," and that is perfectly correct; yet I am sure many have read it and misunderstood it—"For the perfecting of the saints,

unto the work of ministering." What the apostle has declared is not that He gave apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers in order that they might do the work of the ministry, but He gave them in order that they might perfect the saints that the saints may fulfill the work of the ministry. In proportion as we get hold of that do we understand our responsibility in the church as Christian ministers.

The work of the ministry in the world is to be done by the whole church; every member is in the ministry in that sense and is responsible for every gift which may be bestowed on the ministry by that gift. The devil's master-stroke was gained when he came to make the church believe that a certain class in the church were there to do the work of the ministry. The symbol of the Christian church is not in the cross; I respect the man or the woman who wears it though I never can wear as an ornament the symbol of the death of my Lord. The symbol of the church is the tongue of fire: the tongue of fire sat on each one in the upper room and not on the apostles only; it was a symbol, for every member of the Christian church is called into the ministry to witness by lip or life, and in all of the affairs of life church-members are to be in this ministry and witness. What, then, is the difference between the men in the ministry and the whole ministry of the Christian church? In that passage you have the declaration, "He gave some apostles, some prophets, some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers for the perfecting of the saints unto the work of the ministry." Our supreme work is that of preparing and perfecting the saints in order that the saints may do the full work of the ministry. It follows quite naturally that no man can be in this sacred calling of the ministry of the Christian church who is not already in the church itself. And the second point, no man can choose the calling of a Christian minister. How does a man become a minister in the Christian church? when the Head of the church bestows upon him a gift, and by its bestowal he is called to the Christian ministry.

I will speak frankly of certain conditions; when traveling from point to point in this country, and often in my own country, I am asked if I won't appeal to men to enter the Christian ministry. I will not make that appeal. I could not dream of asking one of my own boys to enter the Christian ministry. No man can ask another to enter the Christian ministry because no man can choose to enter the Christian ministry. I have perpetually had to say to my boys who have come to me on this matter and who say, "I am in doubt about going into the Christian ministry"—I would say to them, "For God's sake keep out until you are ready!" I think we need

a reconsideration of the whole subject. We are deploring the fact that men are not coming forward to fill the seminaries, that there is no eagerness; and I have been told that the reason is that other callings in life offer men such greater opportunities. I do not believe it. I, for one, will have nothing to do with appealing to men to enter the ministry, I say to every man, "Don't preach if you can help it, and don't enter the ministry if you can evade it." The man who is called to preach will know it sooner or later; the moment will come, when he will have to say, "Woe is me if I preach not." There will come an hour when he will say, "I am afraid, but I am bound to enter this ministry," and that consciousness will be the result of the bestowment upon that man of a mystical gift from the Head of the church of the Holy Spirit constituting his call, and no man has a right to enter the ministry until he has a call. That call does not come to all men in the same way. It comes to one man in a flaming revelation, to another slowly until the light breaks. I insist upon it because the qualification for the ministry is the bestowment of a gift, and the gift bestowed is supernatural—I don't like the word—a spiritual, mystical something other than can be accounted for along the line of any human leadership: it is something that comes distinctly as a gift of the Holy Spirit upon the man. It is well sometimes that we should ask ourselves whether or not the reason for our being in the ministry is that we have received this gift from God.

Having received it, what is our next business? training, the perfecting so far as we are able of the instrument upon whom that gift has been bestowed—training by the different means possible to us in the circumstances in which we find ourselves. If there is a young man here just entering the ministry I would say to him, Don't try short cuts into the ministry; if God has placed you down somewhere do not regret that you have not had the training other men have had, but do your work; but if you have the choice between going straight in with the divine fire burning in you and yourself unprepared mentally, and on the other hand a course of hard work in the way of training, take the way of systematic hard training. While I believe the gifts bestowed are supernatural, mystical, direct spiritual endowments of God, I think you will find He bestows the gift on a man already prepared for it naturally, and that is a gift, too: have we not almost lost sight of the difference in this particular day? Some years ago I heard Dr. Alexander McLaren speaking of the ministry say this, "The time is so complex it is necessary for a man in the Christian ministry to combine all these things Paul is speaking of: a man to be successful must be

a bit of an apostle, a bit of a prophet, a bit of an evangelist, and a bit of a pastor and teacher." I am not going to venture to criticize Dr. McLaren: perhaps what he said is a correct description of the times in which we live, but it is an appalling fact because when a man tries to be a bit of four things he is a whole man to nothing, and I believe it is open to argument that those are distinct gifts which are still bestowed, and very rarely do you find two of them in one man: you may find occasionally where one man has one, and after a few years he is sent on another line of ministry.

Mark the gifts! Is the apostolic gift bestowed to-day? I think so—this is a personal interpretation—but I don't think you can find an apostle in the United States of America, and I don't think you can in England. Dan Crawford is an apostle; it is the missionary pioneer who blazes the new way, lays down the first principles among people who have not had the faith, and that is a divine and specific gift. We are all in succession to the apostles who founded the church in certain ways, but I am speaking of the apostolic gift. It is the gift that creates the missionary, and it indicates capacity for doing that pioneer work which the apostle alone can do. The gift of prophecy is still bestowed: what is it? In prophecy according to the Bible the predictive element is always secondary and not primary. The prophet is not a man who foretells but forth-tells. It is well to remember that that predictive element in the old prophecies was always subservient to the moral and spiritual. Those men who looked ahead, who were borne along by the Spirit, were never called to describe events in the future for the satisfaction of the morbid curiosity of the present, and they only described the future events in order that the vision of them might, if possible, pour a sanctifying power upon present life and conduct. That is the trouble with men today who are always trying to find out when the Lord is coming, or when the dispensation is going to end. It is false in its intention. To find out to satisfy spiritual curiosity is wrong. The only value of the apocalyptic vision of Jesus is that He makes us look towards the ultimate in order that we may with intense devotion give our attention to that which is immediate and close at hand. Verily that is the prophet's mission, the forth-teller, the man who speaks the truth of God to his age. I am not speaking of the evangelist, I am speaking of the prophet, the man whose work it is to declare to his age more than to individual men, to communities rather than personalities, the will of God. What great prophetic ministries we have had in recent years! I refer to but one, that of Joseph Parker. In all probability he never saw an inquirer go through an inquiry room, but God gave him the gift of the prophet,

not of the evangelist. He never built a church. He was a prophet thundering the message of God to his age, whispering in ineffable tenderness and tears the love story of the cross to his age. I wonder how many men are here who are not indebted to him! He was a great prophet. I cite him because he is dead and it is safer in that way.

Then you come to the evangelist, a gift which is distinct from the other, the gift of the man called to the one business of telling the good news and so telling it as to capture the hearts of men to turn them into first-hand relationship to Jesus Christ. The work of the evangelist is not the denunciation of sin; it is not the publication of judgment upon sin: both of these things he will refer to, but his work is to tell the good news, always having light on his face and wooing winsomeness as he attracts men to his Lord. It is a distinct gift bestowed still upon men in the Christian church.

Then comes the gift, the most common gift, and here I speak from my own standpoint, the pastor and teacher, one gift, shepherd and teacher. If I have said it is the most common gift, I do not mean to say it is the least in value. What is it? It is the gift which prepares a man to receive those who are entering into the church and flock, to care for them, to train them, feed them, correct them, watch them, to build them up in their most holy faith, to strengthen their character, and there is no gift that requires more heroism for its exercise than that. There is the inspiration in the multitudes gathered to hear the evangelist that the pastor and teacher lacks: he is away in a down-town church or a suburban church, patiently, steadfastly, day after day, as well as Sabbath after Sabbath, watching, praying, training, and travailing for his people, and it is a specific gift that is bestowed that prepares a man for the ministry. If it be true that the complex conditions of these times demand to-day that a man shall be a bit of all these, then no man can be a success in the Christian ministry. Happy that Christian organization that discovers the gifts of its men and sets them at their proper tasks. I would like to get at the Roman Catholic idea with its order of preaching friars. I would like to see the hour come when the pastor who has one steady flock, whose business it is to train that flock, is not expected to preach three new sermons every week, but he must watch them, and train them, preaching to them when necessary. We are so terribly in the bonds of tradition we hardly dare to break away, but if that hour should come when the pastor is free for pastoral work—I do not mean running around and talking nothings, I would sweep that whole thing away—I mean that spiritual oversight, always having his thought

upon the training and building up of his people—I do not mean that he will always call them together to talk to them about spiritual things, but he won't talk to them about anything except in a spiritual atmosphere.

If we really recognize these various gifts and believe God is bestowing them, our first business is to ask, What gift has God bestowed on me? what is the gift? Then I am to exercise the gift God has given me. If that is the apostolic gift let me immediately seek His guidance and go where He would send me. If it be the prophetic gift let me settle down to my prophecy absolutely careless about the opinion of any one who thinks I ought to do thus and so. And so with the other gifts. While the gifts are varied, the ministry is one, and where there is a truly spiritual atmosphere there will never be conflict between them. The prophet will always be glad for the evangelist: the pastor will always rejoice in the evangelist, and the evangelist will never be fool enough to say that because that prophet never holds an after-meeting he is a failure; he will understand that the man is to exercise his own gift. Not very long ago Dr. Watkinson told me a story that is illustrative of this whole thing and illuminative of Dr. Watkinson. He was talking Methodism in England; he said, "In Methodism these circuits and missions do not get on very well, and they ought, they are helping each other: I go down into a circuit and I say, to the circuit minister, 'What do you think of these missions?' and he says, 'O sensation.' I go to the mission and I say, 'What do you think of the circuit minister?' and he says, 'O stagnation.' " "What do you think of the evangelist?" "I do not believe in evangelists, the sensational going around." "What do you think of this man?" "I think he is a failure, he never has an after meeting." There is where we are wrong. I want to say this, I thank God for the gift of the evangelist: there is a great deal to be said as to how it should be exercised and under what conditions, and without for a moment disparaging the great movements with one man whom God calls and sets in front, I am eager and anxious that there shall be evangelists in our churches in the church life and in the ordinary and regular work of the church.

I feel to-day that what we need supremely is to get back to a sense of the wonderful sacredness of the work of pastor and teacher who, staying at one place patiently watching the growing children, presides over the whole flock, and feels that it is worth while to spend a lifetime in a small community, training them for God, and sending them out to exert a godly influence wherever they go. If I could say some word this morning to my brethren gath-

ered from the hidden places of the field, and therefore the honorable places of the field, that would send you back where no newspapers would notice you—thank God for that! I do not know any menace graver today to the life of the church than the religious newspaper of a certain type, for I find religious newspapers are as sensational as any others; if I say anything sensational in New York it is in the religious papers as well as the others, and taken away from its context. My brother, realize that your gift has been received from the Head of the church, a spiritual bestowment, and the test of values in our work is not notoriety but fidelity, and when at last we stand to render an account of our work to our Master, Whose eyes are flames of fire to burn up the wood, hay and stubble, and to make flash with glory the gold, silver and precious stones, then our reward will be according to our fidelity to the gift He bestowed.

I am intensely longing especially that the young men entering the ministry shall have a sense in their hearts of the august solemnity and magnificence of the work of the Christian ministry. There is a difference. A man can witness for Jesus Christ as a lawyer, a physician or business man; the lawyer, the physician and the business man can witness and change his calling so that the lawyer becomes a physician or the physician becomes a business man without interfering with his witness; but if you have been clearly called into the ministry you cannot change your calling without interfering with your spiritual life. No man who has once felt the call can ever go back without peril to his Christian life. You say, "Men have done it." Yes, men have turned back to secular callings and found a fulfillment of their Christian witness in doing so: why? because they never should have entered the Christian ministry at all. This question of entering the Christian ministry is so sacred that no man who has ever heard the call and knows himself therein, can turn back.

If we really feel the sacredness of our work in this way, that it is a divine deposit, a sacred, holy, mystic gift bestowed upon us for the exercise of which we are responsible, can anything be so important in my life and yours as that I myself shall be a fit instrument—I am not speaking of mental preparation but spiritual life. Remember, no man can ever lift his people higher than the level upon which he lives himself. I can preach higher than I live; I can show my people ideas beyond, but I cannot lift them there until I live there myself. The level upon which we are living is the only level upon which we can lift our people. Preaching that has not behind it the life consonant with it is a deadly peril. We are witnesses, credentials, examples of these things, and unless behind the witness of my lips there

is the preaching of my life my preaching becomes a blasphemy and an impertinence. Therefore, there is nothing more important than that we should be in right relationship to our Lord: I feel it, the absolute necessity of maintaining my own relationship with Christ, even though I have to cut out some other things that seem so important to be done outside; I must have opportunity for the culture of my own life.

I have spoken of these things in this way because I am eager that my brethren shall come to a realization of the awfulness and yet the sacredness of our work so that we shall be able to say each for himself, "I magnify my office," within the church, having a gift to be exercised in order that the church shall be perfected for the work of the ministry, cooperating with the church and the Lord, fulfilling His purpose by the exercise of His gift. May this be granted unto us for Christ's sake!

MAJOR COLE

Faithful Servant of the Lord

MAJOR JAMES H. COLE is one of the many interesting and lovable characters of the Winona Bible Conference. He has been a faithful attendant for a number of years, and thousands of people would remark, and sincerely regret any circumstance that would prevent him from coming to Winona to take his part in leading the early morning meetings. He is possessed of a peculiar gift in carrying out the instruction of his Master to preach the Gospel. He is in the spirit of prayer always, and he never comes into the presence of a fellowman without imparting a fervent benediction. He is as perfect an illustration of the Christ life as we have ever known, and all his acquaintances rise up and call him blessed while he is yet on earth.

Major Cole is an evangelist with powers unremitted. With the infirmities of age creeping upon him in the face of disappointments that would have destroyed the hopes of many, bearing on his own shoulders the burdens of a multitude of grief-stricken men and women, he has retained his youthful vigor and disposition in a remarkable degree; and moves quietly about in a sphere of activity for which he seems preeminently fitted and disposed. It would be altogether useless to attempt to describe this venerable man's methods. He is surprisingly original. No one can imagine at any period of his

meetings what line of thought will next suggest itself to his mind. There are never dull moments, and it has often been remarked that no one leaves before the benediction. And this reminds us that the Major's benedictions assume numberless forms, and are not of necessity required to terminate services conducted by him. He has an unusual faculty of enlisting the co-operation of his auditors, and even those who are inclined to withhold themselves from responsive obedience to what might be termed the whim of a leader, are unconsciously drawn into the ranks of devotional conformity, and find themselves marking time with the regularity of a most loyal veteran.

It was the intention of the publishers of this book to include in its pages the series of talks given by our venerated friend at the Winona early hour meetings, but at his own request they have been omitted, and these all too feeble words of appreciation will find a fitting close in a paragraph from a letter written by his hand after his return home.

> "Please make statement in the Winona Echoes of the Morning Meetings, and do not fail to say that my bosom friend, Dr. Dickey, attended every one of them. My uppermost desire is that they have opened the vision of every soul that came into the presence of Him who was the real leader, and that blessings unspeakable shall flow into their lives like mighty rivers. At the request of hundreds of ministers and church members a great many of the incidents I have given during the forty years of evangelistic life are to be published in a separate volume sometime before the closing of this year. The material will be carefully and prayerfully selected, and the money received from the sale of the book will be used for Foreign and Home Missions."

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